PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZIN

MARCH 1976 $1.25

BEYOND JAMES BOND:
SEX-THE ULTIMATE SECRET WEAPON

GENE RODDENBERRY:
WHY STAR TREK KEEPS ON TREKKIN'

THE GREAT CONCORDE CONTROVERSY:
SUPERJET OR SUPERTHREAT?

WATCH OUT:
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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men / MARCH 1976

World-wide sale: 5,350,000*

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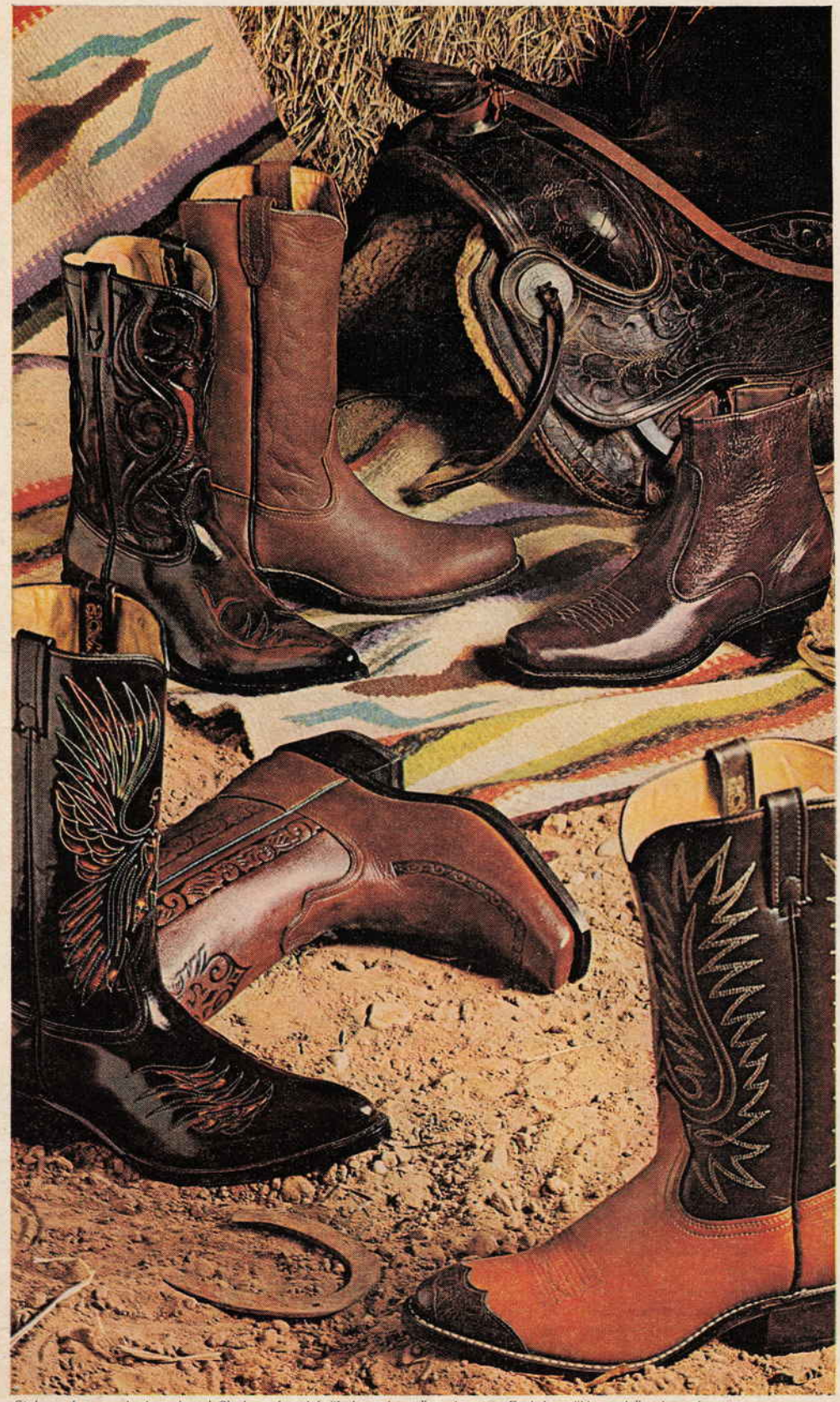
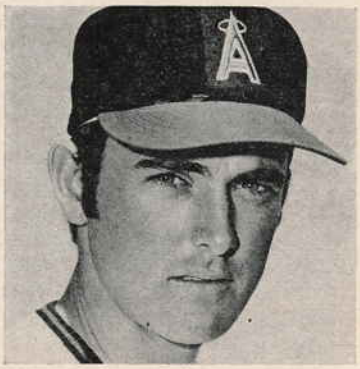
Acme. Because There's More Than One Way To Burn One In.



Six boots that wear the Acme brand. Clockwise from left: *"Independence," our American Eagle boot. "Haystack," embossed pattern—snoot toe. "Campfire," fancy stitching. "Arroyo," the work boot. "Parkereno," side zipper, glove leather. "Golden Crusader," lizard print wing tips.*



Nolan Ryan, star pitcher for the California Angels

Nolan Ryan has one hell of a fastball.

He burns it in at speeds upwards of 100 m.p.h.

But when all the smoke settles, Nolan heads for his cattle ranch in Alvin, Texas. That's where he burns his own brand onto 600 pounds of snorting beef.

Not an ordinary kind of hobby for a guy who's had more strikeouts in a three-year period than any other pitcher in the majors.

But Nolan Ryan's no ordinary guy. He's a western man from head to foot.

So you can bet he knows about authentic western boots. Acme® boots.

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When Mata Hari seduced secrets from her lovers—ruining their careers and lives—in World War I, she made sex a strategic weapon in modern warfare and her name history. The technique, of course, wasn't new. Prodigious numbers of Athenian and Roman generals had gone down that same tube, but what is astounding today—in these freewheeling times—is that governments are still able to trade ladies of pleasure for secrets of state—and with the same results. In *On Her Majesty's Sexual Service* globe-trotting reporter **David Lewis** reveals some of the sexual methods by which secrets are extracted from agents seemingly impervious to all other forms of persuasion and proves that the bed, among other things, is mightier than the head. Secret brothels equipped with bugged beds, two-way mirrors, and hidden cameras—not to mention call girls such as only a James Bond might conjure up—are just part of the state-sanctioned equipment used to achieve the, so to speak, desired end. This excerpt from Lewis's forthcoming book *Sexpionage* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1976) documents the how and why of these government-sponsored activities. It seems only a matter of time before the Man from U.N.C.L.E. will give way to the Man from P.I.M.P. (Purveyors of Intelligence, Madams, and Prostitutes).

It may also be only a matter of time before another European phenomenon appears over America—the controversial Anglo-French supersonic transport, Concorde. **James J. Haggerty**, author of *Flight* (Time-Life Books, 1969) and Washington correspondent for *Flight International*, recently took a trip on the aircraft. In *The Concorde Controversy* he gives both his impressions of the flight and an in-depth analysis of the fierce debate over whether or not Concorde should be allowed to land on a regular basis in these United States.

Moving forward a few hundred years, we find ourselves in the fanciful, sci-fi world of the U.S.S. *Enterprise*, home of the crew of the phenomenally successful TV series "Star Trek." Since its inception in 1960, "Star Trek" fans have pushed their loyalty to mass-cult proportions by creating national conventions, specialty shops, buttons, T-shirts, toys, blueprints of the *Enterprise*, and an endless raft of books on the subject. To examine "Star Trek's" unprecedented popularity, we sent interviewer **Linda Merinoff** to talk with the show's creator, **Gene Roddenberry**, a former cop, Pan Am pilot, and published poet. Roddenberry explains what he thinks the show's continuing appeal is and, parenthetically, why he feels that television is potentially the most evil force in society today.

And on the subject of evil forces . . . fiction writer and Vietnam veteran **John Grant** provides further insight into the brutalizing effect that the war in Southeast Asia had on the men who fought there. In *The Vietnamization of Lieutenant Hargrove*, Grant's fictional "hero" relates, ". . . when I was in Vietnam I thought of nothing but returning home to the greatest nation in the world. I have seen our great flag riddled with enemy shrapnel but still waving against the rocket's red glare." Stirring words, but what Hargrove *really* saw and did in the Central Highlands shaped him for a different kind of career back home.

And for yet another timely homecoming, let's welcome the return of everyone's favorite Amazon, the deliciously Wicked Wanda. Hard-core Wanda fans will also be pleased to know that a collection of her ladyship's more sensuous adventures will be published by Penthouse Press in February, titled—what else?—*Oh, Wicked Wanda!*

And welcome, too, to first-time contributor **Robert Farber**, a photographer whose sense of history owes less to the economy of fact than the grandeur of fiction. In *Moulin Rouge*, Farber reconstructs a delightful inter-lewd which, if it didn't happen in the first place, certainly *should* have.

Incidental intelligence fans will recognize that it takes a great deal of hustle to round up all the contributors who make our View From The Top section so consistently informative and entertaining. The man with the overview is *Penthouse*'s entertainment editor, **Robert Hofler**. Under Bob's orchestration, writer **Henry Post** presents his thesis on how gossip has boomed from the back-fence league to the big time as journalism's new growth industry; regular VFTT contributor **Nick Tosches** comments on the Fall of the House of Glitter; **Mel Watkins**, an editor for the *New York Times Book Review*, puts the latest crop of sports books under close and sensitive scrutiny; and **Roger Greenspun**, movie critic *extraordinaire*, gives a rare rave review to John Huston's new movie, *The Man Who Would Be King*. All in all, a *Penthouse* package as light and lively as a crisp spring breeze, laced with the kind of ladies guaranteed to put a spring in your step—or maybe someplace even more appropriate.

HOUSECALL

DAVID LEWIS

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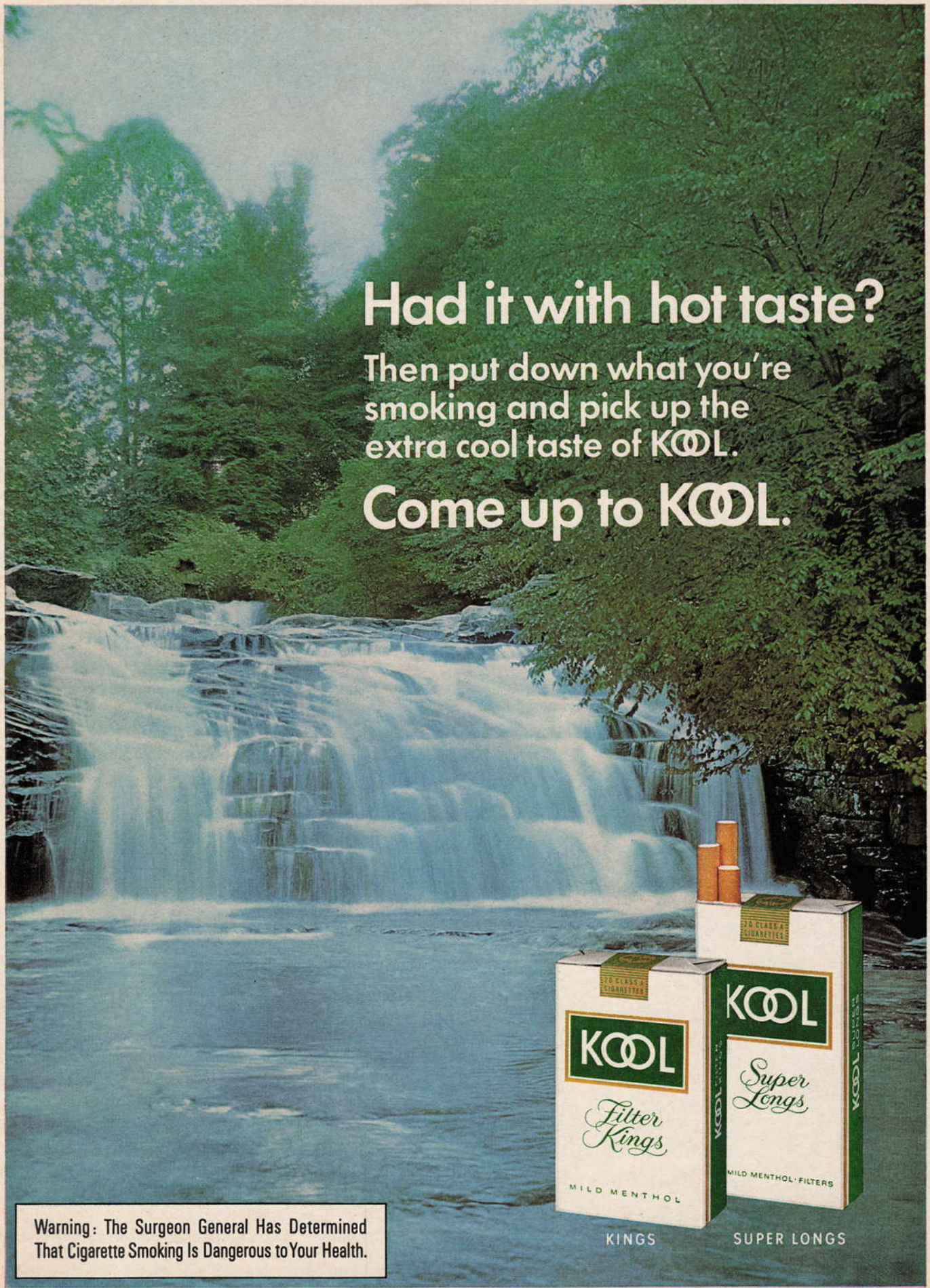
MEL WATKINS

JOHN GRANT

ROBERT FARBER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PENTHOUSE®

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965
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MARCH

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Maiden voyage

I read *Penthouse* faithfully, and up to now, I've had my doubts to whether the letters appearing in your magazine were legitimate or not. But after what happened to me the other evening, I can well believe any letter that you publish.

I was at a friend's wedding anniversary party the other night. We had a very good meal, and afterwards we danced to a band. I sat watching a young girl for most of the evening. When the party was over, we went over to the couple's house to see them open their gifts. I had been drinking pretty heavy at the party and then continued drinking at the house. I was just about to pass out so decided that I had better get some fresh air since my wife wasn't too pleased with my present inebriated condition.

I went outside where I happened upon this lovely young lady that I had been watching all evening. Seems she was in the same condition that I was in so I told her I had found an excellent place to go and pass out. I took her hand in mine and led her around to the back of the house where it was sufficiently dark enough to carry on.

Once there, I turned to her and kissed her tenderly on her parted lips. As we kissed, I reached down and fondled the most gorgeous pair of breasts I have ever touched let alone sucked. She had a few objections to letting me touch her because of my wife. Now, I will admit I do have obligations to my wife, but an opportunity like this only comes once in a great while. So being inebriated as I was, I threw caution to the wind and continued to have the time of my life.

After several minutes of heavy petting, she really started getting hot. She pulled my cock from my pants and gave me a nob job I won't soon forget. When I finally came, she took my load and swallowed every drop I had to give. I've had women from eighteen to thirty-four suck me off before but never a sixteen-year-old. Believe me, this one was better than all of the others put together.

I tried to get her to let me go down on her, but much to my disappointment she refused, saying that we had better be getting back before anyone from the party—like my wife—missed us.

So here's to you my sweet darling. I may never see you again but will fondly remember your sweet fragrance, the softness of your breast, the smooth curve of your rear, and the warmth of your mouth. —*Name and address withheld*

Piston stroke

In regard to the writer of the letter entitled "Porsche Pleasures" (July 1975), I have had a similar fantasy for some time. To expand, my fantasy is to have one end of the hose firmly attached to the air intake of a car with a powerful engine (preferably a sexy new car with the color the same as the sexy shoes or pumps my partner is wearing). The other end of the wide hose would fit over my penis. I would then sit or lie on the floor of the car before her, if possible, and preferably blocking her access to the accelerator. Sexy and well-dressed in miniskirt and nylons, she would then have to pump the accelerator through me. As she would drive the car, the engine would be sucking me harder and harder the more firmly she would step down. She would massage and play with me with her left foot and caress my head and face with it, eventually stepping down with it and inserting shoe and all into my face and mouth. We would ride, and she would tease me madly with short, quick pumps on the accelerator (my penis).

My climax would finally come when we would arrive at an open stretch of road or expressway, and she would slam down on me. Her pressure would then force the powerful engine to suck all of my juice. She would finally pull off of the road, and I would collapse fondling her shoes, feet, legs, thighs, and finally her cunt, kissing everything.

I am really looking forward to trying this with an open-minded woman in the Chicago area.—*J.B., Chicago, Ill.*

The wide, open spaces

One of my fantasies has always been to make love to an older woman (I am twenty), and one day it came true. While traveling across country this summer, I was hitchhiking near Wendover, Nevada. Standing by a camper outside of a casino was a really beautiful girl. She said something about how hard it was to get a ride, and I just smiled. She was with a group of people, and they stopped to pick me up. I was going to California and so were they.

They were a strange group. The driver's name was Omar. He must have weighed about 275 pounds and had a heavy Southern drawl. Omar was transporting the camper across country and wanted someone to talk to. There was an old lady and a man who he had picked up, and then there was Lisa and her fifteen-year-old son who were hitching back to Oregon. I started talking to her and found out she was thirty-four and had been married four times.

Try Black Velvet on this weekend.
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BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY
Until you've tried it, you just can't know how light and smooth a whisky can be. Black Velvet® Canadian Whisky. A premium import. At a slightly premium price. Just enough to separate the men from the boys.
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You'd never suspect that Bob Gordon leads a double life

By day,
he's a 9-to-5 man.
By night,
an explorer in a field that really interests him!

There was something different about Bob Gordon. Something you couldn't quite put your finger on. He was good at his job. And he took pains to do it well. But on certain evenings, at the stroke of 5, he'd be the first one out the door and on the bus.

The way he'd rush, people would often ask, "Doing something special *again* tonight?"

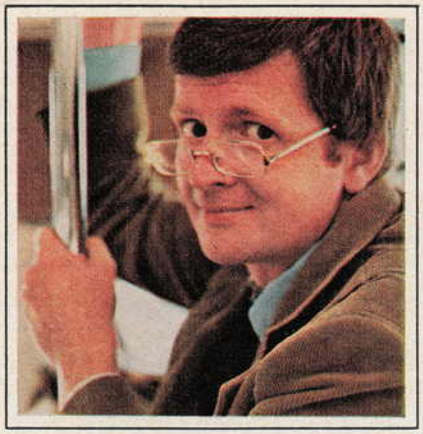
"Sure am!" he'd laugh. And off he'd go.

What his pals were never told was that after dinner Bob would head for his basement. There, on a simple old wooden table, was something very different from Bob Gordon's 9-to-5 routine.

It was a challenge. A challenge that seemed to change him into another person. Now, at last, he could work with his own two hands—roll up his sleeves to probe, experiment, and learn. Assemble advanced electronic equipment, including a 25″-diagonal color TV with digital features! And gaining important new occupational skills all the while.

How he started...

Not long ago, Bob Gordon filled out and mailed a card much like the one attached to this page. At the time, he had almost no experience in electronics. But he did have two important qualifications: desire and ambition. Plus a knack with tools and an urge to put them to work.



And that can be your starting point, too.

Right now, you stand where Bob Gordon stood when he first started out. It's up to you to provide the ability and enthusiasm. Bell & Howell Schools, a leader in electronics education, will provide the opportunity to learn and grow—right in your home!

Bob is already on the verge of having real skills in electronics. And, almost before you know it, you can be there, too.

Exploring electronics at home—what's in it for you?

When you take any of the Bell & Howell Schools' programs, you develop a lot of important skills in electronics. You learn to troubleshoot, service—even build actual electronic equipment!

First, you master the Fundamentals by learning to experiment and troubleshoot. Then you go on to develop specialized occupational skills in such exciting fields as Home Entertainment, Communications, and Digital/Industrial Electronics.

While no school can guarantee a job or income opportunity—these programs teach skills that qualify you to seek out an electronics job, advance in the one you may already hold, or further your education in electronics.

How you gain so much from Bell & Howell Schools' self-instruction program...

How can you pick up skills without quitting your job or traveling to night school? You certainly won't do it just by reading a stack of textbooks. That's not the sort of thing that would make Bob Gordon (or you) rush home from work—not by a long shot!

You need actual electronic equipment to work and learn with. And that's what you'll have! We'll start you off with the Fundamentals. You'll build and test simple circuits with the Lab Starter Kit.

And then, on to the Electro-Lab® Electronics Training System! You'll actually build and use a design console, a digital multimeter, and even a solid-state "triggered sweep" oscilloscope!

Now you're ready to specialize!

Like Bob Gordon, you might decide to choose Home Entertainment Electronics first, and build our 25″-diagonal color TV. Once you've assembled this TV, you'll understand the technology behind no warm-up tuning, automatic channel selection, on-screen time and channel digits, plus a great deal more!

Or you might choose the other Home Entertainment field, Audio

Simulated TV test pattern

Electronics, and build a stereo tuner and 4-channel "quad" amp!

On the other hand, you might decide to get right into the fascinating fields of Communications or Digital/Industrial Electronics. Whatever you choose to specialize in, Bell & Howell Schools now has the ability to tailor a learning experience to your needs and interests.

Home learning with a new touch.

Now, our self-instruction programs offer the same quality and content as if you had taken them at any of our eight resident schools. And that's not all!

Should a question come up, we invite you to use our *toll-free phone-in service.* Talk to one of our instructors—he'll either have your answer or know where to get it in a hurry.

What's more, face-to-face "Help Sessions" are held in fifty cities throughout the U.S. at various times of the year. You can discuss electronics in person with trained instructors, talk of your experiences and ambitions with fellow students.

Mail the postpaid card today for the facts–decide after you get them!

We invite you to fill out and mail the attached card now, while it's within reach. It asks no commitment on your part—just offers full details on how to learn electronics at home and enjoy it.

Who knows? You may soon be leading a double life like Bob Gordon.

And when friends ask, "Can you really service TV's?"—you'll answer with a grin. "I not only know how to service them, I know how to *build* them!"

Note: When taken for vocational purposes, this program is approved by the state approval agency for Veterans' Benefits.

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4141 Belmont, Chicago, Illinois 60641

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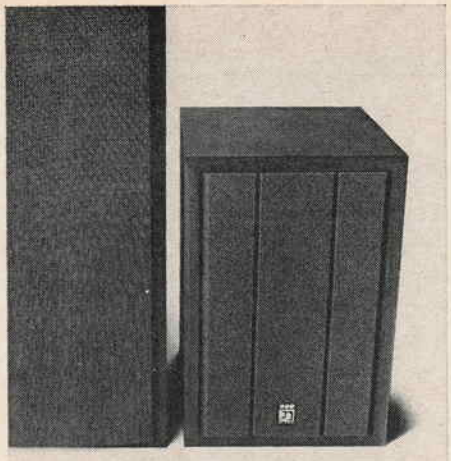

The biggest speaker isn't always the biggest speaker.

The B·I·C Venturi™ Formula 1 costs about $75.

Listen to it before you buy anything.

Before you try to economize by buying a cheaper speaker.

Before you buy a larger box at the same price because you think a larger box will give you more sound.

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After driving awhile, we stopped so Omar could get some sleep. Lisa and I went outside. I could tell she was turned on by me so after a little talk, I kissed her, and she responded immediately by rubbing my cock. We both ran into the desert and took each other's clothes off. Just as soon as she started to suck my cock, the camper's lights went on so we ran back pulling up our pants. Omar had seen what we were doing and got really pissed off because he had been trying to make it with Lisa himself. I thought he was going to kick my ass, but instead he threw us out in the middle of nowhere. Omar said that he was not going to "drop the money while we dropped the laundry." The three of us (Lisa, her son, and myself) decided the only thing to do was camp out for the night in the desert. I gave her son my sleeping bag and Lisa and I went off to make love. She was fantastic; she did everything I wanted—and more. It was the greatest feeling making love in the desert and staring at the stars while she sucked my cock. After a few hours we went back to share the sleeping bag with her son.

The next morning they were off to Oregon in a semi-, and I went on to California. But it was a fantasy come true.—*Name and address withheld*

Lens contact

I want to thank you for providing in the Forum section of your magazine a place in which readers can reveal and openly discuss their experiences—giving them the opportunity to compare and more fully understand their needs, desires, and experiences. I am a college student majoring in journalism and spending much of my time as a photographer for the school newspaper. As my assignments often require working at odd hours, I have a studio and darkroom set up in my apartment. I am quite proud of the photography equipment that I have acquired over the past few years. It encompasses a 35mm camera and a full complement of lenses—including a 400 millimeter telephoto. As a result of the nudes I shot for the advertising in an annual underground publication, I have been contacted by several chicks who wish to pose in the altogether. Of course I protest, but what can one say to a fine, young, voluptuous nubile that desperately wants to take off her clothes.

Usually I'll tell the girl to come by around ten o'clock. We'll have a couple of drinks and listen to some tunes so she'll be in the right mood for modeling, and she'll take off her clothes and roll around on the bearskin rug in my studio while I proceed to shoot pictures. I usually shoot for about fifteen minutes. By the end of that time I'm too horny to concentrate so we move to the bedroom to develop some new poses.

At a recent party I met a gorgeous redhead, who, when told I was a photographer, immediately asked if she could pose for me. We left the party, and within twenty minutes I (she) was shooting a red beaver on a brown bear. As I was kneeling by her head focusing on a beautiful pair of succulent firm melons, she reached up with both hands, unfastened my belt, and unzipped my fly. She plucked out my rapidly ripening banana and proceeded to peel it. It soon became impossible to continue shooting without shooting, and wanting to avoid careless damage to my camera, I asked her to wait while I put it (the camera) away. But wait she wouldn't. She followed me to the cabinet in which I keep my equipment, and the moment I set the camera down, she pulled me to the floor and crawled on top.

Neither of us seemed to be getting off on this position so I rolled her over to try a new one. This wasn't really doing it either, and I was beginning to lose heart when she whispered in my ear that she had a canyon between her legs that even Evel Knievel wouldn't try to jump. Knowing my machine had far too few horsepower to bridge her gap, I looked for one that would. My eyes fell upon the telephoto lens.

Leaving the cap on for fear of damaging the lens, and happy that it would receive a natural lubrication, I plunged the lens into the Great Divide. I was amazed as 150, 200, almost 250 millimeters disappeared into her gaping depths. It was only a few seconds before she quaked, and I erupted profusely.

I have seen this girl several times since that evening and was pleased to find her in a few of my classes (she, too, is in journalism). Although we still see other people, we have developed a beautiful, close relationship. To think it all started because she asked me to take a few "snatch shots."—*P.C., address withheld*

Think what you could do with a zoom lens! —Editor

Banana banger

Despite what it says in the Declaration of Independence, all men are not created equal—at least not where their lovemaking equipment is concerned. My Pike peaks at six inches, which is no great shakes, but I do a little better on the suck-cum-ference—five inches, which is probably par.

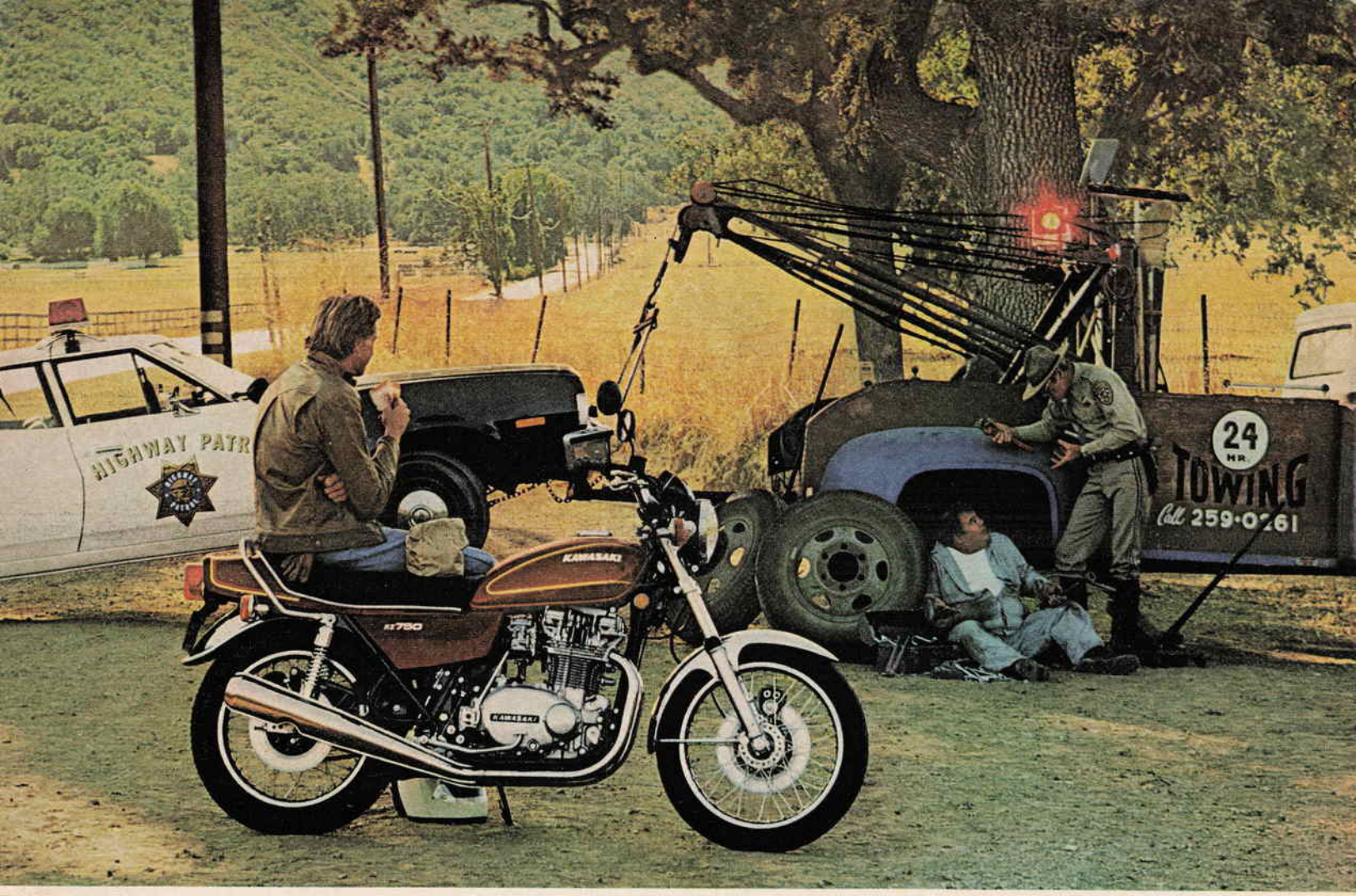
When I read in Forum what young Columbus said about the banana as a lovemaking machine I thought I'd give it a try. I went out and bought the biggest banana that I could find, hollowed it out as per instructions, and was careful not to break the skin since that young benefactor of mankind said it was the suction that provided the thrill.

Your correspondent must have a rod like a pencil. At the very first try all I got was a banana split.—*R.Y., Memphis, Tenn.*

Baubles, bangles, and beads

Beautiful! What exultation!

Your November issue that is. I think if I live a hundred years, I will never see one to compare with the precision photography



SPEED-FREAK. That's what they called me when I was a kid. Prob'bly 'cause I used to get kinda squirrelly sometimes. But things are different now. I'm grown up. Learned it's not just goin' that counts. It's how ya' go. That's why I got me one of them new KZ750 Twins.

Real style, that bike. Four-stroke DOHC mill. Constant-mesh five-speed trans. Discs front and rear. In high school never woulda thought about things like the sensitivity of the brakes. Spacin' of the gear ratios—the fine points. I was too busy gettin' off, gettin' it on.

Yeah, I've changed a lot. Like last weekend...I was ridin' easy and lookin' good when all of a sudden the bike starts to actin' bored, tellin' me it wants to get up an' go, and before I knew it my eyes were gettin' wide and the road was gettin' narrow.

Bein' the big boy that I am, I said, "Slow down, bike." But the bike wanted its head. All I could do was stay cool, give it some rein and keep an eye on the speedometer.

I was havin' myself a good ol' time before I spotted those flashin' lights. Looked like Smokey had the bubble machine goin' again. But it wasn't like the old days. This time they were ahead of me. Said, "Whoa, bike," and we pulled up to have a look. And while I was sittin' there, kicked-back with my cheese sandwich, I remembered when I wouldn't give the police the time of day. But, this time I even offered to lend a hand. Too bad I only had metrics.

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and excellent contrasts that the front cover of Bonnie Dee displaying her jewelry captured. It is beyond description. The deep glow of cultured pearls opposing the polished silver really set me off. And it covers sixteen distinct pieces of jewelry—including a preciously thin, unadorned gold chain, a rustic and massive ceramic lavaliere, a string of cultured pearls, and two cocktail rings. Her massive aquamarine and silver bracelet really turned me on. The eight simple bands of silver were as basic as the large hoop earrings. But I will not even try to describe the centerfold of dozens of types of jewelry that covered every variation from rustic to the simple pinkie ring. You not only made my week but the entire month. I have only one gripe. *Must* you fuzz out parts of the picture? On the front cover Ms. Dee's right arm is partly in the shadow, hiding the natural beauty of the naked bracelet.—*Name and address withheld*

Scratch a . . .

In reference to the outstanding centerfold in your December issue, we have talked over the possibilities of a "scratch 'n' sniff" addition to the delectable centerspot of the *Penthouse* Pet of the Month. It has been done for martini ads and perfume ads. Now is your chance to set a precedent and help your country's servicemen here on the rock with no chance of seeing a cunt for six months at a time.

Many thanks and keep it up (the good work, that is!).—*The Rock Critters, FPO, San Francisco, Calif.*

. . . Penthouse page and . . .

I have enjoyed your magazine for quite a long time now. You have always been first in breaking open new fields in the men's magazines.

I have been waiting for a long, long time now for some magazine to come through with a scratch-'n'-sniff centerfold, and since your magazine is a leader in the field, I think your magazine should.

Companies for a long time have had these in household magazines for perfume and flowers—so why not something that every man has smelled and can identify with. There is nothing more erotic than the natural perfume of a mature woman.

And I'm sure a lot of other people would like to see this happen and put the finishing touches on an already great magazine.—*Name and address withheld*

. . . find a friend?

Since eating pussy is my greatest form of sexual pleasure, I am writing this letter to *Penthouse* Forum because your magazine is the forerunner of new sexual thought.

Each month I buy your magazine so I can feast my eyes and imagination on the lovely, soft (and I daresay, sensuous) pussies pictured on your pages. Many are the times I lie in bed drifting off to sleep thinking of sucking, licking, and muffing the tantalizing twat you portray. I must confess, I've even licked your pages.

Last night I had a wonderful thought which prompted me to write this letter to you. With the advent of the new "scratch and sniff" T-shirts, I transposed this idea to your pages.

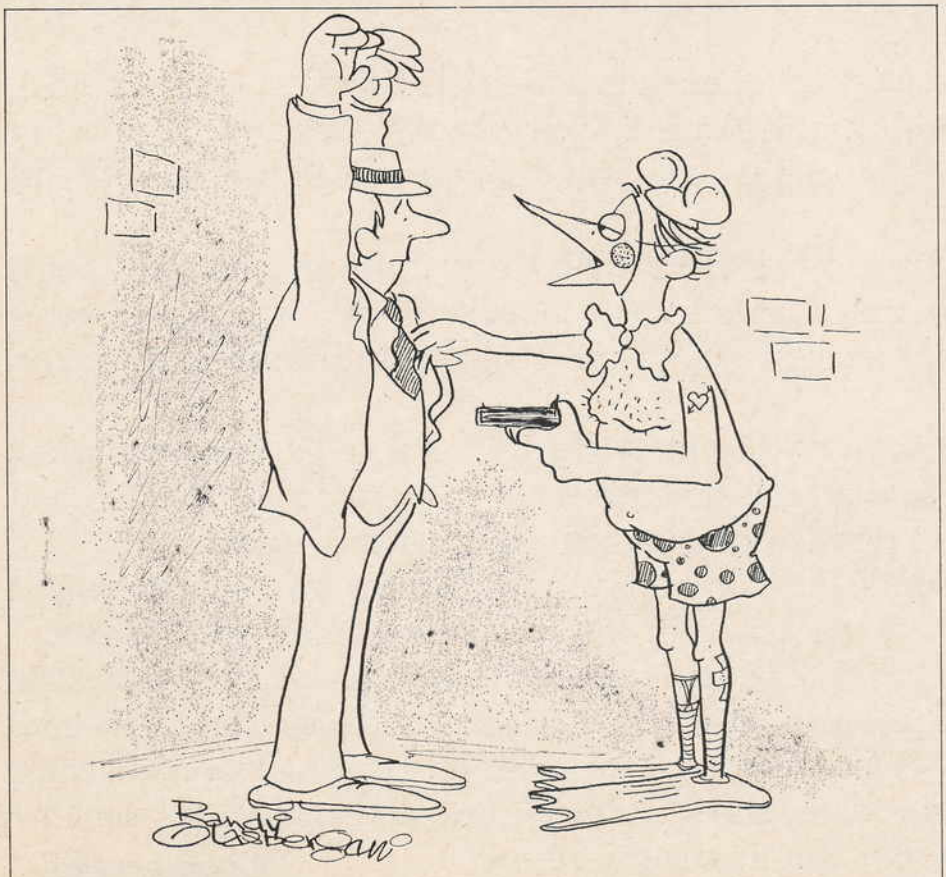
Not only for myself, but for all your other readers who love to indulge in cunnilingus, just imagine the sheer joy of fingering the pussy of this month's *Penthouse* Pet and unleashing the fragrance of moist, succulent, stimulated pussy. For me and the many who would love to bury our faces in the same, how about it?—*R.E., New York, N.Y.*

Hair bare . . .

Recent issues of *Penthouse* have featured letters from people who have experimented with the shaving of female heads. Xaviera Hollander's November 1975 column spotlighted a letter that related one man's desires and fantasies about bald women. The letters are of great interest to me as I share this fetish. My initial encounter with a bald woman came unexpectedly. I met a woman who had lost all of her hair during a bout with scarlet fever. Dating and eventually making love to her, I discovered her nude scalp and learned to regard it as a highly sensuous feature. We fell apart after several months of torrid sessions in bed, but my preference for a hairless female head was established. I am attracted by a woman with abundant tresses and am always quite willing to make love by burying my face in a sea of clean female hair. Six months ago, I met a woman in New York who sported a wonderful mane of long, auburn hair.

After several dates and a series of good sessions in bed, I related my fantasies and experiences with female baldness after too many drinks. We continued to see one another, the issue of female baldness dropping away, until she began to mention the possibility of allowing me to act out my fantasy with her. After discussing the particulars of the scenario, we proceeded. She wore, according to my instructions, a filmy dress with large hoop earrings, an elaborate necklace, and heavy eye makeup. I began by cutting away at almost two feet of thick and luxurious hair with a pair of scissors. She gasped, almost cancelling the encounter, when the first thick clump fell from her head into her lap. After shearing most of her hair to within one inch with the scissors, I lathered her head and shaved it clean.

We made love for many hours that evening, and she remained shaven for several months. In public, she concealed her baldness but was eager to display what she referred to as her new freedom when we were among friends. Whenever she removed her wig or turban, the men in our circle would react with excitement. Several women admitted that the notion had crossed their minds from time to time, while others were vehemently opposed to such experimentation. Then, due to my



"Someday you'll look back at this and laugh."

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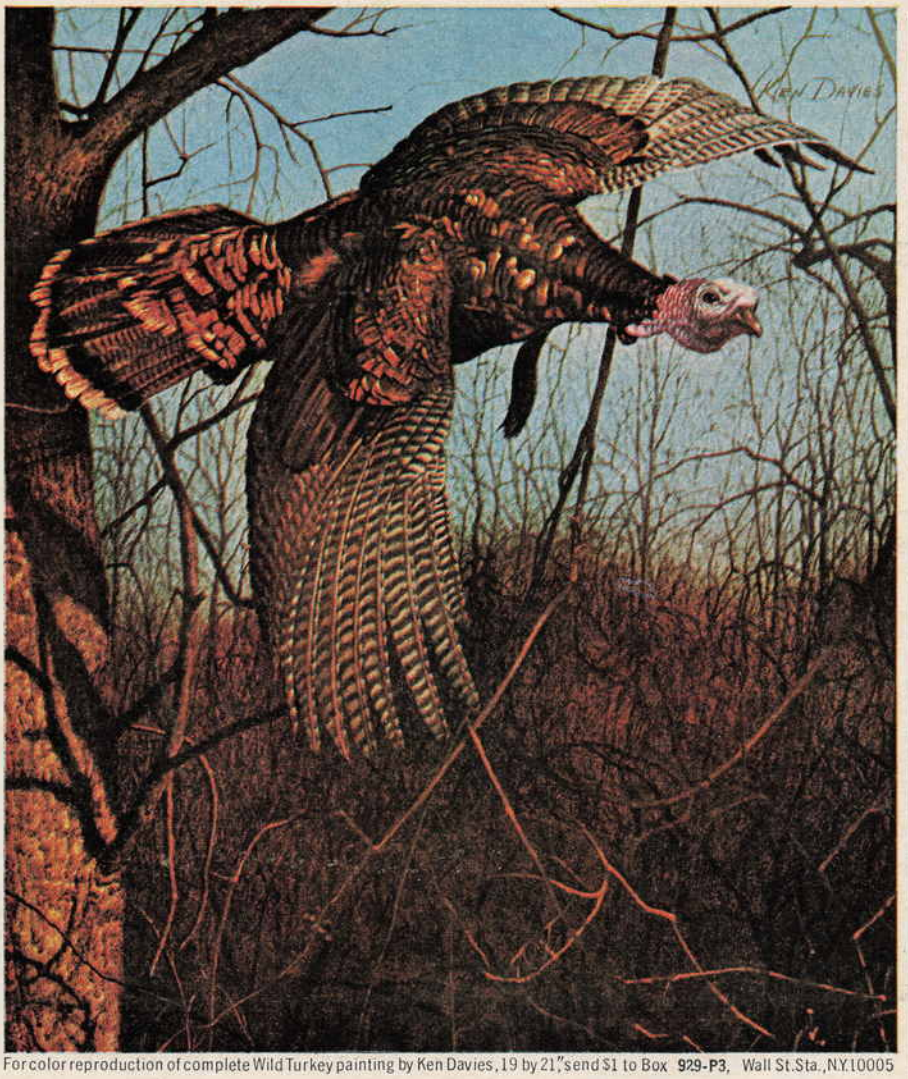

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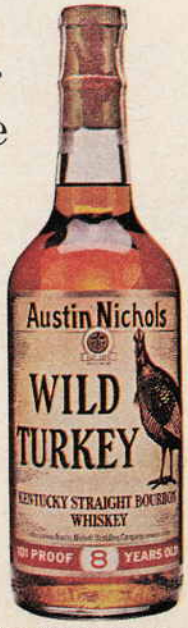

WILD TURKEY/101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD.

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position, a transfer forced me to leave New York. Katie decided that her days as a bald temptress were over after I left, and we have not contacted one another since. Though I regard women with hair sufficiently attractive, I constantly seek a woman with enough élan to experiment with a look that pleases me more. I suspect, on the basis of my experiences and the letters published in your magazine, that I am not unique in possessing this seemingly bizarre desire.—*J.R., New York, N.Y.*

. . . and hair bear

Before reading your magazine, I was of the opinion that I had a most unusual fetish. But I am now totally convinced that I am quite normal in all aspects. My own particular delight is hair; any and all kinds of hair, from thick kinky mounds of pubic hair to dark bushes of underarm hair and long and silky head hair. I had a most delightful experience involving my fetish just a few weeks ago at a concert.

Appearing onstage was Jethro Tull, and watching lead singer Ian Anderson's long, curly, flowing locks dancing and undulating with his every movement was getting me unbearably horny. It should be pointed out that while I am not gay, hair has no sex, and *all* hair turns me on. Anyway, adding immeasurably to my excitement were two chicks sitting directly in front of me, Pam, a girl in my psych class, and her roommate, Debbie—both of whom have more than their share of gorgeous long hair. Pam, unwitting of my desire, leaned her head back allowing her hair to come within inches of my pulsating cock (we were sitting in bleachers). Not quite realizing what I was doing in my torture of unfulfilled need, I scooped up a large amount of her golden locks and frantically massaged them into my aching erection. Evidently feeling my exercises with her hair, she suddenly spun around to look directly into my bulging crotch, her wide brown eyes slowly working their way up until they finally met mine, and then, to my everlasting delight, she smiled! Leaning her head back almost as far as she could, she started to slowly move it back and forth and up and down to the music. I wasted no time in whipping out my blood-gorged penis to let her hair massage my member directly—each individual strand of beautiful hair easing its wonderful way with excruciating thoroughness over my quivering prick. The specifics of our act were covered quite nicely by her hat, a large floppy one, although I'm sure my neighbors on either side were well aware of what was generally going on. It didn't take long before my entire body seemed to explode into complete and absolute ecstasy, sending thick drops of sperm all over her hair. I returned my spent stallion to its place and proceeded to massage my come into and all over her hair. Then like an expert, she delicately licked each of my fingers until they were clean.

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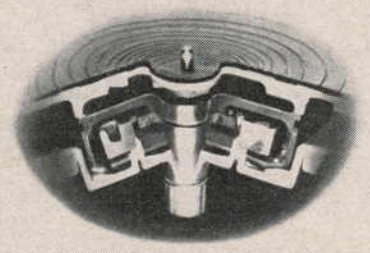

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Needless to say as soon as the concert was over we went to her room for a delightful encore. I was very surprised at her almost complete acceptance of my fetish, and her willingness to comply with it. Since then I have continued to see her, and she has not shaved her underarms once, although she refuses to not shave her legs. But, a guy can't ask for everything. . . .—*Name withheld, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Ticklish situation

I decided to send my materials to you people after long thought. I didn't know where to send it and I wanted to reach out to someone to see if I was alone or not. After pondering the thought of throwing all these things in the trash and then burning them, because I'd shoot myself if someone would find it, I decided to reach out the last time to see if there are others like me. I start from the beginning:

I guess you could call me a Tickling Fetishist. If I am walking down the street and I see a pretty girl wearing a sleeveless dress or shirt I go insane. My pants become tight as a result of an instantaneous and intense erection. My prime target is the woman's arms and underarms. I don't know how or where in my life this began, although I remember being little and getting turned on by looking at an underarm and wanting to tickle it. The fantasy is not complete unless the girl laughs. If I tickle a girl who isn't ticklish, I get very turned off. Or if she has massive hunks of hair under her arms, I turn off. If I spot a pretty girl on the bus, and she has smooth arms and lifts her arm to reveal a soft smooth armpit, I almost come instantly.

I have gone through intense emotional hang-ups with myself because I don't know if this is unique let alone normal. But I am too shy and just plain scared to ask anyone or even to tell my closest lovers. I would be afraid of being rejected or laughed at (which is the same thing). Yet I have to know!

Some of my wildest fantasies have me in bed with a girl. Beautiful. And she has her wrists strapped to the headboard, and they're way over her head, and she is wearing a tank top. Nothing else. I'm naked, and I'm screwing the shit out of her while she is laughing like crazy as I tickle her underarms.

I've even dreamed of whorehouse-type places where I could get different kinds of girls to tickle. I'm afraid that someday I'm going to see a pretty girl wearing a sleeveless dress walk down the street, and my cock won't let me hold it any longer. I'm afraid that I'll go right up to this stranger and pull her arms out and start tickling her right there.

Well, as a result of my solo life as a closet tickler, I have compiled four volumes of scrapbooks for the tickling fetishist. Actually they're homemade stroke books. They contain cutouts from such reputable magazines as *Seventeen, Teen, Mademoiselle, Glamour, Simplicity, Vogue,* and others (and of course when I could find a tank-topped girl, *Penthouse*). Actually all these mags were only summer issues where I could find mostly sleeveless fashions, because a completely nude girl wouldn't turn me on like a seminude one wearing only a sleeveless dress or top.

I hope you don't feel that this is a prank. I am a very serious man having battles with his fantasies—or his sanity.—*Name and address withheld*

Library relations

Several months ago you published a letter from a chap from Yale. He praised the beauty and charms of the girls enrolled in the graduate program at that fine eastern institution. Well that inspires this letter, which I am compelled to write, regarding the virtues of the young ladies attending the University of Michigan. You might think that girls in a program such as this would have to be disgusting, intolerable beasts. But much to my delight, I discovered just the opposite to be true. The place is crawling with long-legged chicks—it's a veritable paradise for male MBA's.

My first "personal contact" with one came in the labor relations library, a generally deserted room on the third floor. One night I was working on some statistics when a girl in my class came over and asked for some help on a problem. Naturally, I helped her with the problem, and then we started talking. Our discussion wasn't purely academic, and before it was over, she placed her hand in my lap. Instantly my cock went from a dead hang to its elongated stiff state. Then she unzipped my pants and began gently stroking my now pulsating prod. It was only a matter of a few strokes before I shot my wad all over my shirt. All this time I had acted as though I were reading my applied regression analysis text so no one in the library could discern what might be "coming" about.

The next weekend she invited me to her apartment for a party. It started out as a typical enough party with a few more girls than guys. Everything was going fine until all of a sudden two girls began cat-fighting over a friend of mine. They started out name-calling and swearing, then one girl slapped another, and it was no holds barred from there on out. There was tit-pulling, hair grabbing, scratching, gouging, and kicking before we broke it up.

After things settled down, I slipped off to one of the bedrooms with the girl with whom I had been talking. She was a gorgeous blond about 5'10", two thirds of which were the nicest legs it had ever been my pleasure to fantasize about. Well, it wasn't long before we were both bare-ass naked and getting kinky. All of a sudden the girl from the library came in, and it was two on one from then on. Since one girl is usually all my dick can stand, I had to rely on my tongue to satiate the two girls' sexual yearnings. One blew me and then slurped me up like it was the very nectar of

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Someone, it seems, is always trying to improve on the Bloody Mary. But only rarely do we run across a variant we consider successful.

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the gods. After a short rest period, during which I lapped up the one and set the other girl writhing in ecstasy with my forefinger, I slipped my purple-helmeted warhead between the blond's lengthy ambulatory appendages and into her tight dripping twat. At the same time, I reamed out the other's cavernous crack with several of my fingers. All in all, I received two hummers and got laid twice.

This weekend I've got a date with yet another school beauty (auburn hair down to her ass and a healthy set of lungs). A friend of mine who had worn himself out on her told me about her.

I haven't figured out what it is about the U. of M. that attracts all these heavenly bodies, but whatever it is, there are a lot of guys that are glad it's here. I don't mean to take anything away from the colleges down south or out west renowned for their party atmosphere and beautiful chicks, but Michigan has got to be one of the best.—*C.B., Ann Arbor, Mich.*

Sitting pretty

Recently I had a more-than-usual sexual experience which I would like to share with your readers. I am twenty-four, happily married to a very sexy wife, and we have a baby son who has just turned one. As my wife and I attend classes at night, we have hired a baby-sitter who lives a couple of apartments down from us. She is fifteen, and I will say that her name is Cindy. She is the prime example of a just-developed, teenaged girl—slender and firmly built, and long blond hair which she usually wears up along with her tight bell-bottoms and too-small T-shirts (though she does wear a bra). She is a good friend of my wife and often comes down to talk to her about her latest boyfriend or to watch TV. Needless to say, I welcomed these daily visits of hers. She is extremely sexy without being aware of it in the least. Her face and gestures are so childlike, and yet her body is just on the verge of ripening into a full maturity. Of course, she was driving me out of my mind, but I considered it pointless and frustrating to think about it, except as a masturbatory fantasy.

A couple of weeks ago, I returned home from my class a little earlier than usual (my wife and I attend different classes, and I usually get home about an hour before her) and did not see Cindy anywhere. When I walked into our bedroom, I couldn't believe what I saw. With the light on, Cindy was lying on the bed, her pants unzipped and pulled down, with her underwear to her hips. Both her hands were between her legs and were working violently away. Instantaneously, my dick began to go up like a crane, and I felt my knees collapsing. She was masturbating so furiously that she must have been just on the verge of orgasm. I don't even know if she had seen me come in.

I couldn't help myself. I stepped closer, unzipped my pants, and began to jack off. When I reached the bedside, she looked

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up, not the least bit startled, slitted her eyes and, crooning with pleasure, rubbed herself faster and faster, keeping her gaze focused on my cock.

As my presence did not seem to upset her in the least (except in a positive sense), I lost any fears I might have had and began rubbing my dick on her cheeks and neck. I pulled her T-shirt up and pushed her bra up over her breasts without unfastening it. I've never seen a more perfectly rounded pair of breasts in all my life. Her nipples were small and a light pink color, and they stood up straight, like points, on the ends of her stiff tits. She began running her left hand over them, fingering the nipples.

"Rub it there," she whispered. I obligingly moved my prick down her neck to her chest where she massaged both it and her tits at the same time. When my wad came out, it was like hot water being shot out of a syringe. There was an incredible amount of it, and I sprayed it over her neck and on her face where it ran off her cheeks, neck, and nose. She reached her tongue out and caught whatever drops were running close to her mouth. Then suddenly her hand slowed down momentarily on her clit and then speeded up faster than ever. Her body bent upwards, and she jammed two fingers into her vagina and started shaking. She must have come for a full minute, thrashing around the bed, and arching her cunt up into the air. Needless to say, I got an instantaneous hard-on again.

I pulled her pants and socks off and licked her legs from her feet up to her vulva, spending a great deal of time on the insides of her thighs until she was whining with pleasure. Her cunt was so wet that it had soaked a large spot through the bedspread. She bent around so that we were in the sixty-nine position and sucked on my cock. As I have about a seven-inch prick, she had some difficulty getting it all into her mouth, but she sure did try! When I was near the point of coming again, I heard a noise and looked up. There was my wife standing in the doorway. It was like in a dream or a vision or something—I was so far in another world. I wasn't about to stop now for anything. But then the most fantastic thing happened. My wife began rapidly stripping off her clothes—her blouse, her pants, and her underwear. (She has an excellent body and is actually not much older than Cindy.) She walked up to Cindy and soundlessly pushed out her pelvis, feeding the girl her cunt which she willingly accepted. She licked all around it, on my wife's stomach and thighs, and then finally the clit itself, jerking me off at the same time. My wife remained standing, rubbing her own breasts, her eyes closed and head tilted back. I exploded again on Cindy's throat and chin, and she took my dick into her mouth to get the rest of the come. Then she went back to my wife.

I had seven orgasms that night in a period of about three hours. I don't know how many the girls had, but they both

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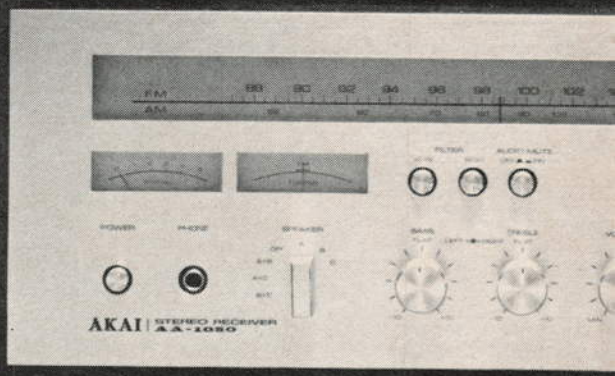

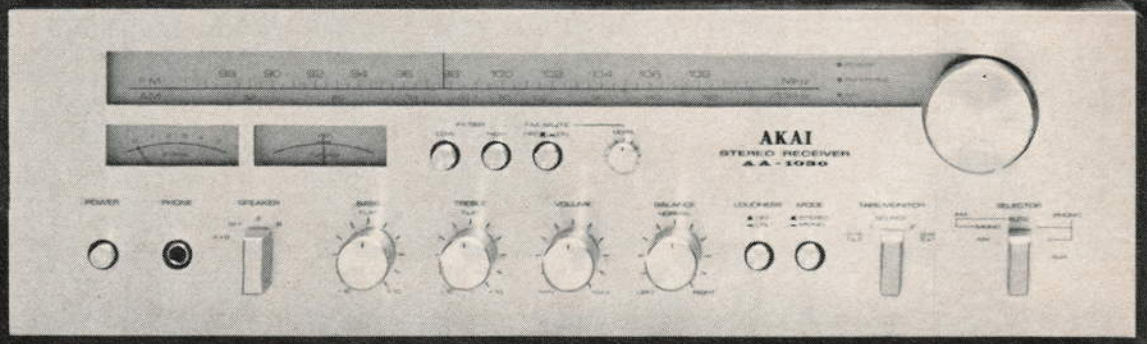

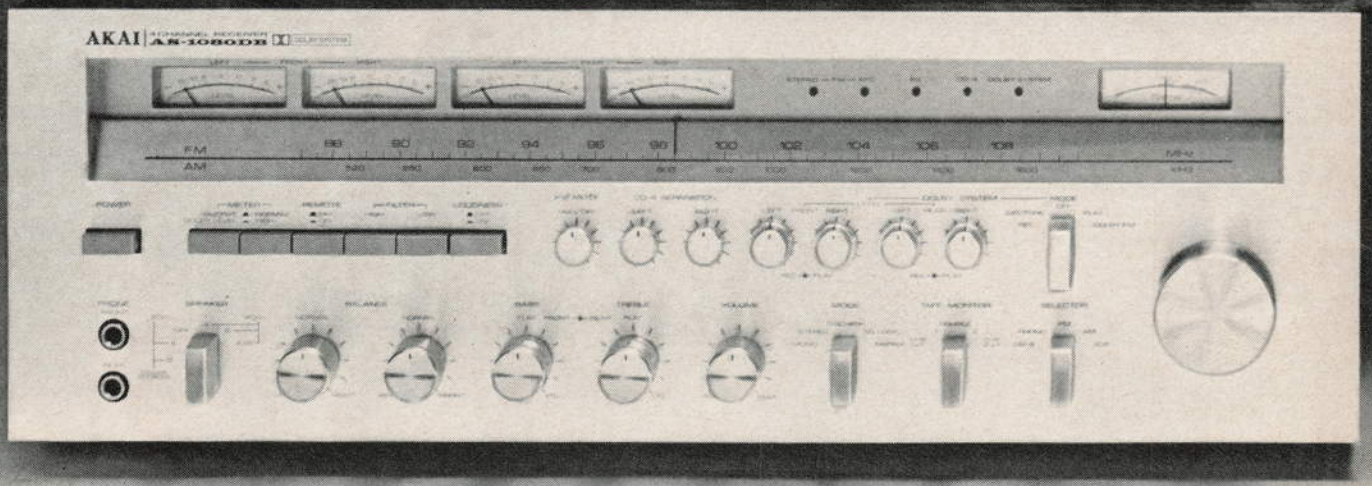

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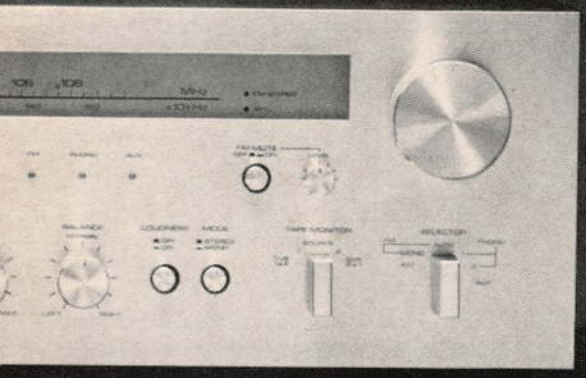

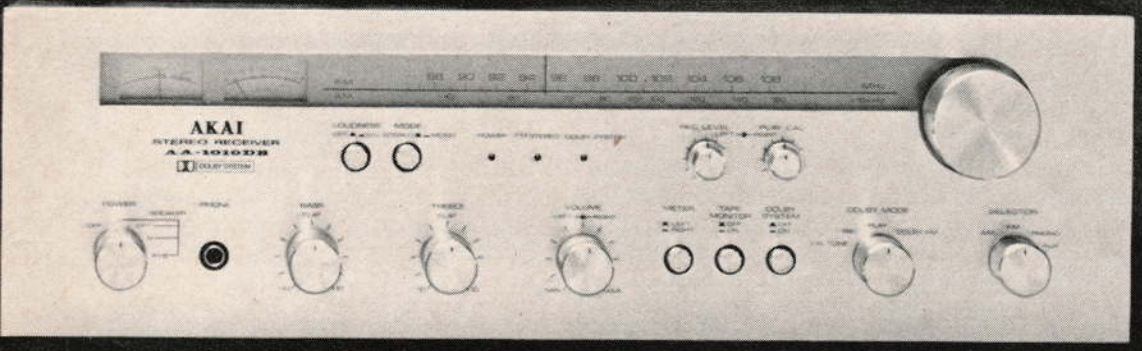

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seemed quite satisfied. My wife called down to Cindy's parents during a break to ask if Cindy could stay a little longer to watch a TV show.

The most incredible thing is that my wife and Cindy have been having an affair for several weeks. They are both bisexual, and they were more than glad that I happened along by accident. They had been too afraid to let me know about it, for obvious reasons. Now I'm only too happy to say I *did* find out about it.

We have gotten together, the three of us, at least ten times in the last two weeks since that first night—whenever Cindy can get away from her parents. We try all different positions, and many times one of us watches while the other two get it on (we are all heavy voyeurs).—*P.D., Van Nuys, Calif.*

Working wife

My wife and I read the letters in Forum each month with a mixture of interest, excitement, and amazement. And, because we have developed some experiences that are extraordinary, we've decided to send a few of them on for your other readers' interest, excitement, and amazement.

We have been married ten years, have children, and are both professional, college-educated people. Our combined income places us in the upper middle class.

After a season of secret affairs—with the resulting angers and hurts—we both decided to be inventive, stay together, and rebuild our marriage with a little space and a little fun in our togetherness.

My wife Carolyn, although a mother and thirty-two, still has a great figure (37D-27-36-5'4"), looks twenty-six, and carries herself with class. She has a strong pretty face and with her thick blond hair reminds one of a young lioness.

We tried the separate pickups in bars, a few threesomes and foursomes, as well as a moderate amount of "flashing" and semipublic lovemaking—and found it all to be lacking in the degree of turn-on it provided. However, the time wasn't wasted as it allowed Carolyn to develop a real fondness for blow-jobs as well as to become the best all-round lay I've ever had (based on a sample of fifteen).

We began to get there when Carolyn worked for a week at a massage parlor in a nearby city. She and I both talked over her experiences each night and found most of it exciting. It was new and exciting for her to kiss and caress whomever it was her turn to "massage," and she learned new things about her sexuality from the experience. Young "workies," older men, black dudes, hippie kids—she kissed and massaged them all, jacked off a few, sucked off a couple, declined one client with a penis the "size of a Coke bottle," and turned a trick with one likeable guy. I went over a couple of nights myself—paid the standard prices—and was serviced by my own wife. The first visit, my turn came after she had done a nude massage (with another girl) on one client and had blown another. The second night, she fucked me after turning a trick, and I then watched her (under the red lights) lying on the massage table, in nothing but a pair of white high heels, jack herself off. She had a massive orgasm, as did I. As one of her "sisters" was in on our fun by this time (a fine twenty-year-old named Debbie), I went to another room with her for the full treatment.

Several weeks later, still on our high, she started work as a topless go-go dancer. We went to a bar in the nearby city, got drunk enough to take the step, and she "auditioned." Carolyn started to work the next night and worked for two weeks. In that time, she became a really fine dancer, reveled in it, and learned that she was as effective a turn-on to lots of guys as I had told her she was. In that two weeks, she must have had a thousand hands laid on her beautiful bare ass and had lots of dollars shoved down the front of her G-string with the usual "feel." She learned to cope pretty quickly with the hustle and had a ball being different persons to each of the customers she sat with.

Carolyn will probably return to this job for another two weeks but with an added attraction: sex after work with any attractive customer who asks—preferably each night and with more than a twosome when possible. I'm also urging her to consider working some of the stag parties she's been approached to do.

These games have made Carolyn rec-

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ognize and be comfortable with her own sexuality, have satisfied my voyeuristic tendencies, and have removed massive barriers in our marriage where communication and other hang-ups had previously existed. My own experiences during this period have added extra good dimensions to our closeness, our secrets (smilingly shared in the company of friends), and our overall relationship as a pair and as individuals. It was not without its hassles, but after the last planned game mentioned above, we expect to return to a fairly straight life, content and satisfied in the thought that we've done it all.—*Name and address withheld*

Dry cleaned

Here's something that I learned from my roommate at college that I think your readers might appreciate. He had taken a shower just before I did, and when I returned to the room, he was carefully drying his pubic hair with a styler-dryer. I was startled at first, but he explained: when he is getting ready to entertain female company, he always washes his pubic hair and dries it with the styler-dryer because the girls like the soft, fluffy feeling that results (especially for oral sex). It all seemed logical. So later that evening, a great looking girl showed up at our door, and I knew it was time for me to leave. Now I'm using this little trick also, and my chick likes it very much. My roommate also recommends using some balsam product and a little cream after-shave lotion around the pubic area as an added attraction for this treatment. It seems to work as he kicks me out several times a week!—*Name and address withheld*

Trucker's lift

To the writer of "The Show Must Go On" in November Forum. I'm glad to see you enjoy showing your bush.

Being a truck driver, I know what a lift a driver can get from seeing a little snatch now and then after driving many miles of seeing stuck-up broads with pants or ankle-length dresses on. I only wish there were more of your caliber. Keep up the good work.

P.S. You might like to put a two-way radio in your car and listen to the commotion you cause after you wake up a tired and horny driver.—*Name and address withheld*

Variety is . . .

My wife and I have been married for fourteen years and have five fine children. Like all newlyweds, when we first got married, we fucked like hell. Even now we have sex on an average of four times a week.

But after fourteen years, the routine of screwing in bed has become dull. I don't care how great a lover you are, or how much foreplay or anything else you use, after doing it the same way year after year with the same partner, the excitement of it is gone.

My wife is a 5'6" blond with a great body. She's got a great pair of legs, the nicest shaped tits you'll ever want to see, and what an ass! When she wears a miniskirt, I get a hard-on, even after all these years. So don't get me wrong, it's not my wife, but the routine that has become dull. We've tried various position, various rooms of the house, etc., but she wasn't crazy about it so we do it the same way in the same place and, as I said before, the excitement of it is gone.

After reading in your magazine the past few months about the experiences of other husbands and wives, I find that there is still hope.

After reading about the lady who goes for drives with her husband with nothing on except a raincoat, or the couple who has sex in a parking lot, and the servicewoman who pretends she's asleep (wearing nothing under her miniskirt) as her husband drives into a gas station and has the attendant wash the windows, I found I was excited. When I dream at work about my wife and me doing things like this, I find I have a huge hard-on most of the day.

So I've been trying to convince my wife to try some of these things. She's not exactly crazy about the idea, but one night while we were driving, I got her to take all her clothes off under the cape she was wearing. Knowing she didn't have any clothes on gave me a hard-on, and she knew it excited me. So when we hit a dark road, she opened her cape wide open, sat there completely nude, and said, "There, how's that?" I almost shot my pants then and there, but instead, I very quickly found a spot where I pulled over and had her mount me. And we fucked right there in the car, both completely nude. What a time.

Just last night after we finished shopping, we pulled over to the corner of the parking lot where she took off her panty hose and pants and pulled up her miniskirt, exposing her bush. Then she proceeded to jerk me off, which took about thirty seconds with the hard-on I had.

She's not exactly gung-ho as I am on this, but after reading about other couples' experiences, she's somewhat more willing. And now when we screw in bed, it's much more enjoyable.

P.S. While home for lunch this afternoon, *my wife* asked *me* if I wanted to go to bed. Things are getting better already.—*Name and address withheld*

. . . the spice of life

Having received my sex education via *Penthouse* Forum, I felt obligated to inform your readers of a truly wonderful method of enjoying sex.

My wife and I, over the past two years, have indulged in much the same way as many *Penthouse* fans—turning each other on with corndogs, baseball bats, Big Mac's, vacuum cleaners, tacos, toothpaste, popcorn poppers, and even rolled-up copies of *Penthouse*. Yet, it seemed as time passed there was a deep lack of sex-

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ual fulfillment growing in our relationship.

And then, last night while we were lying in bed, she put forth an idea which I at first thought dumb and perverted. Wrapping her hands around my swollen member, she thrust it into her cunt! As we moved together, there arose the most fantastic feelings of sexual ambrosia we have ever encountered, and we both experienced the most intense orgasm ever!

I couldn't wait to share this discovery with *Penthouse* readers everywhere.—*Name and address withheld*

Allelujah.—Editor

Par for the course

I do not subscribe to any of the slicks, but at a friend's house I browsed through his back issues of your magazine.

While nudes on paper do not necessarily turn me on, I nevertheless felt one helluva heat wave, induced by your pictorial of Juliet Morris in the January, 1975 issue.

I've been a lot of places, retired Navy, 22 years, but that little dish really did me in.—*Name and address withheld*

Welcome to the feast.—Editor

Healthy appetite

I have just consumed, almost literally, your December issue. Eat your heart out, Ewell Gibbons, *Penthouse* is far better than wild hickory nuts, any day.

I get the impression that people who finally do write usually express their feelings about a particular area where their intimate feelings lie. Some of course express their hidden desires, or what are so commonly called, their fantasies. I am, in that respect, no different, and I guess also only human. There are those, of course, that chide and laugh at these letters, my wife included, and think they are fiction, written by nuts or even kooks. So that's one reason why I wrote; to tell those doubters that they are wrong, and that it's healthy to be horny, have fantasies, be individualistic, and to tell it like it feels.

Now back to the December issue. As is my usual practice after I buy my copy, I browse through it to see what in particular catches my interest. Then, suddenly there it was. The pictorial entitled "Mirror Image." Quicker than a bolt of lightning, faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a steaming locomotive—no, not Superman, but an enormous erection by my cock.

After I calmed down from the above experience, I proceeded to read the Forum letters. As luck would have it, I soon got to the one entitled "Pictorial Pleasure." Since this letter by a lovely twenty-three-year-old described so vividly what was so aptly pictured in "Mirror Image," I could not help but picture this very sexy scene all over again almost as if it were real. And again my rod rose to the occasion. In fact, every time I think of these two lasses going at it again, I walk about with what could be called a perpetual hard-on.

No doubt by now you have guessed my favorite fantasy. The only thing missing there is me. As I would love to watch two lovely young ladies (either as pictured or described in that letter) make love and then partake of them, and them of me. What a way to go. They surely would have a difficult time getting the smile off my face.—*Name and address withheld*

Mighty pokes . . .

I have read and thoroughly enjoyed your magazine for a long time, probably because it is a major form of relief for me since I am not as handsome as I would like to be and very poorly endowed.

All my life (so far) I've suffered the anguish of having a minuscule cock—three inches erect! Naturally, I have acquired a lot of embarrassing nicknames and caused some laughter in the locker room. I used to wish. . . .

That is until I joined the Forest Service. After spending so much time in the mountains getting horny with the other boys in the fire-fighting crew, I got a chance to prove that good things come in small packages.

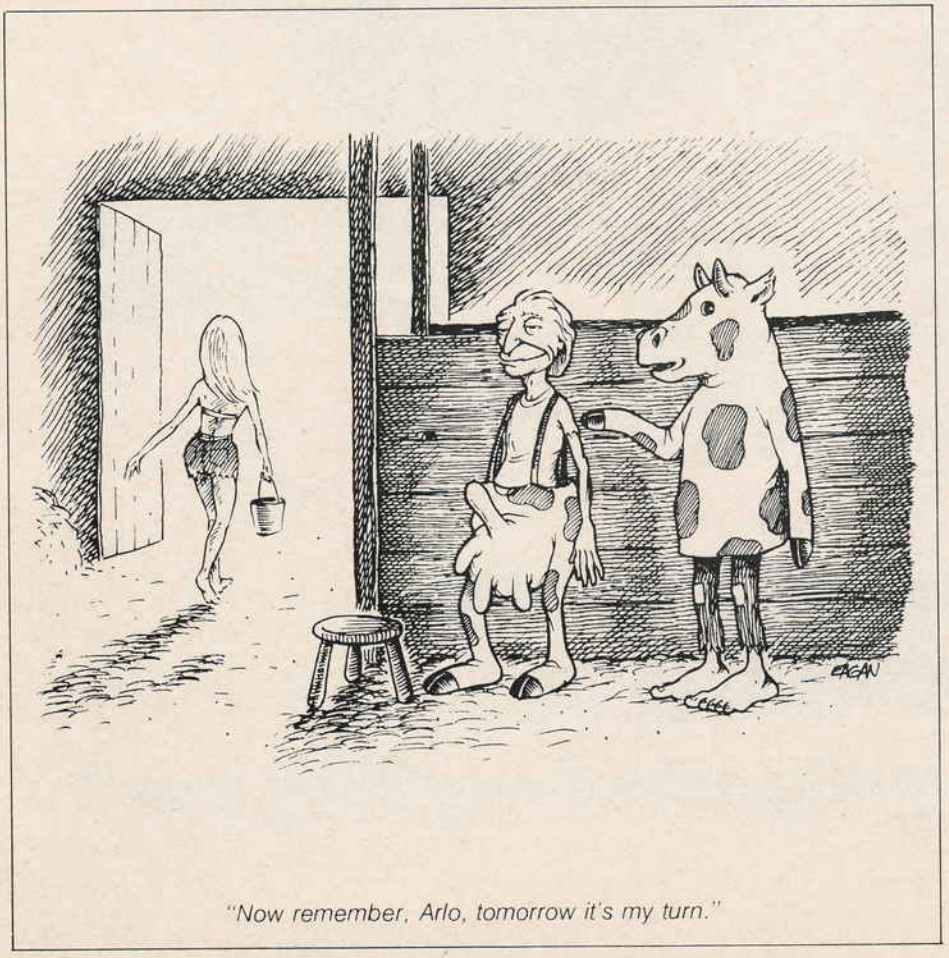
A girl joined our outfit—not too good-looking—but a girl. I thought it was just the shits that all the other guys called me "pee-wee" in front of her. She was undaunted (or took pity on me) and tried to be as friendly as she could. I am very humorous, and it could be my jokes that attracted her. One thing led to another, and soon we were making violent love under a table in the mess tent one night. She told me that she had had many lovers and has learned that size matters very little. (My roommate has a gigantic cock and never manages to hang on to a girl.) I was the best she ever had even though I never got much of a chance to practice.

All you poorly hung people out there can just relax and take pride in knowing that it may be small, but it works. You'll get to prove it to yourself someday, too.—*Name and address withheld*

. . . from little acorns grow

The small prick has repeatedly taken it on the chin in your size-conscious magazine, and I find it necessary to rise to its defense. As the possessor of one of the much maligned mini-cocks, I have suffered repeated pangs of envy and inadequacy as a result of your continuous coverage of the monster cock. (The self-laudation of your contributors is not difficult to take—they undoubtedly submit inflated estimates of their pubic pride knowing they will never have to measure up. It's your occasional pictures of the studs with the bologna between their legs that tug at one's visions of his manhood.)

Thanks to the praise of a number of well-experienced ladies (none paid), I no longer feel the need to apologize for a number that barely peeks from the pubic bush. As it has been explained to me (from one of my more knowledgeable partners), just as



"Now remember, Arlo, tomorrow it's my turn."

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The result: the best fuck my partner has had, and another believer in my mini-member. You guys with the super cocks, eat your socks out—that's about all they're really good for.—*B.M., address withheld*

Point of view

I started reading *Penthouse* with the December 1972 issue and have only missed a few issues since then. I especially enjoy Forum, and of course, the photographs of your luscious ladies. The *Penthouse* philosophy of sexual enlightenment is helping to crumble the mountain of human repression our culture has been building for hundreds of years.

I'm a twenty-eight-year-old, fairly good-looking, perpetually horny, single male. I've made love to seventeen different women, many of whom were my partners in beautiful, lasting love affairs. There's nothing like a love affair to warm a man's heart and pecker. But at times (i.e. hot summer days) even that is not enough to keep me sexually satisfied, and I have released my sexuality in harmless but sometimes bizarre ways.

I've masturbated, upside down and totally naked, in the cafeteria locker room of a large factory, letting my semen land on my face and hair. The possibility of getting caught only heightened my excitement. I've also spent a few hours living my main adolescent fantasy: peeping through a crack into the locker room of the women's physical education building at college. And again, with my friend watching (through a telescope in the bedroom) the young women's reactions in the apartments across the street, I blatantly exhibited myself at the living-room window while masturbating. I was arrested, convicted of misdemeanor indecent exposure, and fined seventy-five dollars for that escapade. (I was lucky—it could've been far worse a punishment than that!)

But probably the most exciting experience of my life happened one sunny summer day as I lay alone on the sun deck on top of the large house I was living in. About fifty yards from where I lay, at the same height as the sun deck, I noticed through an open window a young, naked female lying face down on her bed. Upon closer inspection through a pair of binoculars, I could see that she was slowly humping her bed! The great part of all this was that the foot of her bed was facing the window, offering me a direct view of her beaver. Needless to say, my penis was immediately called to attention. When she turned onto her back and started masturbating with her hand, I removed my gym shorts and did likewise. (The deck was shielded from view from the street by the roof and trees.) I put down the binoculars, which were no longer necessary for my enjoyment, and stood sideways to her window so that in case she should happen to raise her head she would be able to see my prodigious erection. I was hoping she would do this with the idea that we could come together even though separated by some distance.

Never have I been so excited! My whole body was tingling and trembling, the only time I can recall such an exhilarating experience. My penis was pointing straight up to the blue sky and was as hard as the deck I was standing on. And sure enough, she did raise her head and look out the window! There I was, sighted between her ample breasts, a naked man, jacking off like crazy. Unfortunately, she wanted no part of my fantasy of mutual orgasm, and quickly got up and sealed the view. But by that time I was too far gone to care. I came in great gobs.

My point is this: These experiences harmed no one, they were merely sexy games to play on hot days. But public autoeroticism, voyeurism, and exhibitionism usually carry heavy penalties, and the combined legal punishment for all four of them could easily amount to years in prisons for the criminally insane sex offender. I wonder how many people are now in such institutions, whose only *real* crime was to be blessed with a higher level of sex hormones and imagination than most people.

I feel that our civilization is what is truly perverted, in that such hideous punishments for victimless crimes are everyday occurrences, while our TV-induced glorification of violence and conspicuous consumption pushes us ever closer to nuclear holocaust and eco-catastrophy. Love and sex have the potential for getting us through these troubled times, if violence and greed don't exterminate us first.—*Name and address withheld*

Female forum . . .

I'm a married woman, and our marriage suffered from a lack of lust and love. My husband, a vice president, commutes late hours daily. Early one evening he came home unexpectedly. In panic my lover fell beneath the bed while I thrust his clothes into the closet. Wouldn't you know, of all nights, my husband came home horny. Without any fanfare, finding me in the raw, he threw me on the bed and insisted on anal sex—his favorite.

Knowing my lover was still beneath us, I was in no position to resist his backward advance. While so engaged, the thought of my lover beneath us excited me all the more. Because of my position, it was easy for me to reach under the bed and find his arm. It didn't take long until my lover

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sensed the excitement throbbing in my fingertips. In seconds he maneuvered his cock into my hands. Almost simultaneously, the three of us moved as one. The climax was so exciting that we (my lover and I) have planned several more such episodes.

And as to my husband, even my once proud asshole is a more congenial host.—*Name and address withheld*

. . . hosing them down

I found your article "Getting It On With Underwear" to be fantastically stimulating. I am a woman who has always felt that dressing like a porn queen is an excellent device for luring and exciting men, and for getting to the bulges that they have in their pants.

To begin with, I am a twenty-seven-year-old housewife, have long black hair, consider myself quite attractive, stand 5'7" tall, weigh 121 lbs., and have a better than average figure (37-25-36 to be exact).

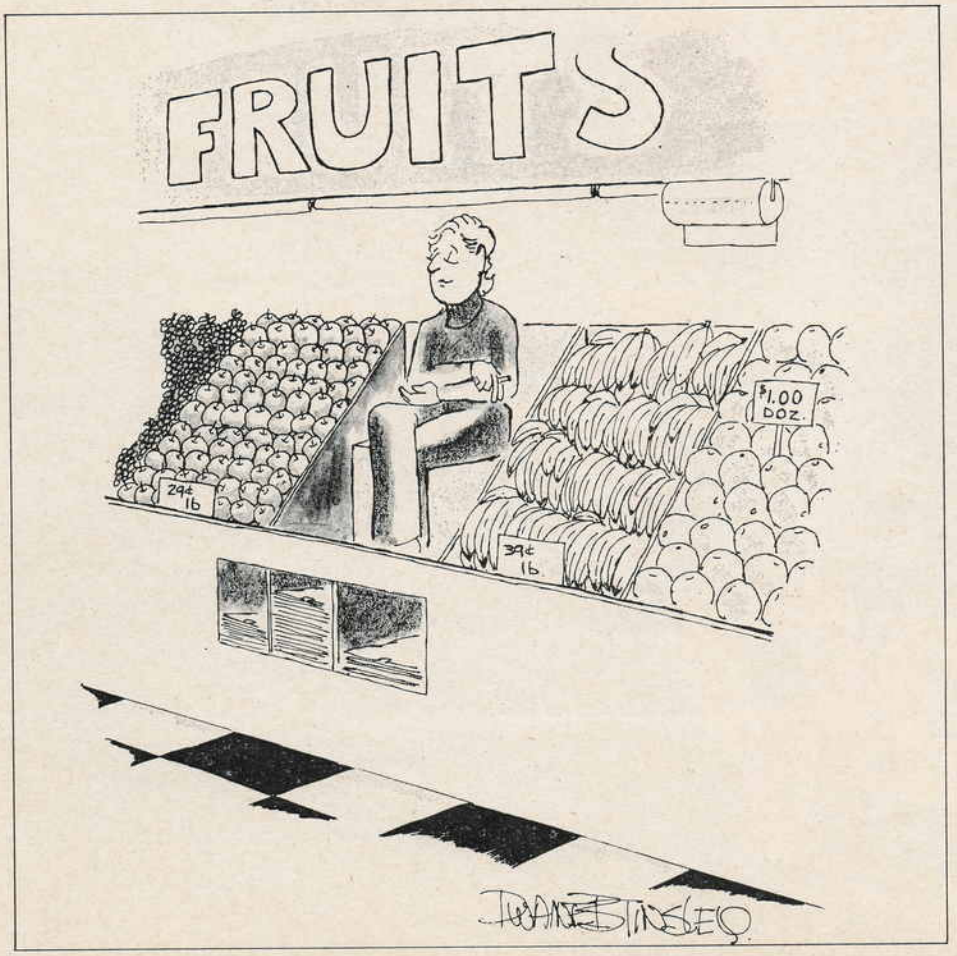
Living in a large home in the suburbs, my husband decided it would be a good idea to hire a couple of men to take care of the grounds. To my delight, my husband hired two young college jocks who were extremely well built.

My story is this: I was so completely turned on by watching these two men (and what men they were) work around the yard in nothing but short cutoffs that exposed the bottom part of their well-rounded asses, sweat-gleaming thighs, and smooth stomachs and chests, that I decided it was about time that I put on a show for them. I dressed in a pair of black-string bikini underwear over which I placed a black frilly see-through slip that was so short it barely covered my pussy and the cheeks of my ass. I also put on a pair of French, black nylon hose that were attached to a black and red garter belt. To top the outfit off, I slid into a pair of glossy black, knee-high boots. Once dressed, I put on the final touches of a bright red lip sheen that made my mouth appear wet and ready for the nearest cock I could find. From there I proceeded to walk out onto our glassed enclosed porch that overlooked the backyard where the two muscular men were working.

I turned the stereo on as loud as it would go, and began dancing on the porch which could be easily seen from the yard. Needless to say, it wasn't long before both men were at my back door asking for a glass of water. I intentionally spilled water on the floor so that I could bend over directly in view of these two dudes so that they got an excellent shot of my black panties riding up between the crack of my silky white ass. As I knelt on the floor I noticed that their cocks had become so extremely hard that the heads of their pricks were protruding a good two inches below the bottoms of their cutoffs.

I became so excited that I reached for the dude nearest to me and began massaging his thighs and his balls that were encased in the crotch of his shorts. As I did this his cock grew even harder and longer than I had ever before imagined, and before long all nine wonderful inches were exposed. I was in heaven, and I gently placed his beautiful throbbing cock in my mouth and began to suck on it ever so slowly as to enjoy the entire length of this magnificent shaft. By this time the other dude had his shorts off, and to my overwhelming surprise, had an even larger and thicker tool than the hunk that I was sucking off. He pushed aside my string bikini panties and, taking his huge dick while grabbing my tits, began to ease that long and lovely rod right up my ass as I continued doing tongue work on his friend. It was super, and we all reached several climaxes as we screwed in every position imaginable.

I certainly feel that it was my sexy underwear that played a large part in turning on these big studs to the point where they still enjoy fucking me several hours a day and, since that experience, I have lured many other men in this fashion.—*B.C., Teaneck, N.J.*



. . . odds against tomorrow

I would like to present a contrasting point of view to the one offered by a misguided young woman (December 1975) married to a much older man.

Without delving into the cultural and psychological factors which influence our choice of a mate, whatever the reasons a woman marries a much older man, unless she is incredibly naive, his sexual prowess is not one of them. In this respect, there is no way an old man can compete with a healthy, loving, and sexually-active young man. If, for the present, their sexual compatibility borders on the blissful, they are extremely fortunate. But two years of marriage is, after all, a drop in the bucket and provides a pretty flimsy basis on which to extol the merits of a relationship that is, at best, foolish and self-defeating. Although a man may sustain his sexual ardor to a respectable degree quite late in life, sheer virility does not improve with age. The sexual demise of an aging man is inevitable, even if it does not occur abruptly, and can be especially devastating if his much younger partner has appetites that are by no means waning.

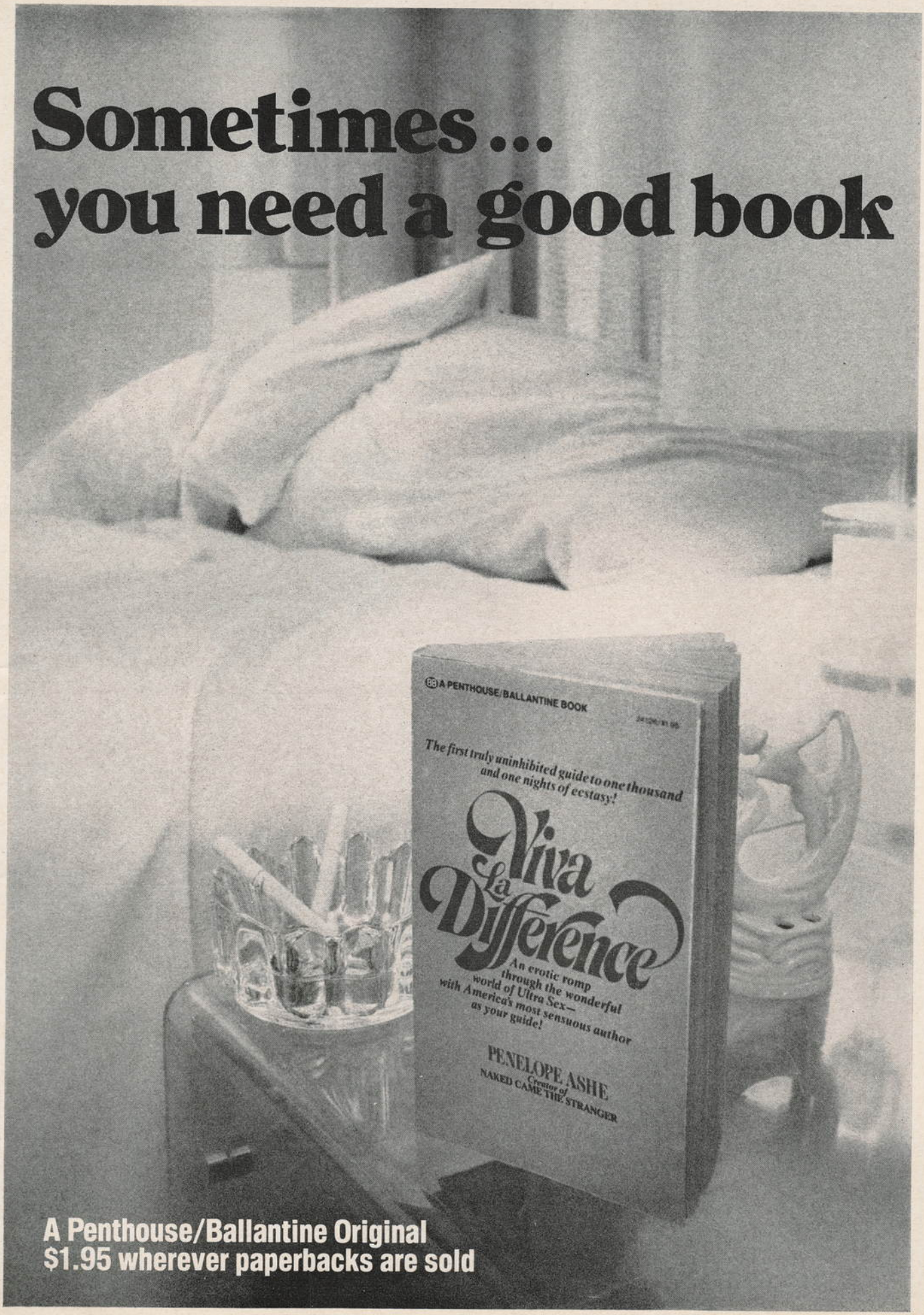
If, as she states, "sex is the most essential quality of the relationship," why, I ask, begin with all the odds against you?—*H.W., Jersey City, N.J.*

To each his own. There's no way to compute the odds—and being an inadequate sexual partner is not solely a matter of age.—Editor

. . . jump hump

I wish to tell you about my most unique experience. I have been reading about others doing it in airplanes, canoes, motorcycles, and hot rods. Also with the use of blenders, fish tanks, and noses. How-

Sometimes... you need a good book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ever, none of these can compare to a flying fuck. It all happened when we had a party at our local sky-diving club. Someone questioned what it would be like to be the first to screw in mid-air. Since my boyfriend Jerome is the president of the group, it was decided that we would have the honor of trying this first! We decided it should be a free fall (and free fuck) at 15,000 feet.

Because we would have our reserve chutes on our chests, it would be difficult for him to enter from the front. So we decided to do it doggie style. I wore a pink crotchless jump suit with a split at the back allowing easy access to my hole. My boyfriend had on a crotchless jump suit, one that allows his almost-erected pole to fly at half mast.

As soon as we boarded the plane, Joyce, who was sent by the other club members to give us special encouragement, gobbled up Jerome's seven-and-one-half-inch length. At the same time, she wiggled her plump ass in front of me, an open invitation for me to delve between her thighs and help myself to her lusciousness. (She really had a wet one, but it was very tasty.) Just at this time, the pilot announced that we were nearing the drop zone and we should get ready. Obviously he did not know how ready we really were!

Jerome and I waited for jump time, hands all over each other while Joyce watched and masturbated herself. The last thing I remember before jumping was the feel of Jerome's hot stick reaching up between my legs. I can't tell you what a thrill it was. His big cock in my hot pussy and him massaging my clit as the cool air passed through my thighs and the feeling of a wind-cooled cock in my hot juicy cunt was fantastic!

When we were about 2,000 feet from the ground, we had to disconnect and pull our rip cords, but as soon as we landed, we pulled the silk over our bodies and celebrated with a glorious fuck.—*Name and address withheld*

You wouldn't be ripping our cord, would you?—Editor

. . . Biology I

When I was a senior in high school, at the age of seventeen, I had a handsome biology teacher, Coach K., age 23. From the first day of class, I knew I'd pass his course. I had what many would call a schoolgirl crush on him, but it was much more than just that to me. Though unusual for my age, I was still a virgin. I did read a lot about sex and experiment with myself and as I did I would fantasize about him. One afternoon after school, I arranged to be without a ride home from school. Knowing I could get a ride with almost any schoolmate, I went to the classroom and waited for Coach K. to finish football practice. When he came into the room and saw me, he had a surprised but pleased look on his face. I explained my situation, and he was more than happy to give me a ride. Before coming to my street, he turned off on an old dirt road stating he had heard it was a lovers' lane and wanted to see if it was so. He slid next to me and touched my leg, saying, I look at those beautiful young legs every day but never thought I'd get to touch and caress them as I long to. He then slid his hand up to my wet cunt and caressed one of my breasts and kissed me as I have never been kissed before. And I blew it. I froze, so he took me home.

As the days passed, I sat in class with such a yearning in my puss I had to cut class a few times to relieve myself. But I set out to finish what I had started. My chance came one night when our class went to a biology exhibition. I sat with Coach K. and never let on to him about my little plans for later—except to ask if he had a hot date later. When his answer was no, the little wheels in my head began to motivate. After I dropped my friends off at their homes, I called my mom to say I was going to stay the night with a girl friend. Then I parked my car a block away from his house as though I had conveniently run out of gas.

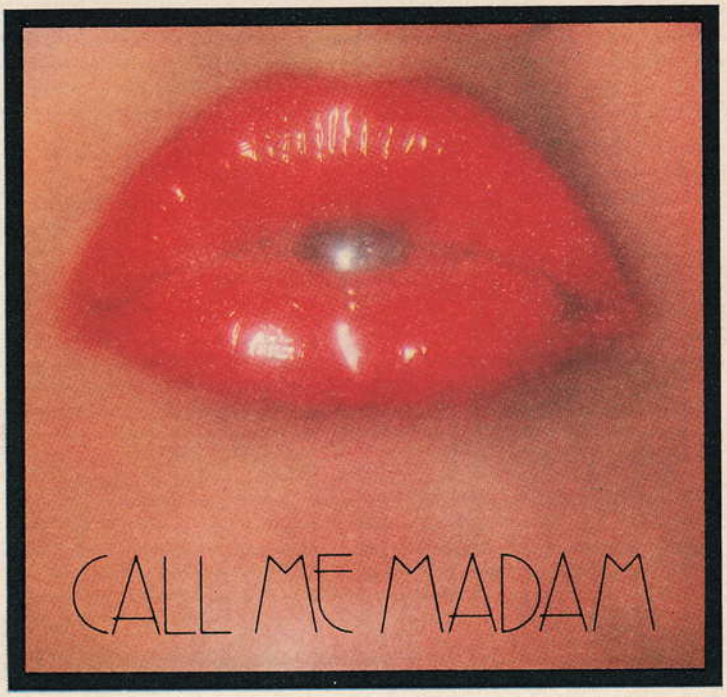
He answered the door with a very pleased but not surprised smile on his face, saying, what took you so long? As I sat down, I noticed a pitcher of mixed drinks and two ice-filled glasses. I asked if he was expecting anyone. He answered, I was, but she's here now. So I wasn't the only one whose mind wheels were motivating. He sat down beside me and did the exact same thing as before—even the remark about my legs. But when he touched my once again wet cunt, I didn't freeze. Instead I reached over and touched the huge bulge in his pants and kissed him back. He undressed me with such experience I knew he would teach me a lot. I undressed him rather clumsily, not at all as I had dreamed.

What a sight he was—his big shoulders, slim waist, and small ass. His prick, being the first I had ever seen, was just beautiful, and it was so huge I knew he would never get it in me. He laid me down and kissed and licked and sucked every inch of my body from head to toe. He nestled his head in my pussy area, while he put a finger in and licked and bit my clit gently, moving his finger in and out. He sucked slowly at first then harder and harder, in and out, sucking and licking. I was moaning with excitement, and he brought me to a series of tiny staccato, shuddering climaxes. And he sucked every drop of my juices. Breathlessly he remarked about how tight I was and asked if I was a virgin. A little ashamed, I said I was, and I was sorry I wasn't an experienced lover. He smiled and said he was hoping I was—he had never had a virgin before. I in return kissed every inch of his body. When I came to his beautiful prick, really not knowing what to do, I looked up at him sort of sad-eyed. He knew what my eyes were asking so he instructed me as how to go about it. I held

CONTINUED ON PAGE 153

"I now wear a string
or two of pearls when I make
love to my girl.
My favorite is a
three-strand choker."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER



XAVIERA'S LETTER
OF THE MONTH

Next month my wife Paula and I will celebrate our fifteenth anniversary. It's been a good marriage. We've enjoyed each other and our twin boys. Our sons are bright, wonderful kids. We're active in our community and maintain an attractive home. Paula has a beautiful face and a super body. She looks more like a twenty-two-year-old model than a thirty-five-year-old housewife. For fifteen years our sex life was adequate, but routine, until last Saturday night.

We had met two other couples at a night spot a few miles south of town. Paula was wearing a short white dress and showing off her beautiful, tan, and extremely shapely legs. She was definitely the best-looking head in the place. We were all having a blast drinking and dancing when someone noticed the two other guys and Paula had left. She had never given me a reason to be jealous, and I knew she was capable of handling herself. When they all returned about an hour later, I just didn't bother to question her about the incident. At the time there was no reason for me to do so.

After a night on the town, Paula and I usually engage in preliminary petting while driving home. That night when I worked my hand up her leg and reached for her pussy, guess what I didn't find? Panties. I undid the top of her dress to get some bare titty when I discovered that her bra was missing also. It didn't take an Einstein to figure out that my dear little Paula had not been playing checkers during the hour she was missing.

She sobbingly confessed all. The guys had hustled her out of the bar and driven her to a roadside park. They had engaged in forty-five minutes of sex with no holds barred. Blow-jobs, anal sex, two on one, everything! It was a regular mini-orgy. The appearance of another car scared them, so they made a hurried exit. I guess she didn't have time to look for her bra and panties.

I was perplexed! My little Paula—who was a wholesome, concerned, respected homemaker. I asked her if she was taken forcefully or if she enjoyed it. She said they took her out of the bar by surprise, but after that everything was done with her complete cooperation. As a matter of fact, she had at least four orgasms. She could not understand what had happened to her. She admitted having had fantasies about making it with other guys, but had never intended to make her fantasies a reality.

Believe it or not, the thing that really puzzled me was the fact that instead of feeling jealous or angry, I felt sexual excitement upon hearing Paula's tale. When I mentioned this to Paula she seemed surprised, but believed me at the time. After that, every time I picture Paula with some other guy's cock in her mouth while a second guy is getting her from behind—well, I can hardly keep from wetting my pants.

All my instincts told me this was wrong, that I was losing my mind. After much struggling and soul-searching, I think I can now understand why I feel this way and have decided to live with it. Prior to that night, Paula was that wonderful, dependable mother and wife I enjoyed during the day. Ninety percent of the time that same person is still there, but the other 10 percent—behind closed doors—I've got a sexy, naughty little bitch who is desired by many men. She's proved that she can make it with other men.

The reason I'm writing to you, Xaviera, is because Paula is not willing to cooperate with me. I want her to become involved with one or several other men on a strictly sexual basis. When I make even the slightest hint in that direction, she turns me off and treats me like a real weirdo. How can I make her understand that this would not change the relationship I had with the "old Paula" but only improve my "newly acquired little bed partner." I know I can maintain a distinct separation. I'm afraid that if we don't take any action, sooner or later she is going to try some more mini-orgies without my knowing about it. This would hurt our marriage.

Photograph by Frank Lafitte

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

I have enough confidence in my own physical equipment and bedroom talents not to worry about losing the Number One spot in her life. The other guys would merely be the variety to serve as the spice of her life and mine. She admits that she would enjoy an occasional screw by a different partner, but she is afraid of what it will do to our marriage. How can I convince her to make it with other men?—A.S.

If only every husband would have your attitude towards sexual freedom in marriage, then there would be far fewer divorces on grounds of adultery. I guess Paula still cannot believe her ears when you say how much you enjoy her having an extramarital affair—as long as she includes you. Almost every woman has this fantasy, but would never dare live it out. Most husbands are just too jealous.

Now you have to go about your plan very carefully and not be obvious. Don't push her into making it with just one guy. For instance, arrange a party to which some very handsome men and women are invited. Don't you think it would be easier if you would also participate openly in some mate-swapping? It might make your wife a little less uptight about screwing with some other guys. It seems that neither of you suffer any jealous hang-ups, so why not have a swing with one or more other couples. While you're making it with some woman, you will also be able to observe Paula, maybe in the same bed or in the bed next to yours.

If you really want to liberate her, try matching her with another woman for a complete change of pace. Just because she makes it with another woman doesn't mean she can't screw some guy, too.

One last tip—rather than getting all boozed up in some bar, I suggest a homier atmosphere. That way nobody has to sneak off into the bushes. It's much more exciting to relax in a comfortable setting.

LOVE WON'T LET ME WAIT

My husband and I haven't had sexual relations in some time now. I'm thirty years old and certainly don't want to be given up on. My husband is only four years older than me so he's still young. I sure am puzzled as to why he shuns my every advance. I'm not overly aggressive, so do you feel I should go elsewhere for satisfaction? This waiting for me to make an advance is getting to be old stuff.

I need sex and intend to have it. Do you suppose dental problems could be a factor? My husband has had bad teeth for some time now. Does tooth trouble lead to sexual problems? I'm about ready to climb the walls for wanting to be with him, but I don't want to be aggressive and turn him off. How do I light his fire again? Impatient is what I am. He reads your column regularly, so please answer this letter.—Tina

Your own suggestion concerning your husband's tooth problem seems to be the answer. After all, if his teeth are hurting him, sex—particularly oral sex—is just not as pleasurable.

I once had a much older boyfriend whom I liked a lot. I really dug his penis more than anything else. I think I kissed him on the mouth just twice during our entire relationship. We were together for about two years. Like your husband, he suffered occasionally from dental problems. He'd had all his teeth capped several years earlier, but once in a while a cap would fall off. Not only was the look of a skinny bone repulsive, but at times he also suffered from bad breath, a result of stomach problems. Every time I aggravated him, his stomach would go bad, and indeed I did my share of annoying him. On top of it all, he had very narrow lips that were absolutely unattractive to me. I really like a nice sensuous mouth for both men and women. Our sex life was adequate but nothing spectacular. I cheated on him a lot and always made sure I chose a much younger lover with a great mouth. To me kissing is just as sensual as having intercourse. Sometimes it even gives me a greater feeling of intimacy.

Tell your husband to have his teeth fixed once and for all. I bet your sexual problems will be solved immediately. Also, who ever said women can't be aggressive in bed? After all, he is your husband.

THE IDEAL MAN

About car troubles, I ask a mechanic. About sex matters, I guess I'll have to ask you. I have a multitude of questions.

One. I always read about women in Penthouse *and they usually refer to "the ideal man." In these descriptions the ideal man seems to boil down to one word, "rich." Xaviera, please describe the major characteristics of this "ideal man." Personally, I probably won't change myself at all, but I'm interested nonetheless.*

Two. Quite often women speak of a man's "good-looking ass." What is the favored style of ass? Is it narrow compared to the shoulders? Is it skinny from the sides, or rounded like a woman's?

Three. What is the difference between black men and white men with regard to women? It perplexes me when women clamor for gentle, liberated men then turn around to screw with some guy who's acting much more like a macho super-stud than many other black men and white men.

Four. I see your books on shelves all over the country. My question is, what would you be doing if you weren't a call girl turned national therapist? Forgive me if the description is incorrect. I mean, do you ever wish you had been a painter, a dancer, or something else?—California

There is the Latin expression, *de gustibus non est disputandum*. In other words, one cannot dispute taste. In French it's *chacun à son gout*, or to each his own. Since you've asked for some answers, I'll give you my description of the ideal man.

I like a man who is down to earth, sporty, humorous, reasonably intelligent, respects women, and treats me with kindness. At times, however, every man should be something of an animal, particularly in bed. A man who continually flatters his woman is something of a bore. A compliment at the right moment, however, is a must. Every woman likes to hear a nice remark now and then. Never hesitate to show your appreciation by giving her a small present.

With regard to looks, every woman has her own ideas. I don't particularly care for the muscleman, though a shrimpy underweight little fellow doesn't turn me on either. I've noticed that opposite types usually attract. I'm blond and I usually go for dark-haired men. I do like my man to be well-groomed, but then again, I do occasionally find myself aroused by the manly smell of healthy perspiration in a guy's sweater or shirt. Odors are important, but anything that stinks is repulsive. I like the fact that today there are all kinds of men's colognes, deodorants, talcum powders, and after-shave lotions on the market. If used with moderation, these aids can be a great turn-on for the woman involved. I personally prefer men with hairy chests, but no hair on the back, please. A good strong torso and a rather narrow waistline can be quite attractive. I do indeed love to see a well-built ass. Whenever I see Rudolf Nureyev dance, I realize how underdeveloped the average man is. Then again, I do think Rudi's buttocks are just a tiny bit too muscular. I don't like men with skinny legs. There again, like his chest and arms, a little curly hair on the legs is nice. In particular I like a set of fiery dark eyes accentuated by dark eyebrows and lashes. If a man has bad teeth or smoke-stained teeth, I know immediately he is not my kind of man. I do prefer men who are circumcised for the simple reason that I can perform fellatio without having to go through the cleaning rituals. You never can tell, though. One year I might fall for the Latin-type lover, while another year I can appreciate a big strapping Viking. In general looks are not all that important. I have loved men basically for being kind and sensitive to me. Quite often looks just don't matter. You don't all have to resemble Robert Redford, who is not at all my type. My favorite movie star, for instance, is Marlon Brando. If only he would shed about eighty pounds. Even so, I got hornier over him in *Last Tango in Paris* than when I saw him in *Streetcar Named Desire*. Age has a lot to do with the type of men women fall for. Sometimes a woman needs an older fatherly type. Like I said, "to each his own."

A PROBLEM OF SKIN

I'm nineteen years old and have an acne problem which has plagued me for the past ten years. I'm in the service and have seen several doctors. They've given me medications to cure the acne, but nothing seems to help. I'm very self-conscious and

feel uptight when I'm around women. I've asked a few girls out, but they all make their polite excuses. I'm left in the cold again. The more this kind of thing happens, the more afraid I am to ask again.

Xaviera, I have a strong desire to love and be loved. Please help me since I can't stand being alone.—OK City

Believe me, you are not the only teenager in the USA who suffers from acne. If your case happens to be more persistent than others, you may simply have to live with it. There are a few suggestions I might offer. Don't just go to a regular doctor, but see a reliable dermatologist. I know of many boys who've taken tetracycline to cure their acne. Also, sun lamps, if not used to excess, can be helpful. Then there are all kinds of lotions such as Fostex, Pernox, and various cover-up creams that do help.

If you suffer from big open pores on your face, you might consult a plastic surgeon to give you a dermabrase. This treatment is a skin-peeling which removes the upper layer of your facial skin. Ultimately, your new skin will shine through like a baby's smooth bottom.

Have patience, someday you will have a chance to conquer the world as well. By the way, you probably place too much emphasis on your skin problem. Your troubles with girls could very well stem from your basic insecurity. You just blame it on the acne.

A QUESTION OF RAPE

I'm a nineteen-year-old youth who thinks the laws on rape are far too lenient. On television I saw three women discuss what should be done to men who commit this crime. All the females spoke quite plainly on what they would do. I think that you would have a good idea on this problem. Xaviera, I would sincerely like to know what your punishment would be.—Louis

There are many books on rape. I'd advise you to read a few of them since interesting case histories are referred to.

The reasons why a man rapes a woman are totally diverse. I'm not a psychiatrist so I can't give you any answers there. I do know, however, that studies on sexuality show that pornography actually acts as a kind of tranquilizer to the overactive libido of a rapist. Also, in cities where prostitution is legalized, the incidence of child-molesting and rape are lower than in those cities where it is illegal.

In general, the rapist derives a great deal of pleasure out of overpowering his victim unexpectedly. The ultimate fight and scream that go with this struggle give this rapist his tremendous sex drive. The old joke goes, "In case of rape, lay back and enjoy it." Well, when you're at the hands of a rapist, enjoyment is not exactly the foremost thing in your mind. However if women could put on such a front to rapists, I'm sure most of them would back off and run away. You see, submission is not the response rapists want. Rapists like the power trip. In my second book, *Xaviera!*, I described a scene where one of the girls I know, a true flower-power girl from California, once was attacked in Central Park. The rapist grabbed her blouse, but she just smiled, asked him to be gentle with her, and told him that she would prefer to fuck in the comfort of her apartment a few blocks away. The would-be rapist was totally flabbergasted and ran away from my friend with a scream.

I'm not saying this is a guaranteed remedy, but it has helped several women whom I've talked to on the subject.

What exactly the punishment should be for a rapist is not for me to determine. I'm not a judge and each rapist has a different motive. I do know, however, that the entire rape scene, up to that moment when the rapist is put behind bars, is a very depressing, humiliating experience for the woman involved. The questions in court —how it happened, what the man did, et cetera—are a horror for those involved.

In some cases imprisonment tends to cool off the rapist. In others, the best solution is to lock them up in a mental asylum under regular psychiatric observation.

STRING OF PEARLS

I don't know if you've ever heard of my fetish. If you have, I'll feel better knowing that someone else shares my fetish. You

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see, I really get off on pearls. You know, those small white objects that hang in various lengths around feminine necks—and mine, too.

It all started when my girl friend was fooling around with her pair of handcuffs. She'd just fellated me, and then when I was helpless in the handcuffs, she took off her three-strand pearl necklace and fastened it around my neck. Even though I'd come just a few minutes before, my flaccid penis sprang to attention. My girl friend said that she often feels aroused wearing pearls because they hang on her sensitive nipples.

Since that occasion I now wear a string or two of pearls when I make love to my girl. My favorite is a three-strand choker. Can you suggest a reason for this? I don't wear any other feminine apparel.—Larry

It's a common fact that men are more aroused by pictures of partially clothed women than those who are completely nude. Scarves, stockings, and rings, as well as strings of pearls can work as sexual stimulants. Obviously, you are hooked on pearls. There is the common slave image of a man pulling a girl across the floor by grabbing her string of pearls. There are also those mildly masochistic people who like having pearls tied around their necks and cocks. It is all a form of teasing and stimulating foreplay. I don't think you have any real problem. Actually, I would recommend this kind of foreplay to those readers who've become bored with completely nude encounters with the opposite sex. Put a bit of spice in your life. Use scarves, hosiery, golden chains, pearls, even ropes or rawhide strips to stimulate you and your sex partner.

In my book, *Xaviera Goes Wild*, I devoted one chapter to an English lover I once had who was totally fascinated by a golden chain I wore around my waist. He and I used to play around, tying this chain around my tits and his cock before we screwed. Just make sure you never tie any string of pearls too tightly around your cock. It can be quite damaging.

BISEXUAL BLUES

The new sexuality has me in a very real conflict. I'm a twenty-five-year-old man. I have a good education, dress well, am good-looking, have a good job, and an ever-widening view of sex. It is this view that has created my problem. Sex with women has always been most enjoyable for me, but I now also find myself strongly attracted to the men around me. Sometimes I find myself looking at photos of naked men. I had never thought of men as sex objects until recently, and it has been a period of wonderful learning for me.

I must live in a world much different from many of your readers. You see, I have many male friends whom I've known for a long time. We go to clubs, play cards, bowl, or just sit around and drink at home. It was at one of these rap sessions that I happened to mention that I'd "gone down" on another guy. Well, the roof fell in! My three friends, all of whom consider themselves to be sexually liberated, were aghast. I had gone into some light details of male/male sex, when before I knew it, I was drawn and quartered. Jim, a very close friend, tried to talk sense into me with explanations of the warped gay mind. The way he spat out "gay," it might as well have been "shit." If I had done what I wanted to do at that moment, maybe things would have turned out differently. This young man is excitingly handsome, virile, and well-developed. I wanted to pull down his jeans and suck him off right then and there. I was so hurt by the amount of ridicule that I just couldn't say two intelligent words in my defense.

The next day I tried discussing my bisexuality with my mom. In the past she has always been very understanding. Well, as soon as I mentioned the fact that I'd made it with another guy, she freaked out. She ran to her bedroom, got out the Bible, gave it to me, and told me to pray for forgiveness.

Xaviera, maybe you can answer these questions for me: Is it sick to have an orgasm while making it with another dude? Where can I go to find happy, handsome gay men? How do you stand up for your sexual rights when someone uses the Bible to castrate you? How do I get away from feeling degraded because I'm bisexual? How do I tell a longtime friend that I'd like to have sex with him?

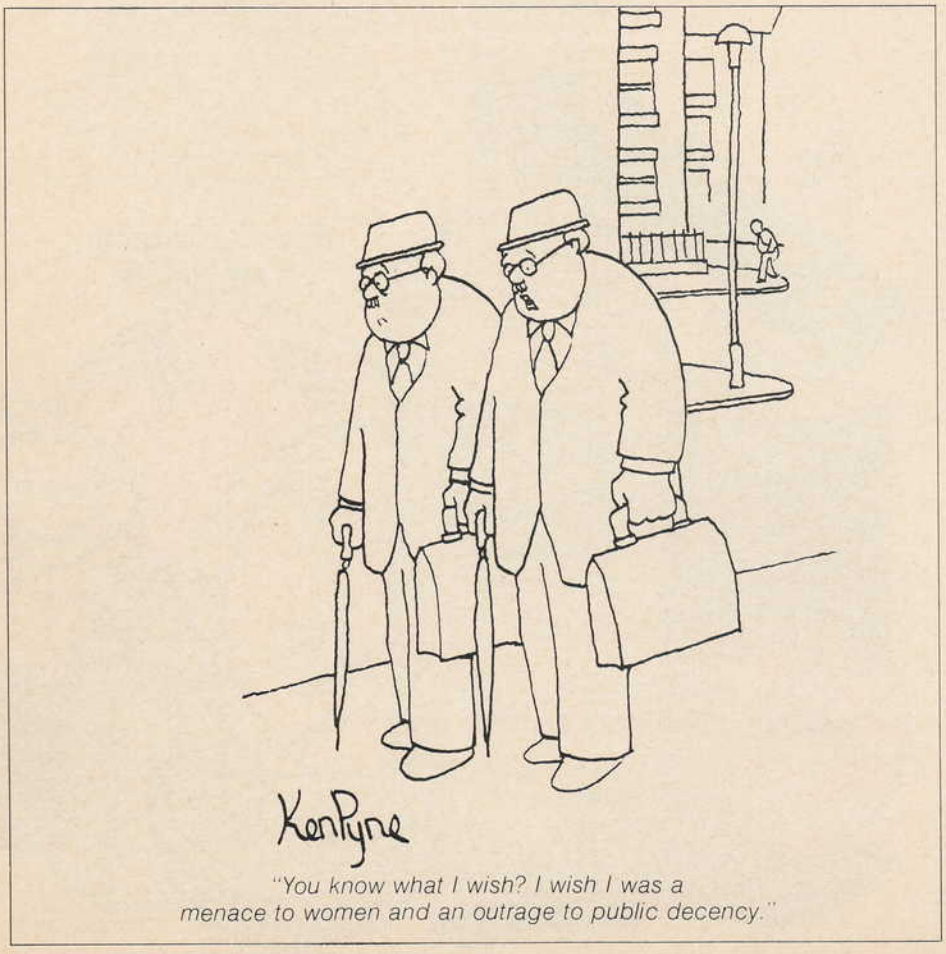
I live on the "The World's Most Famous Beach" in Florida and would just love to have all the beautiful tan bodies—male and female—that I see walk by my door. I make it with lots of the chicks, but how can I make it with some of the guys?—W.R.T.

Today bisexuality is much more accepted than years ago when many men were hiding in their closets, afraid of being ridiculed and persecuted. Like you, there are those men in this world who not only enjoy sex with the opposite sex but also would like to have an affair with another man. There is nothing abnormal about being bisexual. Whatever you want to do within the walls of your own home is your business and no one else's. However, the moment you go public and begin cruising bars, you will obviously attract some attention from those who will criticize your behavior.

You say that you live on "the world's most famous beach." Dear W.R.T., with a bit of your own initiative and tactful searching, I can guarantee you success with other men. Any large city or resort area has a fairly visible gay population. I don't think you should have any problems.

With regard to the Bible—I'm not a religious person, but during my many hotline radio and TV talkshows I've come across many outraged persons. They usually quoted all kinds of passages from the Bible to emphasize their general condemnation of me. As I would always say, "To each his own."

The Presidential Report on Obscenity



"You know what I wish? I wish I was a menace to women and an outrage to public decency."

emphasized that "... the older, more religious, and less-educated people are more against sexual liberation and new ideas than the younger, less-religious, and better-educated people." No doubt your mother considers herself to be a modern woman, but yet she is religious. She has a lot of old-fashioned ideas and strongly believes, I'm sure, that the Bible is the truth and nothing but the truth. You don't have to doubt her words, dear W.R.T., but on the other hand, you don't necessarily have to accept everything she tells you. By now you ought to have formed some of your own opinions on certain matters. Let your hard-on be your guide.

If you don't want to lose your friend, I'd suggest you not go for his body. From his display of outrage, I'd say he's not exactly fair game. You might lose a good relationship. Take it easy.

SPIKE HEELS

The super-fantasy scene I've often daydreamed about is to have a really attractive girl, in her twenties, face me standing up while I sit between her shapely legs. She must be wearing sexy spike heels. Those erotic "pencil thin" spike heels turn me on the most. I also get off on medium heels on gals—heels two or three inches tall, black, but not patent leather. Also, I'm kind of fond of petite gals who wear a size five or six shoe and have pleasingly broad hips. The girl of my dreams should also wear dark nylon hose. I'd want her to balance her entire weight on her heels while I eat her out. Damn, what a scene! Naturally this would be followed by a good screwing in the straight, old-fashioned manner.

My big problem nowadays is that the fashion designers have done away with the spike heel. It's getting to be damned hard to find a gal wearing them anymore. As far as the spike-heel shoe is concerned, this is not a real problem, since I have a collection of about fifty pairs. I consider them all to be super sexy, and there's a good assortment of sizes from five quintuple-A to eight B. The only problem is to get a gal into them and then get the sex going. I would certainly imagine that such a scene could be arranged at a house of pleasure, but I live in a small, well-policed town. Having never patronized such a place, I'd be at a loss when it came to going about it. Can you give me an idea of the price?—Downstate Illinois

Your wish should be many girls' command. Your fantasy is somewhat unusual, but I don't think there is any need to go brothel hunting. After all, you are not yet at the stage where girls in black stockings and garter belts and high heels have to tie you down and subject you to foul language, insults, belts, whips, and chains. Maybe I am giving you some ideas, which really was not my intention.

I believe the higher, elegant, "spikier" heels are coming back in style. Good luck. If not, try a brothel in the $50- to $100-a-throw range.

You've earned your stripe

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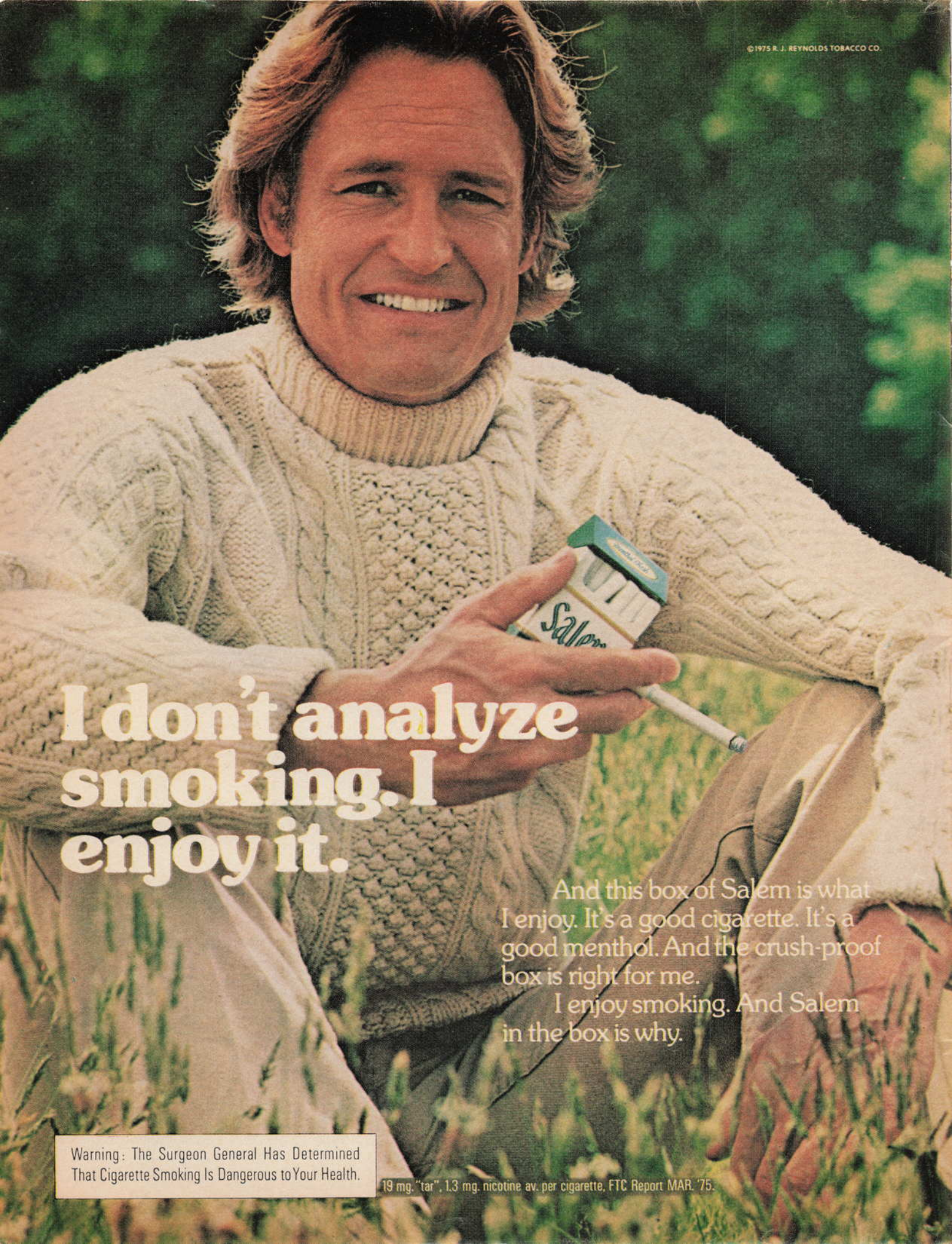
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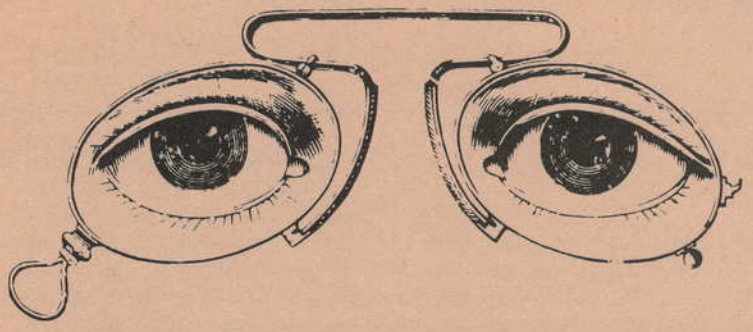


VIEW FROM THE TOP

AGE OF THE TONGUE: MAN AS HOMO GOSSIPUS

In the beginning was the word. And was it hot!

Cynical observers who think America is going to the dogs are wrong. It's gone to the tongues. Nowadays gossip isn't just idle chatter over backyard fences, it's big business—very big business.

On many newsstands about 45 percent of display space is devoted to magazines that deal exclusively with succulent tidbits of lip-smacking gossip. In the book business, there're the growing number of "hot, personal" volumes that "tell all"—Sally Quinn's and Tennessee Williams's savory memoirs being the most recent. Even the classy and stodgy publications are making room for their readers to stoop to the lowly muck of gossip—*Esquire*'s "Class" and the *New York Times*'s "Notes on People." And on the tube, serious newscasts all include gossip-like sections. Like the other media industries, television has learned that gossip pays and pays big. Meanwhile the TV tattlers, Rona Barrett and Doris Lilly, are wagging their wealthy ways to the bank.

Even Nixon couldn't stop the power of gossip. When he assigned his "plumbers" the impossible task of plugging leaks, the plumbers not only failed, but just look at what happened to Nixon. Now the ex-president, too, goes industriously from door to door peddling his gossip to television and publishers. And what about Spiro Where-Did-It-Get-Him Agnew who condemned Washington newsmen as elitist gossips?

A modern American fact: in a nation in which you can't believe what your leaders tell you, gossip becomes truth by default.

But it wasn't always this way. It used to be that gossip was ugly—the lowest of the low. It used to be that only third-class people talked about people. (First-class people discussed ideas. Second-class people spoke of things.) But now gossip has become an art form. Only tedious people speak *only* of ideas and things. The dangerous but fascinating people are those who speak interestingly of others. After all, who wants to hear about Sino-American relations when you could be hearing about Kissinger's sex life and how it explains him?

Now gossip is our escape. Inside stories allow us to live vicariously and to share in the silly wonders of the rich and famous, share in their bloodletting and backbiting. And, of course, we get to share their dirty secrets. Gossip is an activity of a frustrated nation without any scapegoats to blame, without a Hitler to hate or Communists to pin everything on. We've created our own problems—inflation and unemployment. And we need to escape ourselves. We need our Rona.

Back in the thirties and forties we needed the same thing and found it in gossip about the big, glamorous, and gorgeous people—people written about by Walter Winchell, Dorothy Kilgallen, and the ever-tasteless Hedda Hopper. The collapse of many major newspapers coupled with social unrest in the sixties finally did these columnists in, and when they died, a major chapter in gossip history was closed. It would take a nostalgia-prone nation, television talk shows, and the likes of Rona Barrett, queen of the American tongues, to revive that era.

Gossip, however, has spread throughout the nation in a new form, knowing no bounds of color, creed, or sex—particularly in matters of business. Office chatter and lunch-hour exchanges are as important to businessmen, if not more so, as backyard gossip is to housewives. In the Wall Street world of high finance, Ray Dirks (who blew the lid off Equity Funding by digging into gossip concerning fraudulent insurance practices) notes, ". . . if you want someone to take an interest in your enterprise, you have to give him a justification that extends beyond hard analysis, a feeling that he is privy to special inner knowledge you have not shared with anyone else."

On Wall Street, gossip accounts for massive transfers of capital. The right word on a stock can send its prices all over the board.

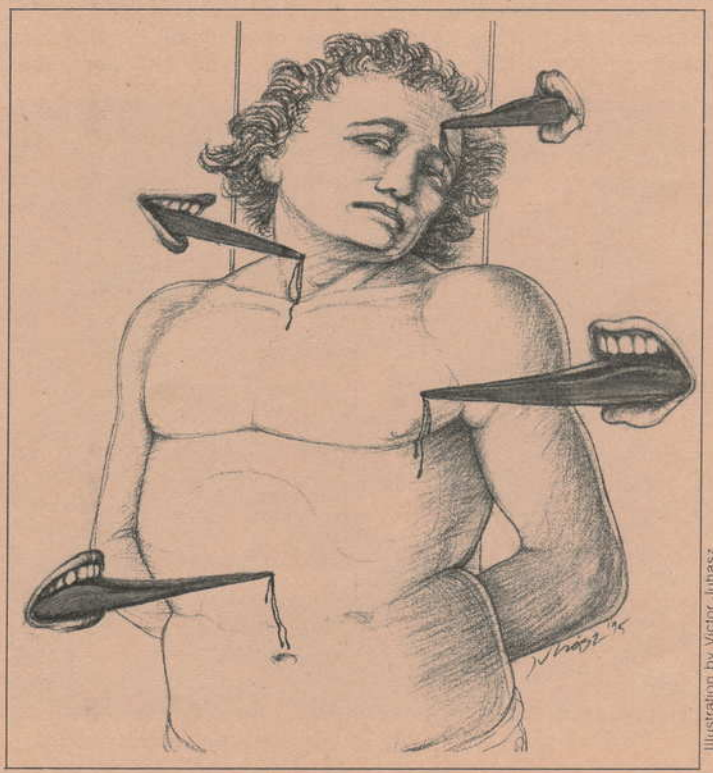
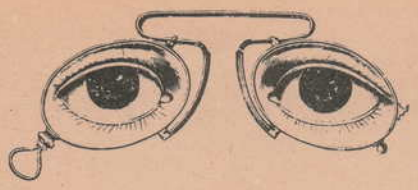


Illustration by Victor Juhasz

As far away from Wall Street as SoHo art galleries, hot tips on sluggish Warhol sales sent the Pop artist's prices way down. News of another important artist's personal troubles and split from his boyfriend (who was known to be instrumental to the artist's work) sent his prices soaring. "He's telling friends," said one gallery source, "that he'll never paint again. Of course, everyone is scrambling to pick up his work. It is risky, however, The artist isn't dead quite yet."

In Washington's political circles you can judge a man by his gossip. And what passes as gossip in Washington becomes news in the world. "Sources close to . . ." etc. Particularly during ticklish or trying periods, gossip is our only news. Strategic wars develop during which, for example, the administration will "leak" a rumor useful to their position. At one point during the Watergate crisis, the Associated Press



sent out the following wrap-up of the day's news events: "By afternoon, the speculation had hardened into rumor."

Today, Time, Inc., sees fit to put out nothing more than a glorified yet low-keyed gossip sheet. Is money the root of all publishing? Imitators of *People* were fast to follow its lead.

And while *People* ran items on Perry Como's not dying his hair, *In the Know* (a Warner enterprise) ran full-page photos of actress Maria Schneider and her girl friend locked in lip-to-lip embrace. But *People* imitators were stopped by their cheap paper. *People* may be bathroom reading, but *In The Know* has quite another bathroom function altogether. Rona Barrett's publications, *Rona Barrett's Hollywood* and *Rona Barrett's Gossip*, suffer the same fate. Who can believe things written on toilet paper?

Of course the highest form of gossip is found in the pages of *Women's Wear Daily*, which brought us the Beautiful People, the Quality People, the International Men, and the New Wave. *WWD* prints what others find either too cruel or too embarrassing to let out. It was *WWD* that quoted Eric Sevareid's comment about Sally Quinn's book concerning her CBS experiences, "I now know more about her constipation problems than I ever wanted to."

On the tube Johnny Carson plays straight man to an infinite variety of personalities, one more ready than the other to swap details drawn from private lives. There's very big money in gossip.

Our most literary tongues have turned to gossip. Capote prepares a based-on-the-truth novel, *Answered Prayers*, that absolutely everyone will be trying to decode.

Mailer links Marilyn Monroe's death to Bobby Kennedy, while an entire nation reads on. Even in death you can't escape gossip.—*Henry Post*

SCENES

DANCE ON THE WILD SIDE

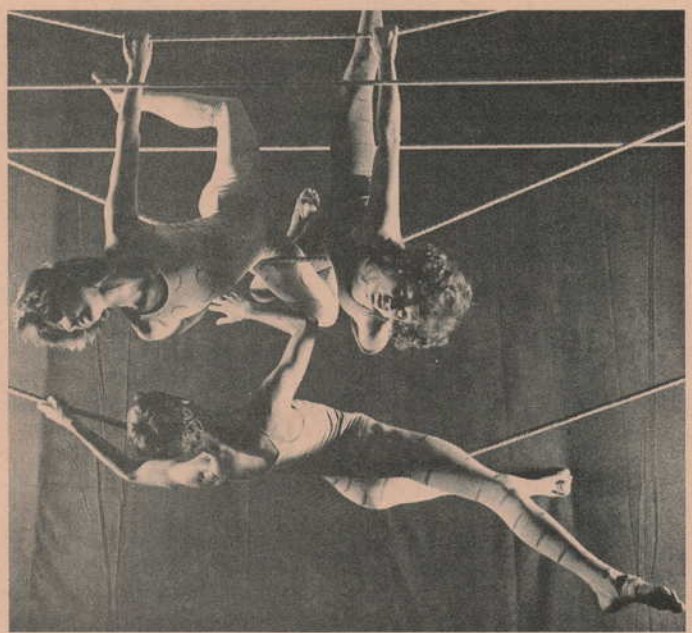
Is this the Year of the Dance?

In 1975 ballet superstar Mikhail Baryshnikov made the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek* in the same week; Broadway's biggest hit, *A Chorus Line*, is a homage to stagestruck hoofers; Rudolf Nureyev's performance fee topped $4,000; First Lady Betty Ford attended a Martha Graham gala and paid for her own tickets ($125); New York City alone boasted over one hundred fifty dance troupes; and across the country dance attendance hit an all-time high.

Will tap dancing soon replace baseball as our nation's favorite sport? Will a *tour l'air* one day epitomize machismo? Will Americans eventually defect to pursue a ballet career in the Soviet Union? While such prophecies may not materialize in '76, dance is presently enjoying a popular and critical esteem which is unprecedented in our cultural past. The U.S. has come a long way since the days when television censors insisted that male dancers wear coats to cover their crotches and some states barred performances by dancers in tights. Unfortunately, experimental dance is still centered in New York City, much as avant-garde theater was in the early sixties. Even so, the smallest of troupes go on tour, and can be seen performing in the California sunshine as well as in ill-lit Manhattan studios.

Beyond Lincoln Center and S. Hurok Associates, far beyond Broadway and college art circuits, there exist those avant-garde, innovative, sometimes insane experimental troupes which, unlike much of the dance world, are not afraid to dance on the wild side.

Stephanie Evanitsky, for one, creates dances that are actually death defying. Dancers have always been the most accident-prone artists—twisted knees, broken toes, sprained ankles—but what happens when you try pulling the floor out from under a dancer's feet? Evanitsky does just that in order "to liberate the bird in man." She and her **Multigravitational Aerodance Group** are learning to fly. Her technique of "aerodance" and an elaborate maze of wires, ropes, and swings suspended twenty feet in the air enables the group's dance compositions to take place in the sky.



Robert Fiala

Learning to fly with the **Multigravitational Aerodance Group**.

"We have a very earth-oriented evolution," states Evanitsky, pointing to the quite stable floorboards of her spacious Manhattan dance studio. "But we have the potential to use our bodies like birds."

Spinning, hanging, balancing upside down or leaping from wire to rope, group dancers move around and their movements reverberate through the wires to affect those of other performers. Unlike a stationary stage floor, the ever-moving and undulating wires force Evanitsky's dancers into, as she puts it, "the position of having to be out of control." At times the dancers are completely interdependent, clinging to one another, moving hypnotically in space like a long suspended chain. Then suddenly the wires shift like a kaleidoscope, the dancers' bodies hurl out from one another as if they were weightless.

Some critics question the group's penchant for the potentially offensive and lewd. After all, voyeurism is infinitely easier when the performers are twenty feet overhead. "The positions of spread legs are too real," Evanitsky laughs. "Ours is a world of free-floating sexuality, not classic romantic postures."

But this free-floating fantasy world is mild compared to the bizarre sexual antics of many other dancers. Antony Bassae, for example, turns men into ballerinas. His now famous **Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo** is a troupe of men who wear tutus, perform *en pointe*, and play all the major roles—male *and* female.

A former dancer with the Munich and San Francisco opera companies, Bassae has obviously seen a lot of theater in his life. As he explains his present involvement with the Trockadero: "Ballet always takes itself seriously. What we are trying to do is open it up a bit."

Certainly the Trockadero has been accepted by the general public to the point where it's now a big business. No longer the object of a small gay cult, Bassae's troupe now performs at New York's Brooklyn Academy of Music on the very same subscription series with such prestigious troupes as the Pennsylvania Ballet. (Even the conservative arts and leisure section of the Sunday *New York Times* has devoted its front page to the Trockadero with articles like, "Is Drag Ballet Art?")

Sporting names like Suzina LaFuzziovitch ("formerly prima ballerina assoluta of the Grand Ole Opry"), Olga Tchikaboumskaya ("the first ballerina to explore the possibility of mukluks in point technique"), and Pagano Sissinska ("the socialist *real* ballerina of the working peoples everywhere"), the Trockadero dancers parody such classics as "Firebird," "Nutcracker," "Don Quixote," and "Swan Lake." "By putting a ridiculous element into myths," offers Bassae, "you recapture what they were and let people enjoy them."

The current popularity of drag ballet is evidenced by the fierce rivalry existing between the Monte Carlo and the other major all-male ballet troupe, the famous **Trockadero Gloxinia**, directed by Larry Ree. A former hairdresser, Ree was one of the conceivers of all-male ballet and he openly calls the Monte Carlo "cheap and vulgar. Nothing they have is original."

Unlike Bassae's, Ree's troupe never performs in male attire. Ree is also quick to underplay the peculiarity of drag ballet. "They are not men or women," states Ree, "but *dancers*." Reconsidering, he then adds, almost as a moral afterthought, "But it has to be healthy for the public as opposed to just drag."

If sexual switching and dressing up seems extraordinary, then **James Cunningham and the Acme Dance Company** take the concept to its logical conclusion. "One of the facts of dance is that it is a natural prologue to making love," begins Cunningham. "What I have always loved about dancing is that it is a very emotional and erotic thing to do." In one of Cunningham's more notorious pieces, "Lauren's Dream," he and his long-time collaborator, Lauren Persichetti, exude the erotic by dancing—naturally enough—in the nude. At other times Cunningham's troupe performs outside, clothed of course, but in the middle of crowded streets—like New York's Fifth Avenue or Forty-second Street at rush hour. Then again, this most unusual choreographer is just as likely to use elaborate masks and costumes to run his troupe through a breathtaking number of roles and costume changes as in "Dancing with Maisie Paradocks" wherein a succession of hermaphroditic half humans—from a canine lady to a male chauvinist sheriff in pig attire—are delightfully evoked.

After studying acting for a number of years, James Cunningham found the discipline too confining and opted for the freer forms of dance. Today he resembles an older, more mellow Nureyev. Seated in his small New York dance studio, the walls lined with dozens of masks and costumes of performances past, Cunningham recalled one recent dance performance wherein his display of satire and sexuality created an unexpected uproar. "We did a performance in Alaska, in a gym with high school students and parents. It ended with a man kissing a woman, a woman kissing another woman, and a man kissing a man, and that's a very central thing. They were horrified and said we had turned the gym into the House of Satan."

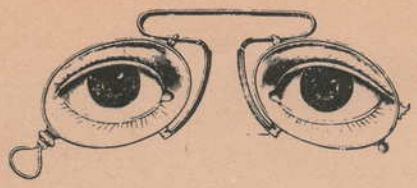
If Cunningham's work tends to shock, his next major work is guaranteed to put audiences on their toes. "Its theme is centered on men and women finding out about each other," offers Cunningham, "rather than feeling separate." In it, he and Persichetti use their unique mixture of bizarre costumes, irreverence, and sensuality to play Isis and Osiris, the mythological characters who were both brother and sister, husband and wife.—*Francis Levy*

John Murphy

Switching sexes with **Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo**

Joel Gordon

"Dancing with Maisie Paradocks" by **James Cunningham**: *Lauren Persichetti as Lassie.*



FILMS

THIS EARTH . . .
THIS ENGLAND

The index to the *New York Times*'s collected film reviews lists nine movies made from Rudyard Kipling stories. The last, a cartoon remake of *The Jungle Book*, dates from 1967, but the rest of them are much earlier. There are some famous titles: *Captains Courageous* (1937), *The Light That Failed* (1939). But they evoke an era as distant in film as Kipling's major works, mostly written before 1900, have seemed in literature.

All that should change a little now—with John Huston's new, lovely, and slightly nostalgic adaptation of ***The Man Who Would Be King***. It does not try so much to modernize Kipling or bring him up to date as to bring us back to him, and to the kind of film in which the sight of hundreds and hundreds of men marching into battle across an Indian plain seemed virtually the essence of cinema. Not that *The Man Who Would Be King* is really that simple—but it also isn't so simple as to undercut its spectacle, its sense of honor, or its appreciation of such anachronistic virtues as love of Queen and country. It even has an anthem, an air called the Moreen, the setting for Thomas Moore's "The Minstrel Boy"—a stirring British tune to put against the barbarous noises of a pagan land.

Daniel Dravot and Peachy Taliaferro Carnehan, the heroes of *The Man Who Would Be King*, are a pair of nineteenth-century colonial ne'er-do-wells who, in a harebrained adventure, set out to make themselves kings of Kafiristan, a remote, mountainous area in northeastern Afghanistan, after first dethroning whatever reigning monarchs might happen to stand in their way. By will and luck they succeed, the luck coming partly from an enemy arrow that lodges in Daniel's bandolier and doesn't draw blood and so convinces the natives that he is immortal, and partly from the persistence of a certain emblem. In addition to being scoundrels, Danny and Peachy are also Freemasons. And lo! in farthest Kafiristan the symbol of the Masons has been carved in stone—in the ruins of a Grecian temple built thousands of years ago by Alexander the Great, during his campaigns in Asia. Alexander left the country but swore he would return someday or send his son. Daniel Dravot is taken for the son.

Daniel's career, his glory, his Solomon-like wisdom as a king, and the prideful folly that undoes him—all these are the story that Peachy, who escapes Kafiristan, tells the young English journalist—Kipling—through the stifling summer's night that becomes the course of the movie. It is a course that may seem rather old-fashioned at times. But to me it seems solid and substantial. *The Man Who Would Be King* doesn't play any tricks. It doesn't have to. Its material is funny, and sad, and finally terrifying in ways that prohibit ironic cheap shots—as if anyone involved had the inclination.

It is, after all, an adventure movie. And by means of adventure it makes its meaning—in battles, natural disasters, intrigues, and confrontations with the great unknown. It doesn't waste much energy on such fashionable considerations as how Imperial England oppresses the poor people of Central Asia; though such considerations, or maybe their reverse, are crucial to what it is all about. The meeting of East and West takes many guises. For example, there is a local game that looks like polo (in fact, an ancient Eastern invention), except that the oversized crude-looking polo ball is the wrapped-up head of some murdered enemy. Just after it is too late, Danny Dravot learns, as perhaps his distinguished ancestor Alexander did before him, that it is one thing to conquer an alien land and quite another to fathom the secrets of its ways. In the end, Danny becomes as much a convert as a conqueror. But the cost of conversion is dreadfully high.

The Man Who Would Be King *starring Caine and Connery.*

The Man Who Would Be King is tremendously exciting to look at and listen to, and I think it marks a high point in the later career of John Huston, whose reputation still mainly rests on films like *The Maltese Falcon*, *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, and *The African Queen*, made twenty or even thirty years ago. He is now seventy and, as a stylist, he is now livelier than he was in the 1950's. An actors' director, he is blessed here with some marvelous performances: Christopher Plummer as Kipling, sensitive and intelligent in what could have been a purely gratuitous role; Sean Connery as the admirable and blustery Daniel Dravot; and Michael Caine as his sidekick Peachy, who just survives to tell his tale. Caine especially, often an erratic actor, seems at last to have found his high-level niche.

If you want confirmation of that, Michael Caine shows up again in another good movie. ***The Romantic Englishwoman*** opened some months ago to less than spectacular reviews. But it is a very interesting, subdued, imperfect film—a gratifying discovery at a time when most of what appears is either boringly colossal or a colossal bore.

Caine plays Lewis Fielding, an English novelist, successful, unsatisfied, overly protective of his wife—Glenda Jackson—who also feels that their life together is no longer all champagne and roses. So she runs off for a bit, to Baden-Baden, where she meets a sexually ambiguous young drifter—Helmut Berger—who lives off rich old women when his other business, smuggling heroin (at which he's none too good), isn't producing sufficient income. When Mrs. Fielding returns to her husband, without quite knowing why she left him, the gigolo follows. And there is set up a strange, temporary ménage à trois that becomes the centerpiece of the movie. Some of the dramatics may seem a little silly, as when Berger instructs his hosts in the futility of their upper-bourgeois existence. And the main action will be at least partly predictable to anyone who has seen five movies. But the dialogue, partly written by the playwright Tom Stoppard, is often clever, even witty; the ensemble created by Caine and Jackson and Berger is sharp and

sometimes very funny; and the sense of place that Losey develops would be—even if there were no people—worth the price of admission.

Luckily there are those people, and some more good ones in quite minor roles besides: Michel Lonsdale as a drug-ring boss after the incompetent Berger, Beatrice Romand (who was the superarticulate teenager in *Claire's Knee*) as the Fieldings's romantically inclined au pair girl, and the ravishing Nathalie Delon as a classy French whore now serving in London. There is something exhilarating about such prodigality with talent, when it is not misused or merely put on display so as to get some famous names in the credits. It is like being in unfamiliar places and then just coming across some valued and unexpected friends.

Caine and Jackson in Losey's ***The Romantic Englishwoman***.

But for me the real treat in any Losey film is the uncanny sense of space and decor that turns even his oddest projects into brilliant studies of location. I know that doesn't sound like much of an excuse for a movie, but in this case it nearly *is* the movie—just as certain English houses have all but made such well-known Loseys as *Accident*, *The Go-Between*, and *The Servant*.

This time he has the old hotel in Baden-Baden, and Glenda Jackson sitting at a lobby window or walking in the hotel park on a wet and windy night—evocations of romance as the gift of being alone with both expectation and loneliness. But the main location is the Fieldings' house outside London, comfortable, large, well-ordered, and perhaps a little sinister in the accidents of discovery it engenders. I don't mean that the house has an "evil personality," or any such nonsense as that. It's rather that Losey understands his spaces as if architecture were drama. Stairways, doors, halls, bedrooms, above all mirrors, become co-protagonists with the characters, who in turn keep expressing themselves by how they move and arrange themselves in their physical world. Of course the genius behind this correlation belongs to Losey. But it also belongs to film, the medium in which space takes on a supersensory quality available to none of the other arts. It isn't mere decoration; it's an aspect of dramatic economy. And it helps instill elegance and a sense of mystery into the suburban commonplaces of *The Romantic Englishwoman*.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

THIS SPORTING LIFE

Sportswriting is probably the most erratic form of American journalism. Its practitioners vary from uninspired hacks to professional journeymen to literary honchos, and the prose runs the gamut from the "gee whiz!" school of narrative idolatry—written presumably for pro team owners and the beer and TV crowd—to a kind of sophisticated solipsism that portrays the athlete in grand fashion as the writer's alter ego. Within these extremes, however, are many examples of some of the finest journalism that this country has produced. And practically every writer worth his weight in typewriter ribbon has occasionally tried his talents—with varying consequences.

Currently the most assayed sports personality is the quixotic, controversial heavyweight champion of the world, Muhammad Ali. Within the last year the number of books published about him has gone well into double figures. But it is Ali's own autobiography that stands as the best on the subject.

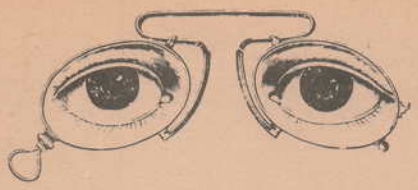
The Greatest—what else!—(Random House, $10.95), written by Ali with Richard Durham, is certainly one of the best books published about a sports figure in some time; it is simply light-years ahead of nearly all other sports autobiographies. Given Ali's love-hate relationship with the American public, the religious and political furor that he has inspired as a Black Muslim and a conscientious objector to the Vietnam war, his zany promotional antics, and his amazing comeback after more than three years of forced "retirement," co-author Richard Durham obviously had a rich vein of material at his disposal. He and Ali have mined it masterfully.

The customary biographical background is covered, but what sets this book apart is its style and the fact that Ali had shrewdly concealed many of the choice, more controversial aspects of his life from the multitude of writers who have constantly picked his brain since he emerged as boxing's magnificent boy wonder in 1960.

Richard Durham has avoided the drone-like monotony that characterizes the text of so many tape-recorded-as-told-to biographies and has captured stylistically much of the mercurial flair of his subject. Although he has eliminated, except in quotations, the Ali malapropisms and clumsy syntax, the first-person narrative echoes the rhythm and flavor of Ali's speech.

Ali and Durham have also spotted the book with some materials that, alone, would be worth the price: Ali's own analysis of the stratagems used in some of his major bouts; his interpretation of the use of psychology in boxing; the incidents leading to his tossing the Olympic Gold Medal into the Ohio River; a revealing interview with his first wife, Sonji, discussing why their marriage failed; a marvelous taped segment of Ali and Frazier driving to New York, which reveals the unique rapport between two boxers who would become mortal enemies inside the ring.

The Greatest is an exceptional book, one that presents a vivid picture of the Ali behind the bedlam and antics. It leaves one with a sense of honesty in the telling and of really knowing a complex man. Still it avoids some of the darker sides of the Ali persona, particularly those recently revealed in an interview in which he expressed his views concerning the sexual intermingling of blacks and whites and the untouchable status of Muslim women—"a black man *should* be killed if he's messing with a white woman. . . . Put a hand on a Muslim sister and you are to *die*." Ali, obviously, can be as vicious and narrow-minded as he is often magnanimous; but,

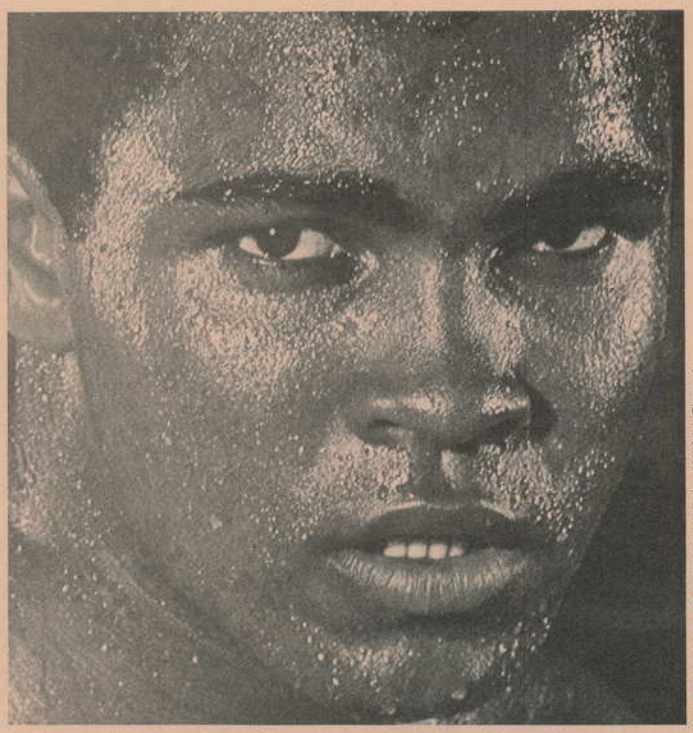


then, that contradiction may explain his charisma. It certainly goes a long way toward explaining why this autobiography was one of the best of the past year.

Novelist Wilfrid Sheed, in ***Muhammad Ali: A Portrait in Words and Photographs*** (Alskog Book/Thomas Y. Crowell, $19.95), says of Ali: "He has inspired more good writing than anyone in the current sports world." To Sheed's credit, his is among that writing. His book offers an intellectual view of the Champ—airier, more speculative, and certainly less image-bound than Ali's autobiography. It is a sort of oblique-angled Plimpton-matic portrait, accompanied by a host of full-color Nikon blowups that set the author's witty, dazzling narrative forays in a bed of imposingly luxurious reality. More important, it works.

Sheed's stated intention is to "take a biopsy of [Ali's] fame," to assess what it means and where it will lead. In this regard, he suggests that, "We the public are the only thing crazier and more unpredictable than Ali, and in the coming years we will be his toughest opponent." I often found it difficult to identify with Sheed's ubiquitous "we" (it seemed more reflective of his own consciousness than the public's) and, therefore, with his concluding evaluation of Ali. Perhaps this is just my refusal to be lumped indiscriminately with the "crazies," but Sheed's characterization of the Champ as a cardboard figure, a chameleon insistently on the lookout for a fast buck and more publicity—taking his cues as to what image to project from the public to insure his popularity—seemed a mite cynical. I would agree that one is never quite sure if any Ali pronouncement is serious, but I'd suggest that Ali simply takes himself—and certainly the menagerie that surrounds him—with a grain of satire. If so, he is quite possibly wiser than he sometimes acts or sounds.

But never mind the book's conclusions; if the patient was left none too healthy, the operation itself was a success. Sheed is a writer who can also turn his critical eye onto himself ("reading this man's future next week is a fool's errand"), and his wit is a perfect match for Ali's self-inflating public posture ("he expects to be the first fighter on the moon—where, I guess, he could really float") or his boxing style ("he may be the worst influence since Ernest Hemingway"). Moreover, Sheed touches on subjects that Ali's autobiography avoids (his hot-cold-hot-again relationship to his father, for instance) and gives vent to some interesting free-association-type speculation on such subjects as "Ali's lack of conventional masculinity" as perhaps a problem equaling those of race, religion, and ego. All in all, a fascinating essay, which, like Norman Mailer's *Marilyn*, reveals as much about the author as it does about its subject.



from the book, *Muhammad Ali*, by Wilfrid Sheed

Wilfrid Sheed on **Ali***: an intellectual view of the Champ.*

Muhammad Ali is also central to Robert Lipsyte's ***SportsWorld: An American Dreamland*** (Quadrangle, $10). Lipsyte was among the best of the working newspaper sports columnists until he left the *New York Times* in 1971 and, in this book, he presents an overview of sports drawn from his fourteen-year stint as a sports journalist. It transcends traditional sports, however, for Lipsyte sees the rampant self-aggrandizement of sports—its promotion as a kind of national ethic—as hypocritical and dangerous. Yet it is a book that pays tribute to the humanity and glory of sports personalities such as Ali, Joe Namath, Dick Tiger, and Billie Jean King.

Combining this iconoclastic view of the sports super-structure ("We elect our politicians, judge our children, fight our wars, plan our vacations, oppress our minorities by *SportsWorld* standards that somehow justify our foulest and freakiest deeds, or at least camouflage them with jargon") and a keen, sensitive eye for the people who perform within that super-structure, Lipsyte has fashioned a balanced commentary on the current world of sports. The sections on Muhammad Ali are excellent. Lipsyte seems closer to Ali than Sheed but not as close as Durham and, therefore, is often more believably revealing than either. On others he is briefly incisive: Joe Namath ("He has been responding too long to all the people who want a piece of him, an autograph, a hot quote, a deal, a speech, a lay, a long naked look in the locker room, a chance to speculate and theorize. . . . Yet Namath as a symbol of the New Athlete, as a leader of Jock Lib, is a pathetic joke"); Joe Louis ("Dick Gregory used to describe President Eisenhower at a news conference as 'the white Joe Louis'"); Howard Cosell ("the only broadcaster in America who can be the promoter, the reporter, and the critic of an event packaged by his own network").

SportsWorld is one of the best of the recently published sports books. Although it will surely infuriate anyone who has a vested interest in the continued propagation of the sports establishment's myths, it will add a dose of reality for the hypnotized spectator who has bought the glamorized pitch without reservation.

Another collection of essays by a nationally known sportswriter is ***Sport*** (Arbor House, $8.95) by Dick Schaap, with a forward by Jimmy Breslin. Schaap is never one to really disturb sleeping dogs. He seems content to prod them whimsically without any real dislocation or, for me, significance. This collection of articles, columns, and excerpts from a few of his seventeen books is a representative sample of his writing. The subjects included range from Ali, Namath, Bobby Fischer, and other sports world luminaries to John Fowles, Brigitte Bardot, and Lenny Bruce. All of the pieces have been published before and, with the exception of a few like "The Real Wilt Chamberlain,"

they serve dire notice of the ephemeral quality of news-peg journalism. In the Chamberlain piece, Schaap probes deeply enough into the problem of living as a seven-footer off the basketball court to give his writing some lasting quality. Unfortunately, this is not the norm here.

For those with an eye for the past glories of sports, there are numerous current entries. In the instant-nostalgia category is ***While the Gettin's Good: Inside the World Football League*** (Bobbs-Merrill, $10) by Herb Gluck. It is the story of the internal woes that plagued the incipient, now defunct, league until its collapse last year.

A more traditional nostalgia is served up in ***The Scrapbook History of Baseball*** (Bobbs-Merrill, $15) by Jordan A. Deutsch, Richard M. Cohen, Roland T. Johnson, and David S. Neft and in ***That Old Ball Game*** (Regnery, $17.95) compiled and edited by David R. Phillips with text by Lawrence Kart. *Scrapbook* is a collection of more than 1,300 newspaper stories and pictures that provide a tour through the archives of our National Pastime from 1876 to 1974. An excellent idea and a fun book to browse through, although the reproduction of many of the clippings are so fuzzy that magnifying glasses and eyewash are compulsory.

That Old Ball Game is considerably better produced and focuses on the years 1850 to 1930—it's a grand pictorial celebration (over 250 photographs) of the good ole boys of lore. For those who prefer their sports in the traditional, somewhat sentimental vein—away from the irreverence of Ali's bombastic quips or Sheed's literary excursions or Lipsyte's iconoclasm—these are indeed extremely entertaining and comforting volumes, offering a return to the days when everything, including the sports world, was if not necessarily good, at least a great deal simpler.—*Mel Watkins*

SOUNDS

THE PUT-ON WHO PUTS OUT

A woman stalks the ruins of what was once a stage. She prowls it relentlessly, legs wide apart seeking out hapless victims in the audience. Her performance is totally sexual and rhythmic, riding the stud-hard funk of her backup band like a cowboy whipping his locoweed-crazed bronco.

Seeing **Betty Davis** for the first time is like seeing your first X-rated movie when you were expecting Walt Disney. The audience at New York's Bottom Line is staring straight ahead in mute shock. The innuendo of illusion that has come to represent the rock concert stage is here denuded to a hot night in the bordello where a long-legged, deliciously devourable female sings lusty songs. Forty-second Street has invaded the sanctity of the stage where performer and audience had once played games of careful suggestion. Betty Davis plays her body the way most musicians play instruments, shoving hot crotch into the faces of the dazed front row, turning tender buns to the zonked mummies on the side, pushing firm thighs against the organ player's bulging zipper. He thrusts back eagerly. She sits on her haunches, the microphone gives out static as it bumps suggestively against her legs. Meanwhile, the audience is deathly still, all eyes focused on the angle of the dangle. Betty Davis looks straight into the eyes of one unbeliever—she takes her time—and then snorts, "*Now* do you want me?"

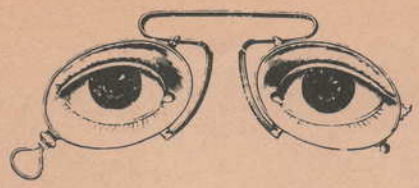
Crash! The table explodes in ice and liquor as the unbeliever, hypnotized by the sultry witch onstage, momentarily loses control of himself.

Backstage, Betty Davis is absorbed in her mirror, reapplying some fresh makeup for the next performance. She laughs heartily at the incident because in her brief three years as a performer she has run the gamut of unbelievers. On her first album, *Betty Davis* (Just Sunshine), she was singing stuff like "If I'm in Luck I Just Might Get Picked Up." By the second album, *They Say I'm Different* (Just Sunshine), she was dripping melodies about a "Big Freak" who liked to get whipped with a turquoise chain. On her third album she has proclaimed herself a *Nasty Gal* (Island) and declares that "I loved you every way but your way and my way was too dirty for you," and furthermore, "I lay them by the dirty dozen."

Betty Davis looks in the mirror and laughs out loud, but she laughs alone because no one else seems to have gotten the joke. She doesn't consider herself a singer in the usual sense because she didn't start out to be one. The ex-wife of Miles Davis, Betty went to her first record company as a songwriter (she wrote *Uptown to Harlem* for the Chambers Brothers) and was corralled into performing her own material. Even people with the most vivid imaginations can't call what she does singing. Betty Davis spits out her repertoire of sex songs in a lascivious growl and mixes her "singing" with a stage act fashioned in the comic tradition of the Mothers of Invention and the bizarre subterranean sleaze of the Velvet Underground. Yet, while monstrosities like the transvestite rockster Wayne County can find favor with the American/New York press, Betty's recognition has come mostly from Europe. Her gig at Ronnie Scott's Club in

Guillemette Barbet

Betty Davis: *"I know for a fact that I give men a lot of hostile vibes."*



London, for example, sold out to a storm of adulation from the British press. Meanwhile, Americans shudder in horror every time she spreads her legs.

"I'm really not that heavy," she professes frankly. "I think I'm funny and if you take me seriously you have to be crazy.

"I know for a fact that I give men a lot of hostile vibes, more so than I give women. I guess it's because I'm so aggressive physically and I think I embarrass a lot of people. If a guy is really into getting whupped with a chain and I sing about that up on stage, or if he likes to sniff women's underwear and I do a song about that, it embarrasses the guy who's listening to me sing about his kinks.

"Women are supposed to scream for Mick Jagger and try to pull off a man's clothes on the stage. But men are supposed to be in control on all levels. A lot of them might really want to jump up and pull off my clothes, but they know they aren't supposed to. It makes 'em feel weird and uptight."

Undoubtedly, some brave soul will answer Betty's challenges one night. A great deal of the hysteria surrounding pop heroes is based on sexual frenzy, whether you're talking about the girls who fainted for Frank Sinatra, those who creamed in their knickers for the Beatles, or those who graduated to the ranks of groupiedom. Until Betty Davis, however, no female performer has ever used the stage and used her sexual attraction with such complete abandon. Even the high priestesses of rock stopped short of complete surrender to the sexual ecstasy of performance. Only Tina Turner and the Ikettes were daring enough to take sexuality one step closer to the ultimate wipeout that Betty Davis provides.

Her candor is a refreshing change from the coy sexuality that is the usual lot of female knockouts. But then, just how much sexual frankness can you take?—*Vernon Gibbs*

New York City's **Television**: *"Anybody who thinks we're a glitter band is wrong."*

HOLY THIEVES IN THE HOUSE OF GLITTER

Ten years ago in Wilmington, Delaware, a band played a few high school graduation parties. It wasn't your usual, run-of-the-mill garage band. The group's guitarist, perfectly sound of limb, came rolling out in a wheelchair; there were no lurching renditions of "Louie, Louie" or "Green Onions." The kids snarled at them and threw donuts. Today that group's ringleader, Tom Verlaine, and drummer, Billy Ficca, are the core of the most celebrated, feared, and misunderstood band in New York City.

Television is not to be confused with such groups as the New York Dolls. There are no vials of glitter or eyebrow pencils to be found lodged in their guitar cases, and no chic New York chauvinism in their lyrics. "We're not really a New York group," says Verlaine. "All these groups are theatrical. Their kind of conceptualism isn't sincere. I hate all that decadence shit, and I hate the theater. Anybody who thinks we're a glitter band is wrong."

Their resistance to being pigeonholed has made the music industry edgy about the group. "The president of a major record company came to hear us at Max's one night," Verlaine recalls. "He had a little boy with him, and he asked the kid what he thought of us. The boy said we were out of tune and the PA system was lousy. So the guy just said, 'Okay, let's go,' and he left with his little boy."

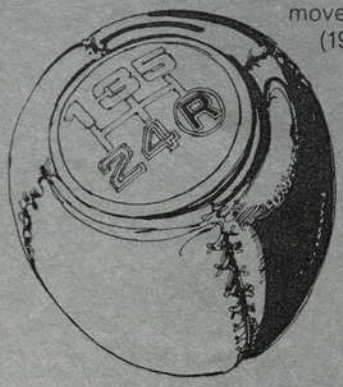
On another occasion, Island Records asked Eno of Roxy Music to produce a demo on Television. Twenty-four hours were spent in a sixteen-track studio, but Verlaine thought the record was a turkey. "It was horrible, dull. Eno changed our sound. I told the company that I hated the tape, and they just didn't want to hear it."

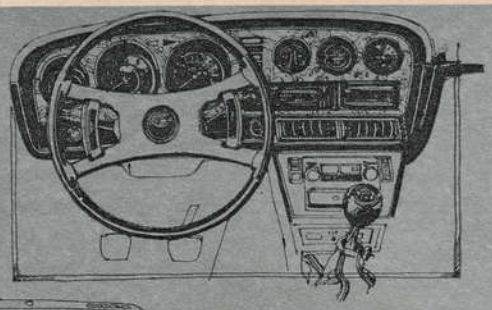
As it stands now, record companies don't know what to do with Television. Some companies think of the group as just another New York Dolls, and fear commercial disaster à la Dolls; some companies think of the group as trouble, and fear gambling on their strange new type of music.

Refusing to wait on record company punks, Television released its own record, "Little Johnny Jewel, Parts 1–2," on its own label, Ork. A Verlaine original, "Little Johnny Jewel" is a wholly representative taste of what Television is all about. The lyrics are truculent, devoid of pretention, and almost mystic in their breezy concision. The music is a blend of honest, untheatrical rock 'n' roll and freeblown weirdness. Guitarist Richard Lloyd plays unlike anyone else (although there are heavy shadows of Sonny Sharrock in his stylings), and Verlaine sings as if he were sired by a jukebox. Records on small, one-shot labels are usually trite and amateurish. "Johnny Jewel," however, shames most everything issued by major companies.

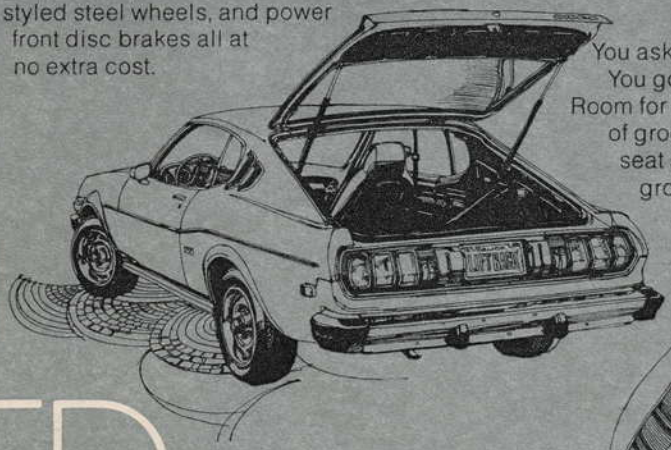
There is no doubt that Television will, in the very near future, get an album out on a major label. Then all those great Tom Verlaine songs like "Friction," "Poor Circulation," "The Arms of Venus DeMilo," and "Horizontal Ascension" will be appreciated. In the meantime, there's "Little Johnny Jewel," and you can get it for two bucks from Ork, PO Box 159, Cooper Station, New York, New York 10003. This is New York's best band, and nobody's throwing donuts.—*Nick Tosches*

You asked for a quality sporty car that you can afford to run. You got it. An interior which surrounds you with gauges. A 2.2 liter hemi-head coupled to a 4-speed plus overdrive fifth gear to move you on the highway at 36 miles per gallon. (1976 EPA 36 mpg on highway, 20 city. These mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary, depending on your driving habits, your car's condition and equipment.) MacPherson Strut front suspension, wide steel-belted radials on styled steel wheels, and power front disc brakes all at no extra cost.

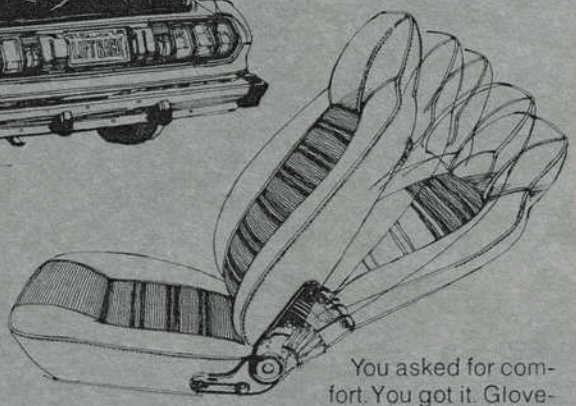




You asked for GT styling with room. You got it. The Celica GT Liftback. Room for four people plus nine bags of groceries, or flip down the rear-seat and two of you can haul the groceries plus a side of beef.



YOU ASKED FOR IT.



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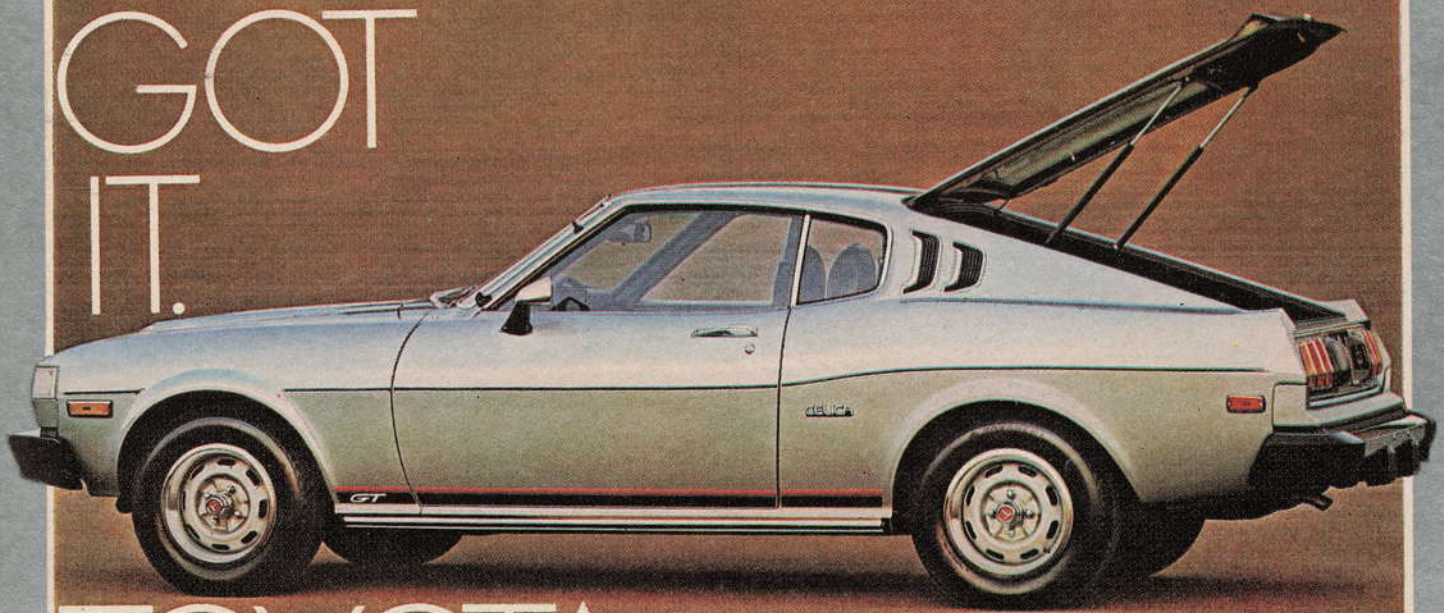

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THE NEW CELICA GT LIFTBACK

ON HER MAJESTY'S SEXUAL SERVICE

In the great espionage war, some of the worst double crosses begin in a double bed.

During July 1970 small advertisements for a health club offering "relief massage" first began to appear in Belfast newspapers, and in that same month residents of the city's Antrim and Stranmillis roads started to notice an unusual amount of activity around two houses in the neighborhood. At all hours of the night cars would pull up, men would hurry into the houses, and then depart only an hour or so later. It soon became clear to the indignant residents that well-patronized brothels were operating in their midst. What the outraged Belfast citizens had no way of knowing was that the two houses, and also the "health club" on Malone Road, were owned and operated by the British government. They were part of a "sexpionage" operation organized by the Security Service with the cooperation of Scotland Yard.

The order to set up these spy brothels came as the result of an intelligence failure by the Special Branch of the Royal Ulster Constabulary, a traditional source of British Army information. By completely underestimating the strength of Catholic feeling and the extent to which the Irish Republican Army (IRA) was organized in Belfast, the British had brought to an end the brief "honeymoon" period between their troops and the city's Catholic population. On June 27, during a siege by Protestants of a church in East Belfast, IRA Provisional gunmen had come into organized action for the first time. Following the Army's curfew and house searches of the Falls Road area, a Catholic stronghold, rioting broke out. By the end of the week of July 3, ten people had been killed, 276 had been injured, and damage to property

BY DAVID LEWIS

amounted to more than a million dollars. Gloomily surveying the destruction, a British diplomat remarked to a friend, "That was the greatest miscalculation I've ever seen made in the course of my whole life." It was a miscalculation based on faulty intelligence and it was to have both political and security repercussions. The Ulster Cabinet pushed through legislation that enabled the authorities to arrest *anybody* present at a riot, no matter how innocent his involvement, and the Security Servicemen met officers from Army Intelligence and the Special Branch to devise new ways of gaining reliable information. One of the techniques approved was the setting up of brothels to be used to entrap and then blackmail prominent Belfast citizens.

To set up and control these brothels the Security Service formed a special intelligence unit staffed by a number of officers who had seen active service in the Middle East and who subsequently became known to the IRA as the Aden Gang. Their top-floor office was given an innocent-sounding cover name and fitted out with alarms, hidden TV cameras that observed all visitors, and bulletproof doors. The Aden Gang went armed at all times.

In order to run the brothels along professional lines, they called on the services of Britain's uncrowned "King of Vice," Londoner Bernie Silver. Silver, who was jailed for life in July 1975 for the twenty-year-old murder of a fellow racketeer, Tommy "Scarface" Smithson, earned more than $6 million from prostitution during his long career in London's Soho. He lived in a Georgian mansion, tipped waiters $25, and was said to never carry less than $1,200 in cash. He claimed that he changed his Rolls-Royce as often as his girl friend changed her hairstyle and boasted that he bribed Scotland Yard detectives to ensure that he and his syndicate were left in peace. One senior officer is said to have received $3,000 a week over a long period.

Believing that his cooperation in Northern Ireland would make life easier for him in England, Silver agreed to help establish the brothels. He flew to Belfast where he was met by a senior detective acting as a liaison officer between the Security Service and the Royal Ulster Constabulary. A Ministry of Defense car then took them to the heavily guarded Security Service headquarters at Thipveal Barracks near Lisburn, where the planned operation was outlined to him. Silver spent ten days in the city helping to select suitable premises and advising on management techniques. During his stay he was provided with an armed bodyguard.

On his return to London, Silver set about recruiting prostitutes to staff the brothels. The girls were selected as much for their brains as their good looks, and they were warned that they would be taking part in a risky but rewarding enterprise. Most of them got the impression that they would be entertaining British officers in army brothels. In return for a short tour of duty in Ulster, they were to be paid $1,000 a week, the money going directly into a U.K. bank. They were told to sign the Official Secrets Act; then warned that, having done so, they could be jailed if they talked about their experiences. Silver was only paid expenses for his part in the operation, but he was allowed to keep a large part of the money paid to the girls.

The main objective of this sexpionage operation, of course, was to compromise important Ulster men and then blackmail them, in order either to obtain specific information or force them to become informers. To accomplish this, hidden cameras were fitted in the walls and ceilings of the bedrooms.

The prices charged by the establishments were high but not outrageous. In the "health studio" a man paid $12 for a "basic" massage and $40 for a "full-body" job. In the Antrim Road brothel, a charge of $100 for straight intercourse was designed to attract wealthier and more exclusive clients. At all the houses the girls were young, pretty, and willing.

The decor of the health studio was fairly Spartan. It included a small, poorly equipped gymnasium, a sauna bath, and a solarium, but the majority of the clients ignored these facilities. By walking straight across the reception area and through a rear door they found themselves in a dimly lit corridor flanked by a series of curtained cubicles. Each of these was furnished with an iron bed, a wooden chair, and a wardrobe. The walls were covered with large mirrors that enabled the customer to see everything that was happening—and also allowed photographs to be taken through two-way glass.

The other brothels were very comfortably furnished, with soft lighting and thick carpets. Clients waited for the girls in a lounge and were served cocktails or coffee free of charge. All the rooms were fitted with concealed microphones, the conversations being tape-recorded by operators in the attic. From the attic base they could also take remote-control pictures in the various bedrooms. Thirty-five-millimeter Olympus cameras were fitted with battery-powered motors, which—after the shutter had been fired electrically—wound on the film to the next frame. To cover any sound from these mechanisms, the bedrooms had piped-in music.

In March 1971, the operation scored a major success when it enabled authorities to identify the killers of three young soldiers from the Royal Highland Fusiliers, who had been found shot dead on the outskirts of Belfast on March 10. Later, the authorities issued a statement in which they said that complete protection had been promised to the informers who had named the killers. "We know who we are after . . . we are convinced the information we have been given is accurate, but it may prove very difficult legally to have more than circumstantial evidence."

What lay behind this statement was the fact that the killers had been named by a leading figure in Belfast public life who had been blackmailed into turning informer after a visit to one of the brothels. This victim—referred to by members of the unit as "Big Paddy"—was a well-known and respected politician connected with a non-Unionist constitutional party. He provided the Security Service with a number of names and addresses, some of which led to arrests. The man has himself since died violently, and it has also been reported that two of the girls—one from England and the other from Dublin—also died unnaturally. They were killed in London after a tour of duty in Belfast, but it hasn't been possible to establish a definite link between these deaths and the sexpionage operation.

News of the intelligence reaching the Security Service was discovered by the IRA, thanks to a telephone tap they had installed on lines leading into Irish army intelligence headquarters. The true purpose of the brothels then became clear.

On a weekend late in August 1972, IRA men from London, Belfast, and Dublin met in a house on the Hill of Howth in northern Dublin. The purpose of this conference, presided over by the deputy director of IRA intelligence, was to discuss ways of dealing with the sexpionage unit and also another information-gathering operation that operated under the cover of a bogus cleaning service called the Four Square Laundry. The IRA men agreed to attack the laundry, but were divided about what to do with the brothels. Three ideas were put forward. The first was to try and turn them to propaganda advantage by enticing certain British officials (members of the staff of the then Northern Ireland Secretary William Whitelaw were suggested as suitable victims) into one of the brothels. Then, as soon as they came out, the house would be raided, the films seized, and photographs leaked to the American and European press. The second suggestion was along the same lines as the first, except that this time the suggested victims were to be members of the consular staffs of foreign governments. The third proposal was to attack and destroy *both* the laundry and the brothels in the same operation. And, after three hours of discussion, it was this suggestion that won final approval.

So on a Monday, October 2, 1972, a special-action group of IRA men and women, under orders from general headquarters, drove from Dublin to Belfast, where they collected arms and split into two groups. One unit attacked a Four Square Laundry van in Dunmurray and killed the driver. Meanwhile, the second unit had again divided into two squads. One attacked the "health club," the other the Antrim Road brothel. Both pistols and sten guns were used. The IRA later claimed that five British agents had been killed, including the second-in-command

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AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND • 80 PROOF

of the brothel operation, a man known as "Bossman," and a woman. She was described as the daughter of a British army brigadier, but her function in the sexpionage operation was not disclosed.

The British army denies all these claims and says that only one man—whom they admit to have been operating under cover—was killed. It seems clear, however, that some type of raid was carried out on the Antrim Road establishment that Monday morning, for the road was certainly sealed off by British troops and equipment (said to include cameras and tape recorders) was seen being carried from the house. The IRA called the operation "Leo," but unofficially it became known as "Operation Dolly Fosset," an ironic tribute to a once notorious Dublin bawdy house.

After the raids, both the Four Square Laundry operation and the brothels were closed down. Since their cover had been effectively blown they were of no further value.

It is impossible to say whether or not Bernie Silver's cooperation with the authorities in this affair earned him temporary respite from police attention. In the long run, neither his bribes nor his unofficial espionage services to the Crown did him much good. In December 1974, he was jailed for six years for renting apartments to prostitutes. While he was in prison the police gathered sufficient evidence to convict him of the 1956 murder of Smithson.

But British intelligence's appreciation of the merits of brothels as a source of information is not of recent origin. During World War II, Winston Churchill ordered a commando raid on Nazi-occupied France in order to capture the entire staff of one bordello. In late January 1944, British army intelligence received information that the appointment of Field Marshall Erwin Rommel as commander in chief of all German forces from the Netherlands to the Loire had caused Wehrmacht morale to plunge. The more fanatical young German officers—who were still convinced Nazis—were said to resent the command's going to Rommel, whom they regarded as only a lukewarm follower of the Fuehrer. If this information was true, the situation might well be exploited by the Allies to weaken the German command structure in this vitally important area of Europe. The difficulty was to substantiate the report. Then, at a conference, the British director of military intelligence remarked casually that the best judges of German officer morale were probably the prostitutes in a military brothel near Lisieux. The only establishment remaining between Le Havre and Cherbourg, it had been kept open solely to serve the needs of Rommel's senior staff. "There are apparently seven girls and a madam," the director said.

Churchill chewed on his cigar for a moment. Then he growled a two-word order, "Fetch them!"

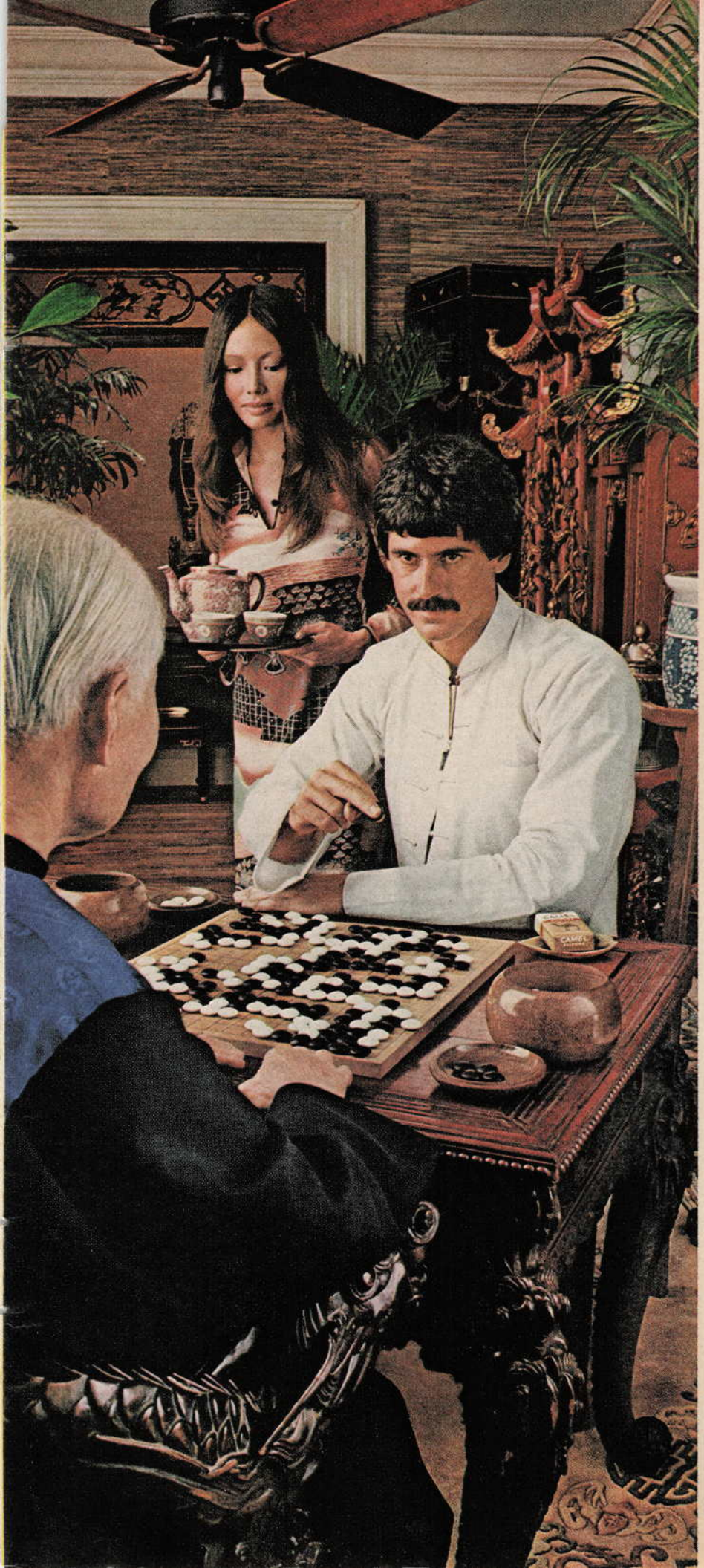
This command led to what was probably the most bizarre raid of the war. A group of veteran commandos was assembled in great secrecy at a port on the south coast of England and briefed for the assault. They were to be landed in small boats near Lisieux while two other groups, supported by Royal Air Force bombers, made diversionary raids on either side of the target.

At first the soldiers assumed they were being sent over to abduct Rommel. When they discovered that instead they would be snatching a group of prostitutes and an elderly madam, the briefing disintegrated into a bedlam of cheers and catcalls. After a choppy but uneventful crossing the commandos were landed right on target. As they made their way inland, they could hear the constant roar of explosions from the bombing raids. It was a moonless night in late January, and the squad encountered some difficulty in locating the château which housed the brothel. Eventually they did find it, however, and crawled cautiously through the undergrowth towards the high surrounding wall. They expected to have to scale the wall, but they found the iron gates standing open and quite unguarded. The Germans had never expected that a brothel would become a military target!

Their faces blackened, sten guns cradled in their arms, the commandos slithered forward through the shrubbery flanking the wide gravel drive. The sound of a piano drifted out from the shuttered windows. By the front steps were several staff cars, their bored drivers smoking and chatting as they waited for the officers to reappear. These men were silently killed and dragged into the bushes. Then the raiders sprinted up the stone steps and crashed into the building. They ran from room to room, snatching the screaming girls from their beds and shooting down their sleeping partners. Hooded, their hands bound behind them, the seven girls and the madam were hurried along to the beach. Lamp signals flickered across the pitch-black water and a dinghy came ashore to pick them up. Within two hours of their landing, the raiding party and their catch were racing back across the channel toward England.

On arrival the girls—several of them still suffering from seasickness—were driven to London and interrogated by military intelligence. When they had calmed down, they confirmed the previous reports: an anti-Hitler faction among Rommel's staff had the support of both the field marshall and General Karl Heinrich von Stülpnagel, the military governor of France. The girls remained prisoners of war until after the invasion, when they were returned to France. Because of the strange and controversial nature of the raid, all references to it were removed from official histories of World War II.

After the war, the SIS (Secret Intelligence Service) employed prostitutes in Germany and Austria to wheedle pillow secrets from Russian soldiers, but the value of this intelligence was minimal and the British were never really enthusiastic about operations of this kind. The French, on the other hand, set considerable store by sexual sources—according to a former British intelligence officer, at one time there were more than 400 prostitutes on



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the payroll of French military intelligence—"Doing their best on their backs in the Vienna Woods!"

Because of the political risks involved in a possible public disclosure of such operations, the Security Service only rarely sets up entrapment brothels. If they do, the operation tends to be of limited duration and located in an area where maximum security can be achieved—as in Northern Ireland.

For this reason, sexpionage in Britain has tended to take on a defensive rather than offensive role. As a weapon of counterintelligence, it has come under the control of the Security Service rather than the Secret Intelligence Service.

Like America, but unlike the Soviet Union, Britain has no single, esoteric, and ubiquitous intelligence service. Instead, the tasks of intelligence gathering and counterintelligence security are divided between two distinct organizations. These have long, but inaccurately, been known as MI-5 and MI-6.

The abbreviations stand for "Military Intelligence," but the term is a misnomer, for neither organization is connected with the military so far as intelligence-gathering operations are concerned. All three armed services have their own intelligence units which liaise with each other and with the civilian services through the Defense Intelligence Staff. MI-6 (correctly, the Secret Intelligence Service or SIS) approximates the CIA. MI-5 (the Security Service) is equivalent to the FBI. The SIS is controlled by the Foreign Office and is answerable—in so far as it is answerable to *any* outsider—to the Foreign Secretary. The Security Service, which is nearly always referred to by its full name because of the unfortunate association of the initials SS with Nazi Germany, is controlled by the British Home Office.

The relationship between the Security Service and the SIS is a delicate one, often breaking down into bitter rivalry. This happened in 1969 when the Irish situation erupted. Ulster, being a part of the United Kingdom, was the responsibility of the Security Service, while the Irish Republic came under the control of the SIS. Both services were quite unprepared for the hostilities, and their efforts to build up networks from scratch were hampered by bitter demarcation disputes.

The SIS is the largest British intelligence service and has numerous offices around London. Two of its main addresses are a hotel on Northumberland Avenue, where potential recruits are interviewed, and 21 Queen Anne's Gate, near Buckingham Palace, where the administrative offices are located. Clandestine operations abroad are carried out by SIS officers, members of the Special Air Services, and undercover military force.

The Security Service is more centralized, being located at Leconfield House, not far from the Hilton Hotel, on Park Lane. As the service has no powers of arrest, it works in close cooperation with the Special Branch of the police, which carries out raids and makes arrests on their behalf. The Security Service employs only British nationals, including men and women from Northern Ireland, and its orientation is much more military than the SIS. All its agents are trained in both counterintelligence and counterinsurgency operations. To keep the service at maximum fitness, the age of retirement is fifty-five.

The rivalry between the two services led, in 1962, to one of the gravest scandals ever to rock the Establishment. Called the "Profumo Affair," after its best-known participant, it centered around a British statesman, a Russian spy, and a pretty call girl. Although many thousands of words have been written about it, the inside story of this astonishing sexpionage operation is told here for the first time.

In January 1961, the head of the Security Service, Sir Roger Henry Hollis, called a special meeting of his senior advisers. Sir Henry was an ambitious and enthusiastic intelligence officer, always more at home in an offensive rather than a defensive role. The son of the Bishop of Taunton, he was born in 1905 and went straight into the Ministry of Defense from Oxford University. In the early 1950's he was sent out to Australia to help set up their national security service, and there he rapidly became involved in his first political scandal. In 1952, Vladimir Petrov, the KGB (Komitet Gosudarstvennoye Bezopastnosti, or Committee for State Security) spy master in Australia, defected, and among the documents he handed over to Western security officials, it is claimed, was a list of Communist agents in Australia. The Petrov list triggered a purge of government and civil-service officials that seriously damaged the Australian Labor party's chances of achieving power. Although the list *may* have been genuine, the suspicion remains that it was—at least in part—a Security Service forgery.

Hollis returned to England, bought an expensive house in London's fashionable Kensington, and settled down to a successful career in the service. He was awarded various honors as he rose through the ranks of counterintelligence, including a knighthood in 1960. The citation described him simply as "attached to the War Office." In 1966 he was made a Knight of the Bath, an even higher honor than his earlier knighthood. By that time, however, he had been publicly disgraced and was living in lonely disillusion in a country cottage.

Despite his previous success, when Sir Henry called together his advisers in January 1961, the tone of the conference was gloomy. British security had been mauled by the press in light of the disclosures of a spy ring in the Portland weapons establishment. Not only had a major KGB spy ring been operating in the top-secret establishment for six years, but one of the key agents, Harry Houghton, had actually been given clearance to handle secrets even after he was a known security risk. Although the spies had been caught in the end, the Security Service didn't come out of it very well. But their own lack of efficiency wasn't the major reason for the depression that characterized the January meeting. Sir Henry was angry about a major intelligence triumph by the SIS.

In 1960, the CIA had been approached in Turkey by a colonel in the Soviet military intelligence organization, the GRU, named Oleg Penkovsky. The agency investigated the colonel, decided that he must be a KGB stooge, and turned down his offer of secrets. Penkovsky then called on the SIS and found them far more enthusiastic. As his work was concerned with assessing the merits of NATO missile capability, Penkovsky had to know a great deal about the USSR's stockpiles and research programs—and it was this information he was peddling. When his value and sincerity finally became clear, the CIA was forced to go to the SIS and ask for a share in the operation. During the Cuban crisis in 1962, Penkovsky played a vital role by advising the Americans about the Soviet leadership's true intentions.

Irritated by the SIS success, Sir Henry had ordered his staff to discover an equally high-ranking Soviet operating within the UK who might be subverted. The man they came up with was Eugene Ivanov, overtly a naval attaché at the Soviet Embassy, but actually a major general in the GRU.

A thickset and rather unintelligent-looking individual, known in diplomatic circles as "Fox Face," Ivanov was in fact an experienced and brilliant spy master who had been given the task of penetrating the Portland weapons establishment. He dressed smartly and liked to spend his evenings in nightclubs; seemingly, he enjoyed the trappings of capitalist society and might, the Security Service felt, be prepared to sell himself if the price was right. So at the January meeting it was decided to introduce Ivanov to some of the more exotic trappings of British society as a prelude to possible subversion. Before the meeting ended, the broad outlines of the sexpionage entrapment had been agreed upon.

The chosen intermediary for the Ivanov operation was a fashionable London osteopath, amateur artist, and provider of prostitutes to the Establishment, Dr. Stephen Ward. The son of a clergyman, Ward trained in his profession before World War II. In 1939, he joined the Royal Army Medical Corps and in six years had risen to the rank of captain. Posted to India, he rapidly acquired social poise by mixing with the officials of the British *raj*. Although far from handsome in the conventional sense, he possessed faultless manners, an ability to play bridge, and an almost hypnotic charm over women. These attributes were to be both his making and his breaking.

In 1947, Ward returned to London and started in private practice. Soon his clients

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

SHOW STOPPER

There are really two personalities in twenty-five-year-old Arla Terrell's makeup. As a singer, and entertainer, she projects all the essential come-and-get-me wiles that lend dynamite to a theatrical performance, but as a private person she lives by another set of rules that she's not about to give up. Born a Leo, she classifies herself as a cuddly cat rather than a lioness. "I can be as sensuous and purry as a kitten," she says, "but when the mood moves me, I can be as cold and aloof as any snobby cat."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM PERIOR

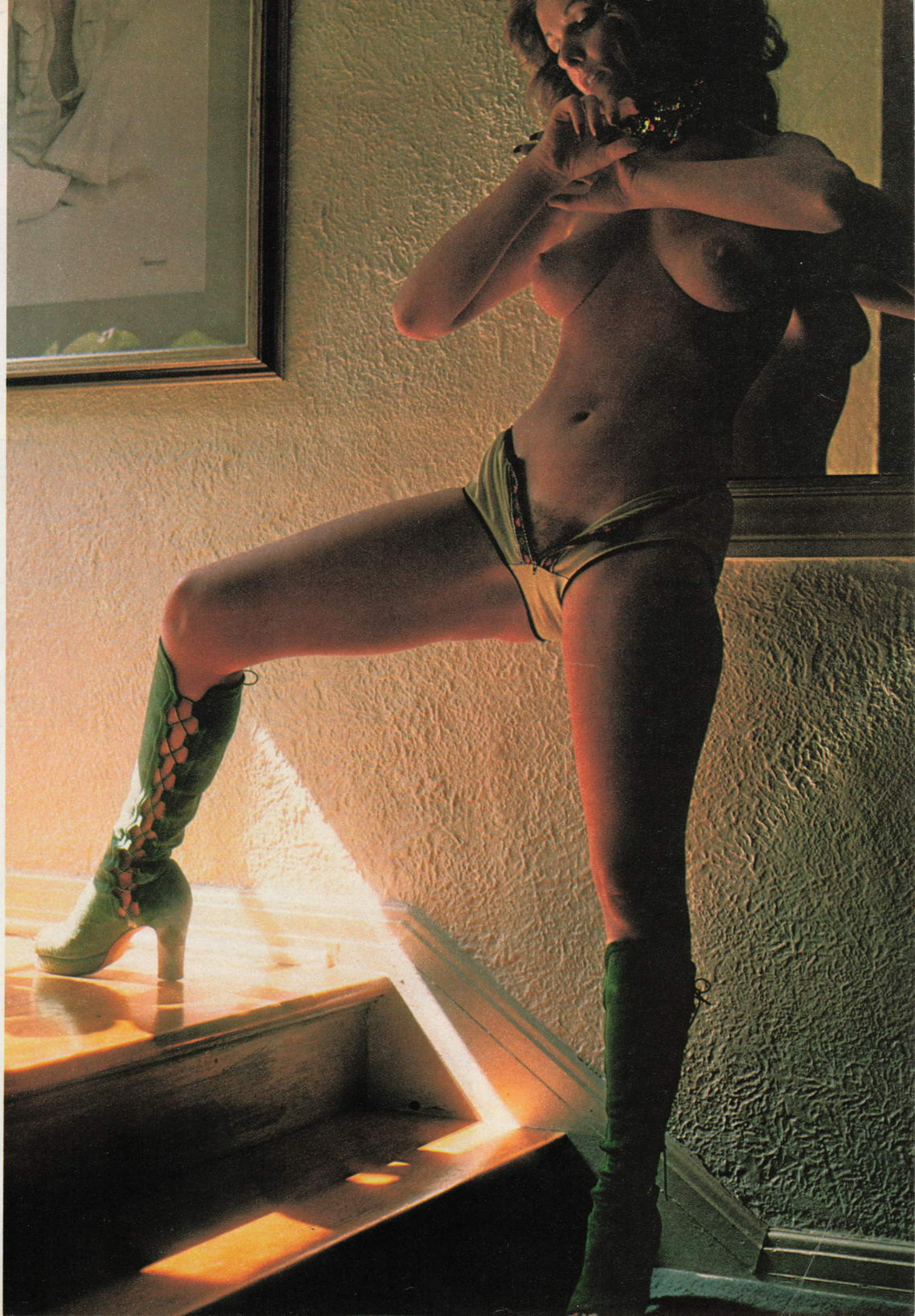
Jewelry by Dia of Silverbird, Los Angeles

In a professional world where glitter and gloss are par for the course, Arla insists that, "peace of mind is essential. And it's relatively simple to achieve. It's being with someone I really dig—a real friend—in some secluded spot. A friend is one of the most important things in life. That's someone you can sit with for hours without saying a word, someone who won't constantly bug you about why you're so quiet."

"Oral sex really turns me on, and I like doing it without being asked...."

It seems that the extrovert in Arla, the part that's taken care of onstage, has its counterpoint offstage in plain earthbound Miss Terrell. In any case, she rejects pressure—particularly from males. "I don't like a guy who comes on strong and constantly harasses me about sex. I want a guy who can just let things happen. Maybe this is why I often end up having relationships with less attractive men. They seem to develop more consideration for their women, and they never expect more than you're prepared to give."

Even in bed, she maintains her own particular mix of aggression and shyness. "I'm not interested in games or foreplay. Once I've decided to sleep



with someone, I like to get right down to it. I like experimenting. Oral sex really turns me on , and I like doing it without being asked—as a natural consequence of lovemaking. But I *have* to be emotionally involved. A purely physical attraction is just too shallow to interest me. Ultimately, I think marriage is the answer. I think I could handle it, because essentially I'm really a *faithful* person. I'm a one-guy woman."

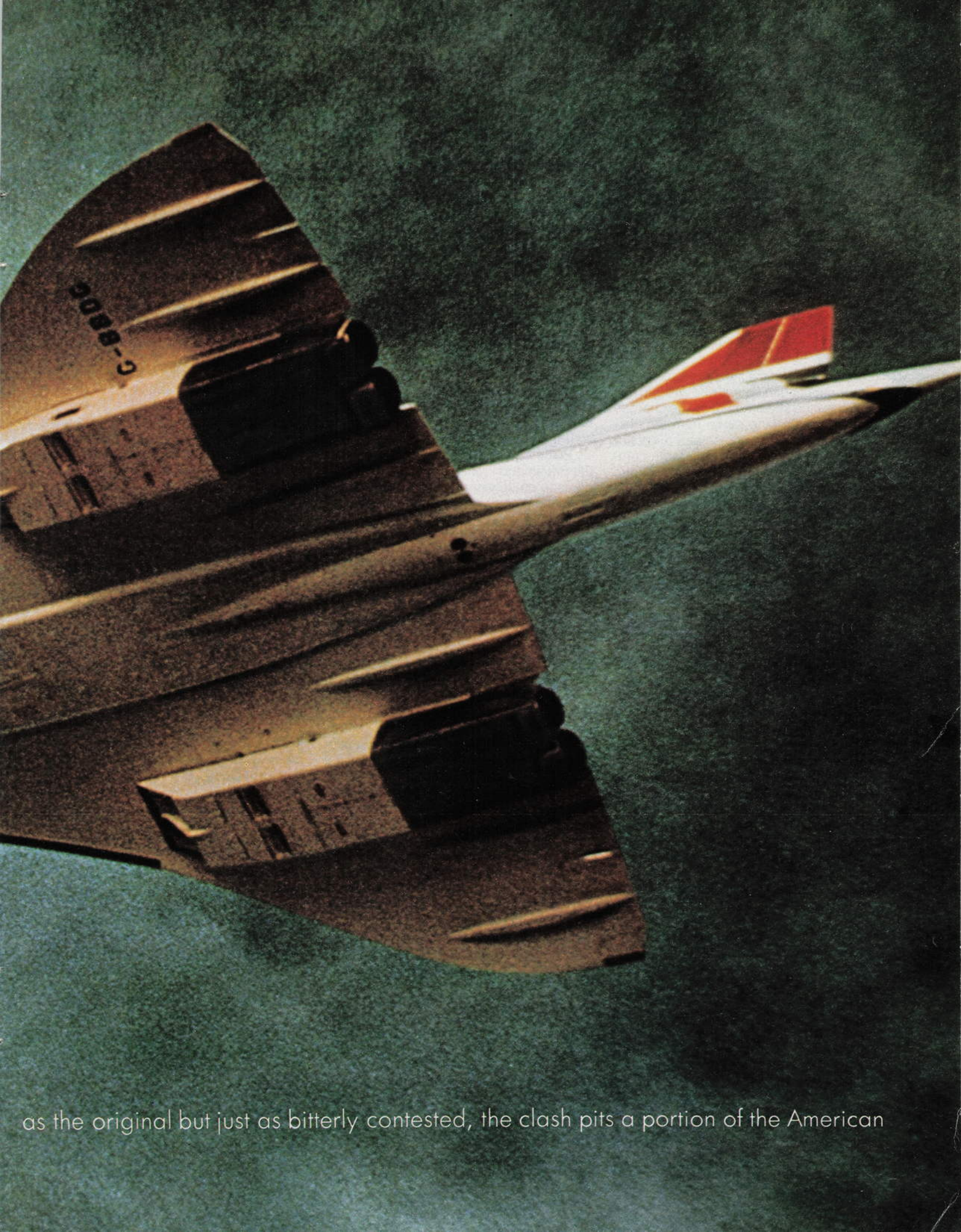
All of which is not to say that Arla doesn't have her own secret scenarios. "I've always had fantasies of dancing naked in front of a bunch of men . . . really wildly . . . a totally uninhibited, torrid dance. But that's fantasy. I don't know if I would ever actually do it...." A lissome 36-23-36, she certainly has what it takes to intrigue her audience, if ever she decides to display it on stage. Any way you look at her—and we welcome the chance—Arla's a show-stopper.

THE CONCORDE CONTROVERSY

By James J. Haggerty

Is the Anglo-French SST a potential death threat to every human being or an inevitable step in aviation progress?

The Battle of Concorde rages anew, a Bicentennial commemorative. Not as gory



as the original but just as bitterly contested, the clash pits a portion of the American

public against the British redcoats, who are buttressed by an alliance with the French. The focal point of the battle this time is not the Massachusetts town, but Concorde with an *e*—the Anglo-French supersonic transport that has the ability to zip passengers from here to there at 1,400 miles per hour.

The battle was joined a year ago when British Airways and Air France announced plans for commercial Concorde service into New York and Washington beginning in April 1976. So vehemently negative was the reaction, particularly in New York, you would have thought the furriners were asking for the keys to Fort Knox.

The argument raged throughout 1975 and it is now reaching a crescendo. The opposition to Concorde service is spearheaded by environmentalists and airport neighbors, backed by anti-technologists, xenophobes, and the inevitable sprinkling of avocational dissenters who will join any protest for the sheer hell of it. The charges against the airplane range from the customary objections on noise and air pollution grounds to such insupportable commentary as this from last year's public hearings on the subject: "It is a potential death threat to every human being who lives on this earth."

Opinion is not all negative. Many aerospace industry people, thwarted in their efforts to produce an American SST, see Concorde as a magnificent technological triumph, an inevitable and essential step in aviation progress. The State Department, concerned with "delicate foreign relations questions" involved, tightroped its way through a statement which says, in effect, we're for it.

A Texas delegation representing Dallas/Fort Worth International Airport flew in the Concorde, pronounced it a fine airplane, and welcomed it to DFW. Surprisingly, even some private citizens took the trouble to appear in person at the hearings to support the Concorde's admission to the U.S. Example: A Virginia farmer whose family has long operated a dairy farm in close proximity to Washington's Dulles International Airport said, "Neither we nor our 200 cows object."

For Concorde, American landing rights are practically a life-or-death matter. Commercial service with the SST is an economically marginal proposition because of very high operating costs spread over relatively few fares—100 to 108 passengers.

Even at premium fares, British Airways and Air France must fill at least half the seats—on every flight, on every route—to break even. Concorde's chances of making a profit hinge on its ability to fly the North Atlantic route linking Europe with the U.S., the world's most heavily trafficked long-haul commercial route.

The chances for Concorde's approval are problematic. After more than a year of soul-searching by the Federal Aviation Administration and the Department of Transportation, Secretary of Transportation William T. Coleman, Jr. has promised a decision by February 4. That, however, is by no means the last word.

A favorable decision by Coleman would clear the way for Concorde flights into the FAA-operated Dulles International Airport. But the decision is not binding upon the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, which operates John F. Kennedy International Airport. Under pressure from the New York congressional delegation, the state government, and thousands of JFK's neighbors, the Port Authority may deny entry to Concorde no matter what the federal agency decides.

Nor would a Coleman nod entirely settle the Dulles issue. Wisconsin's Senator William Proxmire, perhaps the most powerful of Concorde's antagonists, has stated his intention of seeking federal legislation to ban the airplane from all U.S. airports. Similar moves by other congressmen are anticipated. Almost certainly environmentalists and other citizens' groups would start legal action.

On the other hand, if Coleman says no, the British and French are not likely to acquiesce politely and watch a $2.5-billion investment go down the drain. They would undoubtedly seek to apply strong diplomatic pressure. British Airways and Air France have batteries of high-powered lawyers in action and they may demand court review of their rights under their bilateral air-transport contracts in the United States. One possibility is that the two airlines may fly the airplane for a year or so on their already cleared foreign routes to demonstrate that Concorde will not cause the sky to fall, then reinitiate the request for U.S. landing rights. So whatever the February decision, the Battle of Concorde will continue for some time to come.

Is Concorde really such a terrible infliction? The issue is so blurred by emotional hyperbole it is difficult to sort out sense from absurdity. But if you take a long look at the evidence and assay it with reasoned objectivity, you will most likely reach this conclusion: Concorde is taking a bad rap.

Not that the objections are entirely without validity. Concorde makes noise, more than most airliners though not as much more as objectors would have you believe. It pollutes the air. But what airplane does not? It is unique to commercial service in that it flies in the stratosphere, raising concern about possible harmful influence on the earth's ozone shield. But military aircraft, virtually thousands of them, are capable of stratospheric performance and they have been at it for more than twenty years with no appreciable effect on the protective ozone layer.

In short, Concorde is an airplane and therefore guilty of the environmental trespasses of its genre. In the numbers contemplated—no more than sixteen airplanes worldwide for years to come—its net impact on the environment will be minimal. Concorde has become a whipping boy. Its high public visibility, by virtue of its extraordinary performance, makes it an excellent target for what is essentially a new round of attacks on *all* airplanes. But the world has long accepted the annoying elements of commercial flight as a trade-off for its convenience and necessity. Concorde merits similar forbearance because it is, as its developers keep saying, "just another airplane."

An understanding of the issues in the Battle of Concorde is best prefaced by a brief rundown of what the SST is like and what it can do. For *Penthouse*, I previewed the Concorde on a recent flight from London to Beirut, a span that compares roughly with transcontinental U.S. distance. It took exactly two hours, fifty-six minutes, despite a long subsonic loafing period. The top speed reached was just under 1,400 miles per hour.

The first impression on boarding Concorde, particularly if you've just debarked a spacious Boeing 747, is that it's tiny. Not tiny overall, because at 400,000 pounds Concorde ranks with the intermediate jetliners, such as the 707 and the DC-8. But Concorde's cabin is considerably narrower than most.

This narrowness did not result from a mental lapse on the part of the designers (the plane is jointly produced by British Aircraft Corporation and Aérospatiale France). Rather it is a dictate of supersonic flight. Any object blasting its way through the air at speeds faster than sound encounters enormous resistance in the form of atmospheric drag. The blunter the object, the greater the drag. Thus, to get Concorde up to *twice* the speed of sound, the designers had to employ a sharply swept-back wing and a long, pencil-thin fuselage.

The cabin width does not discommode the passengers, however, because there are only four seats across, two on either side of the aisle. The individual seat is not as ample as the living-room armchair in a 747's first-class section, but it is wider than the 747's economy seat and there is full-stretch legroom. In a word, Concorde seating is comfortable if not luxurious for the largest person on board, which in this instance was me. And, after all, how long do you have to sit? Three and a half hours will get you across the Atlantic.

British Airways' Concorde proving flight OF304 took off from London's Heathrow Airport at 9:05 in the morning and leapt into the air with a tremendous surge of engine power, climbing like a DC-9. With its dart-shaped Delta wing, designed for high speeds, one might expect Concorde to wobble somewhat at low speeds. But, flying the departure pattern at 230 miles per hour, the SST was particularly impressive for its low-speed stability, derived from efficient design and a new, superprecise control system. The departure supported the manufacturers' claim that, speed aside, Concorde is "just another airplane" which can fit into the air traffic

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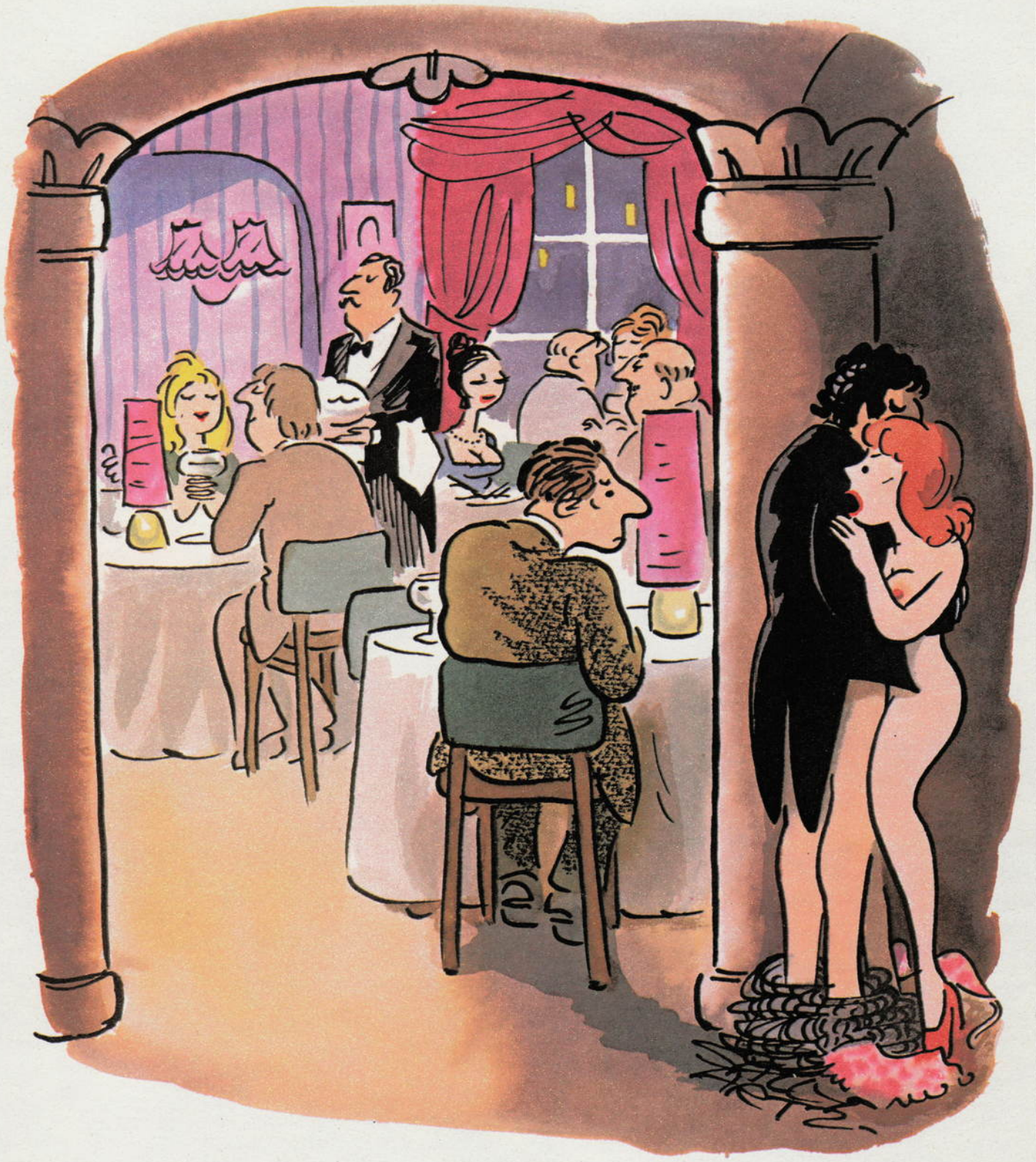


"Oh, stop complaining! How else could we afford to eat here?"

HARGROVE
U.S. ARMY

The Lieutenant was a book soldier—but it took more than a manual to make him a man. . . .

THE VIETNAMIZATION OF **LIEUTENANT HARGROVE**

BY JOHN GRANT

Rover Rolls Over

A little yellow dog trots along in the dust on the shoulder of Route 19. It's a Zip dog, you can tell by the way its eyes look shifty and foreign. There's a village a quarter-mile away, and he seems to be trotting toward it with the patience of Buddha.

He's really a cute, good-natured, doggie-wanna-bone kind of dog, minding his own business and pitter-patting along, when from the west appears a deuce-and-a-half hell-bent for Pleiku. The dog ignores the truck until he starts taking hostile fire from the round-eyed good ol' boys in the back. *Pop! Pop! Pop!* Dust roaring from the truck's tires and undercarriage like it was cropdusting. *Pop! Pop!* Three assholes in the back jerking off their shiny new M-16's . . . whoopin' it up . . . grab-assin' . . . "I'm jumpin' Jack Flash, it's a gas, gas, gas." *Pop! Pop! Pop!* Shoot the little yellow dog!

So what does the little cur do? Exactly what any other intelligent little cur in the same position would do. He starts running as hard as his little furry feet will move him. Runs parallel with the truck. So the assholes have an easy target. *Pop! Pop! Pop!* And doggie's got it. *Blap!* right in the gut. Doggie guts all over.

But wait a minute. No . . . all is not lost. Doggie is still warm, and two women are scooping him up and trotting off back to the village. A few herbs and. . . .

Onward Christian Soldiers

The truck with the three assholes in the back bounces on toward Pleiku. Rice paddies to the left and to the right like mirrors, with thousands of tiny needles piercing the surface in rows. Villages appear now and then, a shack made of Pabst Blue Ribbon cans, grazing water buffalo, and a small shrine by the road.

"Pass me a beer," says the first asshole, fly unbuttoned, with a belch.

The second asshole pops the top on a warm bottle of Vietnamese brew and hands it to number one.

Number three is standing in the wind holding on to the cab. His red hair blows about and he has Air Force Polaroid shades on. His M-16 is lying on the cab, right hand on the pistol grip. Number three is keeping an eye out for the bad guys.

They're all off to Pleiku to have a real proper blowout. Get drunk. Get laid. A real first-class cowboy end-of-the-cattle-drive, rip-up-the-town, and fuck-you blowout.

The truck passes a clump of Montagnard children standing by the road picking their noses. Cute kids. Brown, like Indians. They wave, holler gibberish. Some stand still, gentle, shy. Boys dressed with a rag tied around their privates, girls with colorful black and red patterned skirts to below their knees. Real *National Geographic* material. The kind any red-blooded fatherly GI wants to squat down in front of with a warm smile and teach to say "fuck you!"

As the truck passes, asshole number two throws C-ration cans at the little native children. *Whap!* What an arm! He hits a skinny runny-nosed girl in the cheek, knocks her down; she scrambles for it in the dust, scraping her callused knees. *Gotta get that can!* Brown boys and girls clawing and scratching, pawing and pulling to get that can.

But the little girl's got it, won't let it go, clutches it to her chest. Beans and Franks. Hot dog!

Blap! she receives a B-2 unit in the forehead. She falls and a little brown boy takes her cherished can. Hm-m-m-m.

And the truck is on its way.

It rattles and clunks along, on past the Frenchman's tea plantation. Sorting sheds, rusty water tower, outbuildings, overseer's quarters, and a one-story stucco planter's house nestled in the trees five hundred yards from the road. Sixty acres of anachronism. An island in the center of an ankle-deep lake of tea bushes. Here the war has been moot for years. Someone else's turn to be made the fool.

The truck slows so as not to devour a three-wheel Lambretta *putt-putting* ahead. Three young girls in the back begin to wave. They are all wearing loose cotton pajamas. Petite olive-brown Eurasian girls: they drive Occidental men to either rape or adoration. Or both.

Their silly antics increase as the truck edges closer, the great olive-drab hood looming dangerously close. The three assholes begin to holler sweet nothings over the top of the cab; and the girls take the cue, make beckoning gestures, giggling naughtily among themselves.

One makes a circle with her left forefinger and thumb and pushes her other forefinger in and out. The Lambretta driver leans out, grins wide, and waves to the boys in the truck. The Lambretta swerves and the girls curse . . . but he's got it safely back on the road. A girl hollers and points to a dirt road just ahead. The three assholes nod, jump up and down, whoop it up, and beat the side of the truck. The smallest girl is now lying on the floor, sinuously rubbing her fine cotton-sheathed thighs. The Lambretta turns down the road and zips on ahead, rounds a curve . . . the girls hot as a Tet fireworks display.

The cumbersome truck is in hot pursuit. Around the curve. *Bump-bumpity-bump. Rattle. Clunk!* They're fifty yards ahead, chicks still rollin'. Excitement got the old adrenaline pumpin'. Gonna be like back home, humpin' honeys at the drive-in. . . .

When out of the ground comes a god-awful roar. BOOOM! Like the slow-motion opening of a flower of dust. The nose goes up, it slides back, hangs there, then flips, rolls, and totters gently. Smoking, hissing, steam and still metal creaking. Nothing left but scraps of hair and assholes.

In Which the Problem Is Defined

The Lambretta doesn't even stop to see the dead people; it just keeps on skipping down the dusty road, slipping on stones, bebopping its way like a bat out of hell back to the village. They've done their bit, served their cause, supported a flag, mama san, and mango pie, and they generally feel good inside like a man feels after he

Illustration By Dickran Pulilian

thrashes or is thrashed by some asshole who has just made light of his woman.

So there it lies. The two-and-a-half-ton truck. Charred, warped, and pretty much worn to an iron frazzle.

It lies there for an hour unseen and unheard. Just lies there, the silence broken only by a periodic metal snap. Until a jeep appears on Route 19 heading east.

The two soldiers in this jeep are wearing steel pots, fiberglass flak vests, and plastic goggles. The faces beyond the reflecting plastic windows are covered with chalky tan dust, sweat forming dark rivulets down their cheeks.

They stop. The first thing the soldier in the passenger seat does is cock his head and talk out the side of his mouth into his hand; then he listens to a bunch of squack coming from the radio behind him, then talks into his hand again. The driver stands holding an M-16 at the ready, looking left and right, front and back, in the trees, down the road, and up in the air.

The passenger points to the wreckage and the driver is behind the wheel again. Fuck the road! He's jumping the ditch and zipping that nimble little M-151 Ford Jeep right across a field.

The driver stops near the wreck. The passenger, a lieutenant, says, "Christ, what a fucking mess!" He keys the microphone. "Yukon Mountie 3, Yukon Mountie 6, over."

"Yukon Mountie 6, Yukon Mountie 3, go."

"Roger, Yukon Mountie 3 . . . ah . . . it's a deuce-and-a-half. 372nd Engineers. Upside down, smoking a bit still . . . ah . . . I think there's four or five individuals laying around, two of them twisted up in the cab. They all look . . . ah . . . dead . . . ah. . . . It's really a fucking mess. Over."

"Roger copy, Yukon Mountie 6. Try to get those two clear of the cab. Over."

"Roger. Request air support. Over."

"There's a Dustoff and two Screamin' Meamies on the pad. Any sign of dinks? Over."

"Ah . . . Yukon Mountie 3, Yukon Mountie 6. No sign, except that they're around . . . ah. . . . Over."

"Roger, 6 . . . ah . . . Yukon Mountie 6, Yukon Mountie 3. . . . Out."

So now the problem. How to extract these poor unfortunate assholes from the wreckage. Lieutenant Hargrove has a business degree from Idaho State, so he's equipped for a challenge.

"Well, Warren," he says to Sp/4 Warren Warren, with whom he is on a first-name basis, "I think the best way to do this is to utilize the systems approach."

"Sounds good to me, Roy sir."

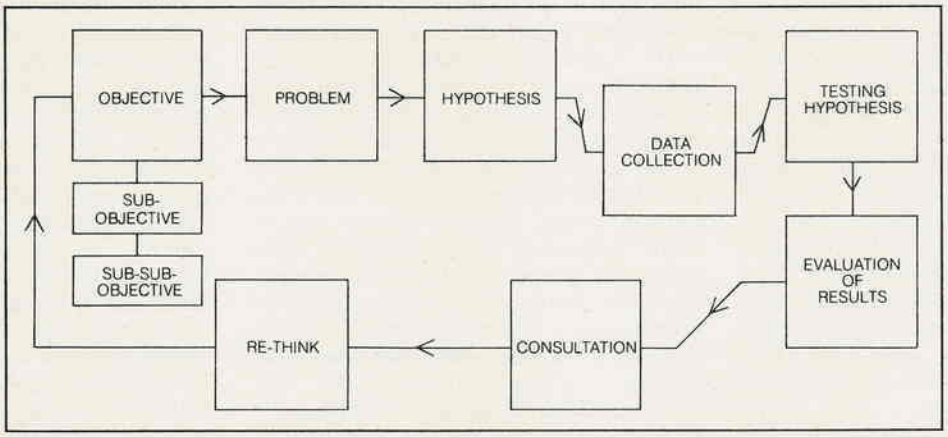
"Ah . . . Warren, why don't you check the bodies over there on the ground. If anybody is alive, give him first aid; if they're dead, line 'em up. I'll see about the ones in the cab."

Lieutenant Hargrove lifts his jungle boot up onto the underside of the fender like a state trooper. It slips off. He leans down and peers into the confusion, clipboard in hand, wiggles a triangle of windshield glass loose and tosses it behind him. He makes a note, checks his OD-issue wristwatch: 1523.

He walks to the other side, where an arm is dangling above a red gelatinous mass in the dust. He makes another note, tries the door handle. It's wedged tight. He feels the ruptured threads of the tire, studies the brute undercarriage for a moment, and walks back to the jeep.

Warren has lined the bodies up on their backs, arms akimbo. He returns to the jeep, where Lieutenant Hargrove is writing on his clipboard.

"Okay, Warren, here's what we'll do." He hands Warren the clipboard. This is what Warren sees:



Warren studies the plan. He hands the clipboard back to Lieutenant Hargrove. "Looks tight to me."

"Good! Then I think we can begin the implementation stage."

At this juncture, Lieutenant Hargrove notices a group of four people, ankle-deep in tea bushes, standing under the trees. A sinewy gentleman with a wide-brimmed straw hat, baggy khaki bermudas; a ruddy looking fellow, hairy-chested, ribs and gut covered with weathered hide, and smoking a pipe. He and the three Vietnamese men seem supremely interested in the interface going on not thirty meters away from them.

Lieutenant Hargrove remains calm. Warren picks up his M-16 from the seat, hangs it hunting-style over his arm. The sinewy gentleman waves hospitably. He has a wide smile. "Bonne chance, mon ami!" One of the Vietnamese folds out a canvas seat and the gentleman sits down. He is handed a brandy snifter. The three Vietnamese then lower themselves gently down amongst the tea bushes, squatting on their heels.

Lieutenant Hargrove motions Warren to put down his gun. "A harmless eccentric, Warren, let's forget him and get busy."

They walk over to the truck. "Now. We'll take it step by step. System integrity is very important, so don't jump ahead of me."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Just what I tell you. So pay attention."

Lieutenant Hargrove checks his clipboard. "First we have to state our objectives comprehensively, and so forth. Here . . . why don't you write them down as I go along." He hands Warren the clipboard and squats down. "Main objective: retract two men from tangle of dashboard and firewall. Subobjective: do it quickly. Subsubobjective: Keep them intact." He wiggles a wedge of glass out from the windshield and toys with it. "Definition of the problem: the men are pinned in all this . . . ah . . . crap. Formulation of the hypothesis: I would say the best approach on this one is to yank them out through the windshield. Now, where are we?" He looks over at the clipboard. "Data collection, which requires a little poking around."

Lieutenant Hargrove gets on his back and shimmies under the hood, an area with about eighteen inches clearance and covered with shattered glass. He knocks still more glass free with the butt of his pistol, reaches in to take some stress readings, measures this and that with his eye, wrenches the gearshift into a less obstructive gear, then hauls himself out. He brushes his back. "Okay, now to test the hypo. Warren, you slide under from the other side . . . put the clipboard down. And I'll get under this side. When I say yank, you *yank*!"

Lieutenant Hargrove looks over at the group in the tea bushes. The gentleman tips his hat. "Mon ami, attention que le camion ne tombe pas." The three Vietnamese laugh.

Lieutenant Hargrove finds the gentleman extremely offensive. Christ, he *could* help. Warren shoots him a bird, and they lower themselves into position under the hood. Lieutenant Hargrove gets a firm grip on a boot; Warren on an elbow joint.

"Okay—*yank*!"

Straining, bruising their heads in these close quarters, glass digging into their backs, braced boots slipping in the dust . . . but the body won't budge. They try the other one, which gives a little at first, but holds firm halfway out the windshield.

"Okay, Warren, slide back out. The hypothesis is unworkable." On his feet, Lieutenant Hargrove, deep in thought, rubs his chin. "We'll have to restate the objectives and run through it again. Warren, upon rethinking, strike out the subsubobjective and get the machete."

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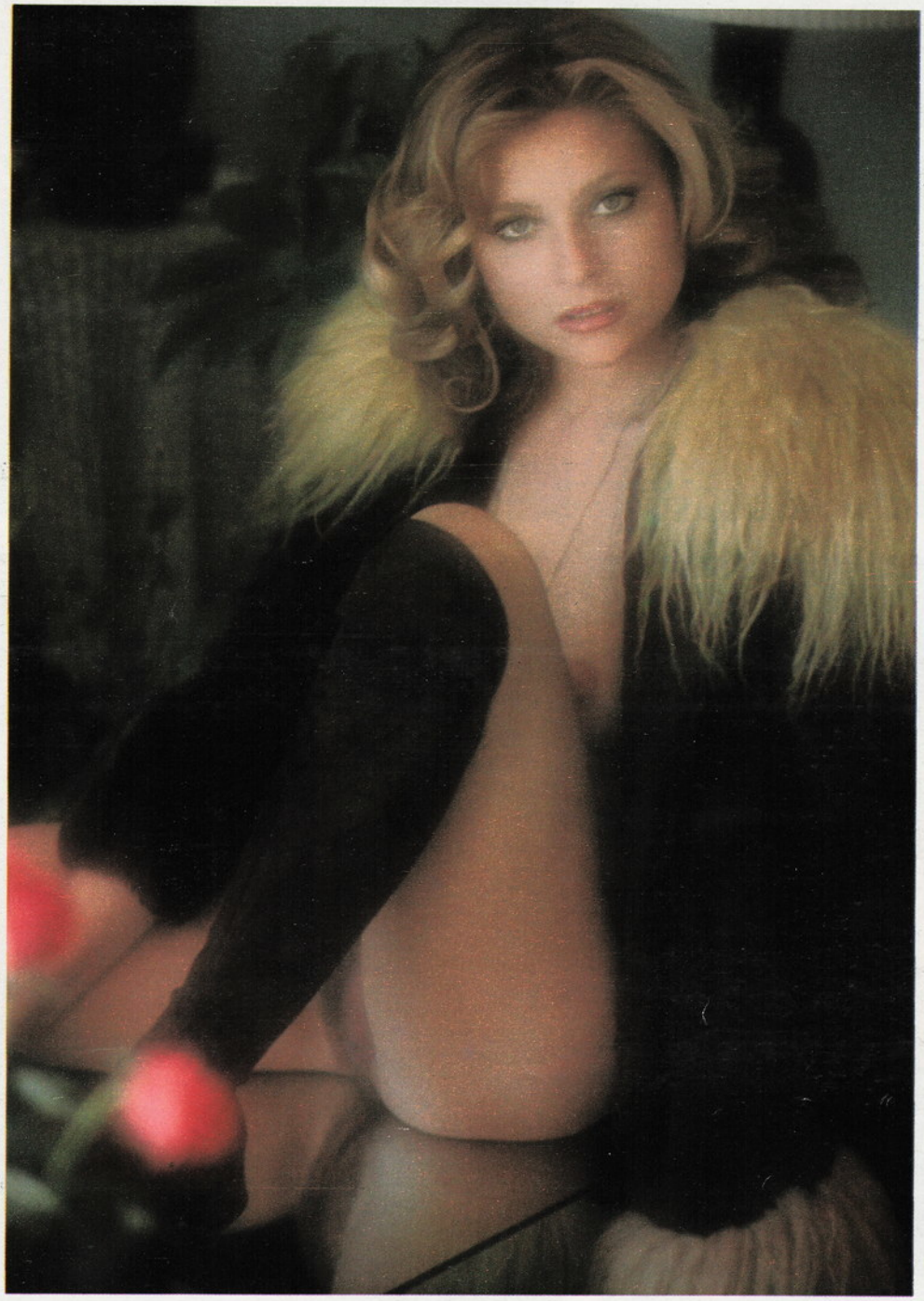
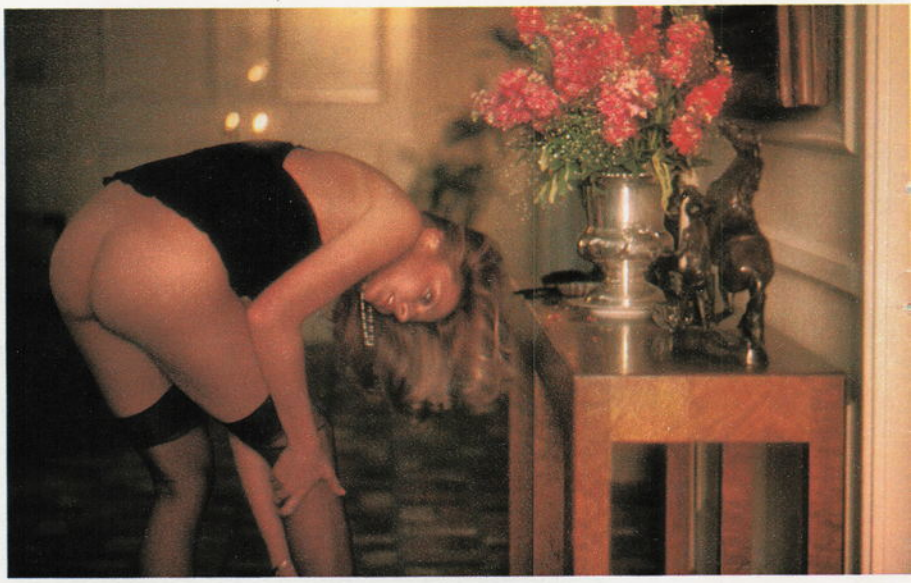


"Submission to delight is the most exhilarating feeling in the world."

JOANN



EASY GLIDER

"When I was a little girl," says British born and bred Joann Witty, "I used to think that the world stopped at the hills I saw from my window. Now I believe that the world is as big as you can make it." And if anyone has the capability to make her own world bigger, brighter and more beautiful, it's Joann.

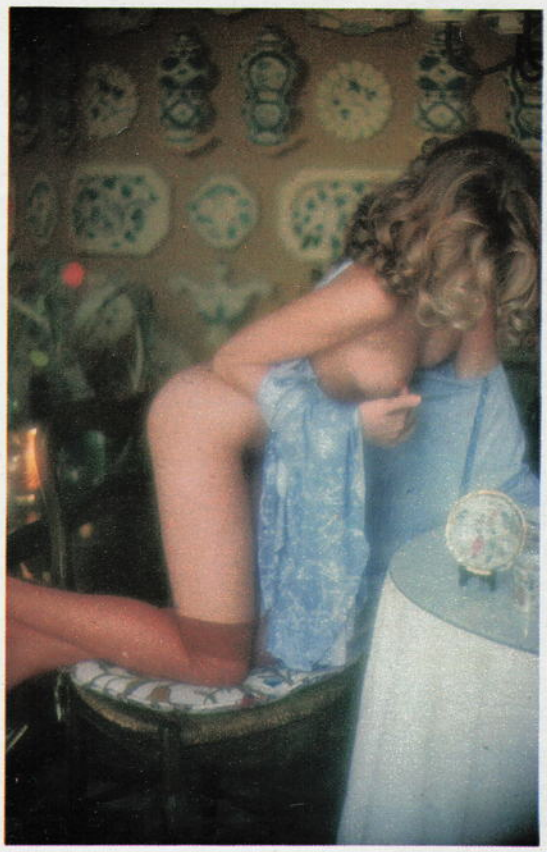
At twenty-six Joann is somewhat less than career minded. "I was left a small inheritance by my grandfather—not an awful lot but enough to get by on. He was a great man in his way. He made his fortune in the Far East and none of his grandchildren (there are four of us) really have to work. I"m not lazy—not completely—I love life, traveling, seeing new things, making my own clothes, even designing jewelry.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

Clothes by Hollys Harp, L.A. Calif./Interior Design by Paul Swidler

"Im attracted to funny people too, off-beat types, and when it comes to men, I always like the ones who seem to have a secret side. The sort that come on cool and distant, but still give off vibrations that let you know they can really burn you up in bed. And that's beautiful to me. When I know a man is really out to please me when we make love," she states flatly, "I can relax—and reciprocate." Her thoroughly modern morality, coupled with a 35-23-36 configuration, makes certain that Joann doesn't lack for the kind of creative contact that a young lady of independent means might require.

But when she's not busy meeting new friends, or traveling, or working on her art ("I love expressing myself with jewelry; creating something beautiful that wasn't in the world before I made it."), Joann pursues her latest passion, flying. "I have a friend, a pilot, he owns his own plane. Actually there are four equal owners but I only fly with one of them. And it's the only



thing I've ever found that excites me as much as making love. When I'm up there I just space out into the clouds and the clear sky. There's no sensation like the tug of that tiny engine in space or the feel of the wind jostling the airframe and seeing the earth turn below you in a patchwork of browns and golds and greens. It's like being a bird . . . like being absolutely free. And that's my favorite feeling."

You might say that freedom is Joann's element, even though she's very much down to earth when it comes to love. "The best moments in sex come when both lovers really seem to merge into one. You know, those moments that seem to go on forever when the sheer pleasure of loving just wipes out the inhibitions and the egos. That release . . . just like flying is the most exhilarating feeling in the world."

As for the future, Joann has both a feeling and a plan. "I'm going to keep following my little art and being

"The best moments in sex come when two lovers really seem to merge into one."

with men I enjoy and that enjoy me as well. Even with all the world's problems, this is an exciting time to be alive. And that's what I want to continue doing—being alive—really alive—being aware of all the excitement of life. Marriage? Who knows? I've got nothing against it. I just think there'll come a time when I'm ready and he's ready, whoever he is. In the meantime I'm going to keep flying—just high enough to keep my eye on things. You know—like what's happening on the other side of those hills."

MISS JOANN WITTY/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

CONCORDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

control system with nary a bother.

In fact, Concorde was just another airplane for the next hour. The route to Beirut crossed France, Switzerland, and a corner of Italy, and these nations have decreed no supersonic flight over land, lest Concorde's sonic boom startle the populace or trigger an avalanche. So the SST droned over the Continent at 25,000 feet and Mach 0.94, about 620 miles per hour.

On Concorde, one learns quickly to think of speed in terms of Mach number because on the forward bulkhead there is mounted a large Machmeter. The Machmeter, keyed to the airplane's computer, looks something like a digital clock. It reads, for example, MI.00, which means you are flying at exactly the speed of sound, or MI.44 (44 percent faster than sound), or M2.02 (a little bit better than twice the speed of sound).

At 10:20 A.M., one hour and fifteen minutes out of Heathrow, the passengers of Concorde OF304 got a chance to see the Machmeter do its stuff. Over Venice at 25,000 feet, the pilot made a gentle turn that aimed the needle-nosed dart along the midline of the Adriatic Sea and announced that, with no more land mass to inhibit Concorde's performance, he was about to pour the coal to her.

With that he hit the "reheat" system—in American, the afterburners, which reburn the engine exhaust for dramatically increased thrust—and Concorde responded like a missile leaving the launch pad. You could feel the great surge of acceleration and the cabin noise heightened appreciably, though not enough to drown the buzz of expectant chatter. In exactly three minutes we slipped past the speed of sound with no more effort than flying through a wall of cobwebs, because, you see, there is no sound "barrier" and there never has been.

Though we were in a steep-angle climb, the Mach clock clicked away like a taxi meter—MI.40, MI.55, MI.70—while Concorde drilled its way toward the stratosphere. Just ten minutes from Venice there was a rumble as the afterburners cut off and the cabin quieted; you can use the afterburners just so long, because they drain the fuel tanks like an uncapped gusher.

The Machmeter seemed unaware that the afterburners had quit; it continued to reel off new speed increments, though not as rapidly. There was great atmospheric drag, but Concorde's sleek design was overcoming it. And at the ten-mile-high level the air is so thin, the molecules so far apart, that the airplane's four basic engines are sufficient not only to maintain the speed but also to continue acceleration and climb.

10:36 A.M., sixteen minutes from Go. At a point over the Adriatic abreast of Tirana, Albania, the Machmeter hit M2.00. On this particular flight, that translated into 1,370 miles per hour (the speed of sound varies from day to day and from flight to flight, depending on the upper air temperature).

Grinning like a football crowd with a thirty-point lead, the passengers applauded and toasted each other with champagne thoughtfully provided by the management to celebrate their admittance to the fairly select Mach 2 Club. The club will not long maintain its exclusivity, however. Everyone whose blood has not yet congealed will want to try it, and before the new year is out flight at twice the speed of sound will be as commonplace as a subway ride. A word of caution: it's addictive. Once you've flown the boomer you'll have a helluva time adjusting to those lumbering subsonic beasts we thought were the ultimate in travel only twenty years ago.

11:10 A.M. We reached maximum altitude for this flight, 57,000 feet (Concorde can top 60,000). Speed in the interim nudged up to M2.05, close enough to make no never mind to 1,400 miles per hour, then settled back to standard cruise of M2.02.

We were now veterans of thirty-four minutes at doublesonic speed and the Machmeter had lost its audience. It was old hat. The chap in the seat ahead was studying the stock quotations, several others were reading magazines, and a guy across the aisle was actually nodding. It made an interesting commentary on human adaptability in a fast-paced world.

11:27 A.M. We had flown for fifty-one minutes at Mach 2 or better. In that time we had moved from Tirana southeast across the length of mainland Greece, then, in a sweeping turn to avoid bombing land masses, south of Crete and east to Cyprus. We had covered 1,160 miles at twice the speed of sound. Just under twenty-three miles a minute.

It was time for descent. Concorde dropped normally at first, the Machmeter reversing itself through MI.50, down to MI.10 and then M0.97. We were only a hundred miles or so from Beirut and we were not descending rapidly enough to suit the captain, who wanted to "maintain schedule." So he announced that he would employ a technique tested for years but rarely used in commercial flight except on the runway: reversing the engine thrust. He did so and we dropped like a broken elevator for several minutes, leveling off at a guesstimated mile-high altitude, low enough to make out small boats plying the Lebanese coastline and the white breakers hemming the brilliant blue of the Mediterranean.

The captain restored normal power and we entered the Beirut pattern, landing gear down and the entire nose section tilted. That's right, the whole forward section containing the flight crew tilts; it angles down toward the ground while the rest of the airplane angles upward. The reason is that, for best low-speed lift on the Delta wing, Concorde lands at a high angle of attack, about ten degrees from horizontal.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

"You know what I think . . . I think we should switch to eating meat!"

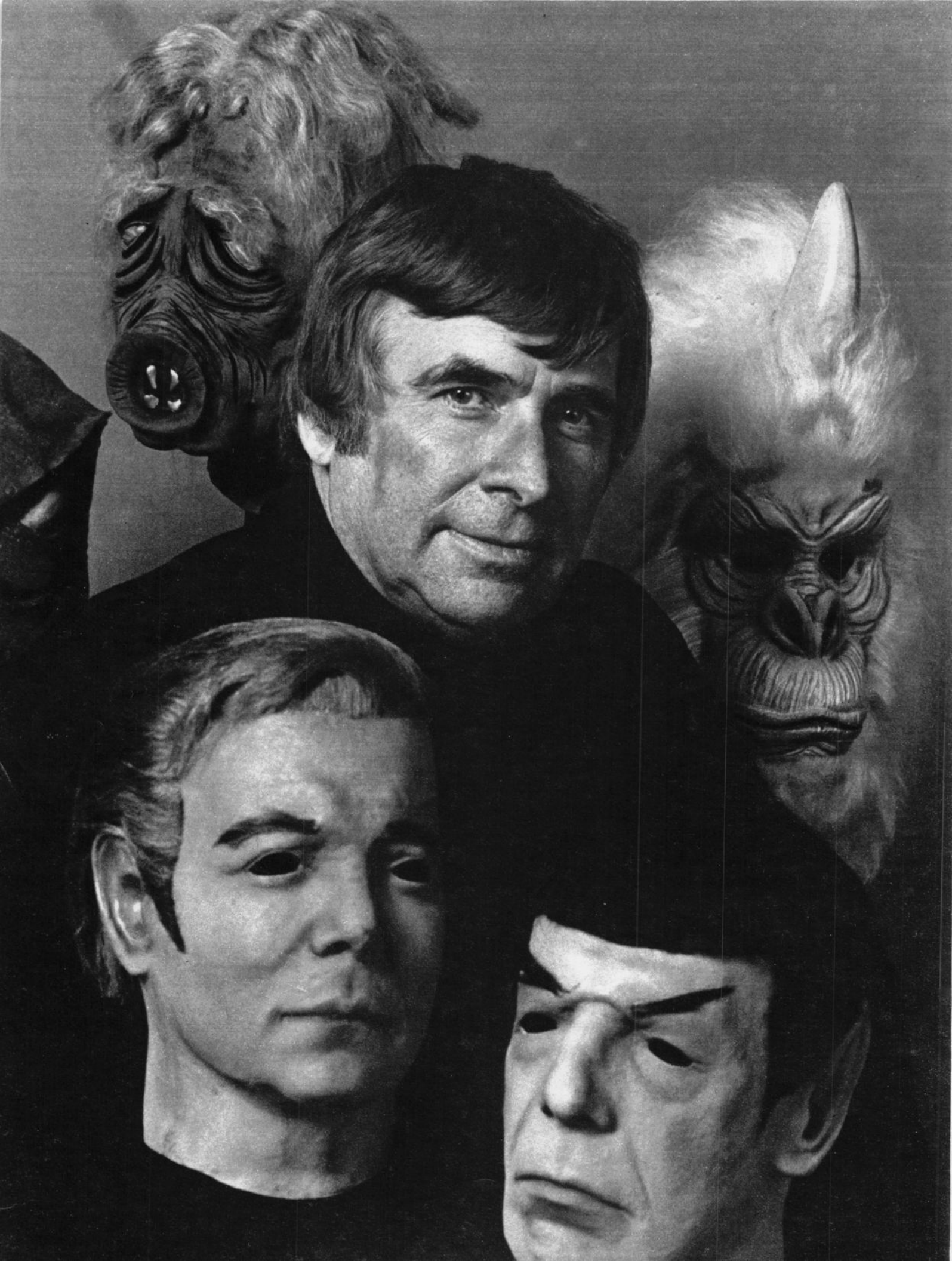
©1975 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

Winston wasn't my first cigarette.

I learned about smoking by trying different cigarettes. I found out about taste. I know now Winston's real taste and real pleasure are all any cigarette can give. Winston may not be where you start. But when your taste grows up, Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.



STAR TREK'S GENE RODDENBERRY

"Star Trek" made its debut on NBC television on September 8, 1966. It left the air in March 1969 because of "inadequate" ratings, despite more than a million fan letters from people across America. Gene Roddenberry, who conceived and produced the show, went on to other projects.

In late 1969 Paramount started selling "Star Trek" reruns to local stations. Now, nearly ten years after the show's debut, it is shown by 142 American television stations as well as by stations in forty-seven other countries. The show's popularity is so great that Paramount has signed Roddenberry to produce a full-length feature film using the "Star Trek" format and characters.

One reason the show is constantly gaining viewers is that "Star Trek" is obviously more than just an exciting adventure. Although originally proposed to the network as "a wagon train to the stars," "Star Trek" turned out to be a "message" show in the best sense of the word. The first science-fiction series on television with a continuing cast of characters (there was even Mr. Spock from the planet Vulcan), "Star Trek" preached equality, personal heroism, honor, and optimism. And in today's post-Vietnam, post-Watergate era, those concepts are not taken for granted in America.

Another example of the show's enduring popularity is the "Star Trek" convention. The first convention, held in New York in 1972, was attended by 3,600 people. In 1974, more than ten thousand people attended. This year's convention, which is going on now, is limited to 6,000. Other signs of the "Star Trek" phenomenon are the many "Star Trek" societies and amateur magazines, some even with nude centerfold sketches of the show's stars. While the show's admirers range from science-fiction writers to television executives to people from NASA (grateful for the publicity for the space program), the majority are young people who are now seeing the series for the first time.

"Star Trek" is taken seriously by many people because it took itself seriously. Roddenberry is fond of telling people about the time a new director came on the show. One of his first instructions was to tell the actor playing the helmsman, Sulu, to press a certain button when ordered to reverse course. Sulu refused, claiming that particular button *didn't* reverse course. He would have to press another button. The discussion grew to argument proportions before the director knew he was licked. As Roddenberry puts it, "The director thought he was dealing with a bunch of nuts—because we believed!"

The philosophy and ethics of "Star Trek" can be traced directly to Roddenberry, who created the show and fought with NBC to get it on the air in 1964 when the pilot was considered "too good for television." Broad-shouldered Roddenberry stands six feet, three inches tall. He looks like the public image of a writer, slightly disheveled but well taken care of. He married Majel Barrett (Nurse Chapel on "Star Trek") six years ago in Japan in a Shinto/Buddhist ceremony and describes her as his best friend. She currently runs a television promotion company, occasionally acts in films (the madam in *Westworld*), and takes care of their young son. Roddenberry also has two daughters from his first marriage.

He held many odd jobs before "Star Trek." Among them were: commercial pilot for Pan Am; policeman; poet (his works have been published in the *New York Times*); television writer with credits for eighty shows, including "Dr. Kildare" and the "Kaiser Aluminum Hour"; head writer for "Have Gun, Will Travel"; and producer of the television series the "Lieutenant."

Roddenberry thinks of himself as a writer and philosopher. A voracious reader, he was influenced when creating "Star Trek" by such books as the Horatio Hornblower series, science-fiction adventures, and Sherlock Holmes. But of course, the most important influence was television. In 1948, when he first realized TV's importance, he quit his job and moved to Los Angeles on the assumption that this new medium would need writers. It took him five years to become a full-time writer and another thirteen years before a show that was totally his own creation—"Star Trek"—got on the air.

The fan phenomenon that "Star Trek" has created frightens Roddenberry occasionally. The fans treat him as a godlike figure. The first behind-the-scenes book written about "Star Trek" has already sold one million copies. Roddenberry hopes the new "Star Trek" film will end his association with the program. His future plans include a film about psychic occurrences and a Broadway show.

But despite Roddenberry's best efforts, the "Star Trek" mystique is bound to continue. Its philosophy of freedom and honesty is but a reflection of Roddenberry's own life and his own way of doing things. This openness is reflected by the way the "Star Trek" associate producer would get Roddenberry's attention. When Roddenberry, who often got so involved with his writing that nothing could interfere, would ignore his associate's waving and screaming, the man would climb right on top of Roddenberry's desk. Dumbfounded outsiders would wonder why Roddenberry didn't fire the man. But of course, as Roddenberry said, "It's precisely what I wanted." Fortunately Linda Merinoff, on assignment for *Penthouse*, didn't have to go to such extremes to obtain this exclusive interview.

Penthouse: Why did you do a series like "Star Trek"?

Roddenberry: I made "Star Trek" for two reasons. One was that I thought science fiction hadn't been done well on television and it seemed to me, from a purely selfish, career point of view, that if I did it well I would be remembered. I suppose if a Western or a police story hadn't been done to my satisfaction I might have done that, too. The second reason is that I thought with science fiction I might do what Jonathan Swift did when he wrote *Gulliver's Travels*. He lived in a time when you could lose your head for making religious and political comments. I was working in a medium, television, which is heavily censored, and in contemporary shows I found I couldn't talk about sex, politics, religion, and all of the other things I wanted to talk about. It seemed to me that if I had things happen to little polka-dotted people on a far-off planet I might get past the network censors, as Swift did in his day. And indeed that's what we did.

Penthouse: Do you think that censors purposely do a bad job?

Roddenberry: I think the reason for censorship is what television is. The primary purpose of television is not to entertain people or amuse them or educate them. The primary purpose is to sell deodorants, beer, soap, automobiles, and so on. And as a result, the sole question behind what gets on the air is "Will it attract a mass audience and hold them sufficiently long to get the commercial messages over to them?" Censorship then comes along because the people who want to sell products, feeling no obligation to uplift people, do not want to have anything in their programs that offends people, that makes them angry—because that anger may be transferred against the product. So they don't censor programs because networks are dull or stupid or evil. They censor because networks are products salesmen.

Penthouse: What have your relations with the networks been like?

Roddenberry: It's not a case of network executives or studio executives being the

Photograph By Ethan Russell/Masks by Don Post Studios

bad guys, and we who write and produce and direct being the good guys. It's much more complex than that. Most people at the artistic level in these things are very much concerned with what they say and how they say it. There can be serious artists even in a thing as full of drivel as television. But the serious artist is as interested in what he portrays and what he has to say as in the money that he gets. That's one of the several differences between a hack and an artist. I get a huge charge out of doing a "Star Trek" episode that demonstrates that petty nationalism must go if we're to survive and so on. Although there are certainly many network executives who are moral men, who give to charities and raise their children decently, and who worry about these things too, this is not the main thrust of their jobs. Since they belong to a corporation, the main thrust of their jobs is to produce so many viewers for each sponsor and to turn a profit to the stockholders every year. So many of the arguments and fights that we have with them come out of just two different viewpoints, two different goals. I suppose that if writer/producers could have their way totally, I would try to do lovely things that would maybe attract an audience of two million people instead of the necessary eighteen million, and the network, of course, would go broke.

Penthouse: Does this mean that the television show can't be art?

Roddenberry: It is often art in spite of this. But never because of it. You can't start from the necessity of selling beer and make art. But sometimes you can sell beer with artistry.

Penthouse: So knowing how difficult it would be, why did you turn to television?

Roddenberry: Because you cannot ignore a medium which hits fifty million people in one evening. I think that the purpose of all writing is to reach people and say something you believe in and think is important. You may do it as a scientific or philosophical tract, but with fiction and drama and a certain amount of adventure you reach them easier and you reach more of them and you can infiltrate your messages into them. I think people forget too often that literature—usually fiction—is responsible for more changes in public opinion than news articles or sermons. An excellent example of this is *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—actually it's not a very good book—which probably did more to propel us into the Civil War than any other writing of the time. So historically this has been true of literature and whether we like it or not, television is literature. It may not be very good literature usually, but of course not everything that is printed is very good, either.

Penthouse: So you primarily consider yourself a writer?

Roddenberry: Yes. A writer who produces. I'm a storyteller. And producing is merely an extension of the storytelling function. There's no difference between writing that "he spoke slowly, uncertainly, unsure of himself" and being a director who makes sure the actor does it that way or being the producer who hires an actor who is capable of doing it that way.

When I first began writing, and I think many beginning writers go through this, I felt that the director and the producer and the actors were the enemy. They took, it seemed to me, these priceless visions I had in my head, these lovely, lovely sonnets that I had written and put them on the screen and destroyed them. Or warped them. As I became a more and more professional writer I began to realize that actors and directors indeed were taking some fairly average things that I had done and were making them very much better. So the longer you're in the business, the longer you're in television and film, the more you begin to respect all of the creative levels for what each of them brings to it. I had some strange ideas about Hollywood when I first came here. I had read these stories of the orgies and the pink Cadillacs and the flaming passions that erupt on set and all of that. But actually television and most independent motion picture production people are a group of very hardworking, dedicated, sensible people. This is not to say that we don't have our moods and arguments and disagreements, and often violent ones. But I think probably no more than take place at the top echelon of U.S. Steel or Prudential Life Insurance Company. Naturally people that care have strong feelings. But I've done a lot of odd jobs and I can say that the nicest group of people I have ever worked with in my life are the people in the creative levels of this industry. They're great fun to be with and great fun to work with.

> I think television is one of the most dangerous forces in our lives today.

Penthouse: When television first began was there much censorship?

Roddenberry: Oh yes, there was terrible censorship. I once wrote into the script that the newspapers on this corner were held down in the wind by a tire iron. I needed that because someone was going to grab a heavy object there as a weapon in a scene. I was called in and they said, "Please take the tire iron out and make it a brick." I said, "I sort of like the tire iron." And they said, "Yes, but it really conjures up the failure of an advertised product, tires. And we'd rather not have that." It actually reached that far. In those days you couldn't, in a Western, have your people "ford" a river because you might be trying to get Chevrolet as a sponsor.

Penthouse: Do you feel that television censorship is decreasing?

Roddenberry: No, in some areas it's gotten worse. If I wanted to write a show saying I believed organized religion was evil, I couldn't. No matter how entertaining a drama I wrote, I couldn't get it on television. I couldn't get a show on television questioning whether the United States was a mistake. I cannot write a television drama commenting seriously on unions or management, or on the armament sales that we're involved in. I couldn't write—assuming that I wanted to—a pro-Arab, anti-Israeli drama. Now the answers that you get are that "Yes, but we do very brave things in news and public affairs programming." What they miss is the fact that fiction affects people more strongly than news and public affairs. The reason being that drama makes you identify with what's happening. If a good writer, or many good writers, during the Vietnamese conflict had been permitted to write fictional tales of what was happening in Vietnam, making you identify and become a Vietnamese peasant whose daughter has just been burned to death by napalm or had we been able to write fiction so you could feel the horrible changing of a man that produced a Calley and made you become that man and wrench your guts as it happened, I'm absolutely certain that the war would have been over two years earlier.

Penthouse: But you could have also had writers doing stories that said we should have stayed in Vietnam.

Roddenberry: Good. Good! I'm a Jeffersonian. I believe that if we present every possible side, the public will make the correct choice.

Penthouse: Do you think that the fact you were a writer helped you to get what you wanted out of other writers for "Star Trek"?

Roddenberry: Oh, yes. That is very much the producer's job. It's no accident that most producers of television series are writers. And the reason for that is the problem of getting a shootable script ready once a week. It's the primary problem of putting on a television show. But when your producer is also a writer, he can not only talk to writers on writing terms, but also when the writer's version doesn't quite fit the characters or doesn't quite work you have the producer there, with his writing staff, to rewrite the script, polish it, change it, and make it better.

We had one writer, a fine science-fiction writer, who brought in a script that was really marvelous—except it wasn't "Star Trek." For one thing, the ship didn't work

the way he wanted it. And he had our engineer, little Scotty, involved in an intergalactic dope-smuggling ring and things like that. Finally, when I couldn't get it rewritten the way I wanted it from the writer, I rewrote it myself. For a long time that splendid writer refused to speak to me because I had rewritten his masterpiece. And it *was* very close to a masterpiece. Since then he's become involved in production himself and he understands why it becomes necessary. And I'm happy to say that we're now friends again. But you do lose a certain amount of friends.

Penthouse: You said that in this writer's script, "The ship didn't work the way he wanted it to." Is this why it was necessary to write the *Star Trek Guide*?

Roddenberry: Yes. We had such a unique format, such a special format, that we became tired of having to sit down with every writer and explain what the starship was, how it operated, who the crew was, and all of that. So we wrote up a writer's guide to answer all the questions we could think of. Interestingly, this has since become a best-seller—tens of thousands of copies have been sold.

Penthouse: How did you attract famous science-fiction writers like Robert Bloch, Theodore Sturgeon, Harlan Ellison, and others?

Roddenberry: They saw the two pilots that we'd done and they agreed that it was the first time that science fiction had been properly put on the television tube, so they were anxious to be part of a first.

You know, science fiction is quite a lovely form of writing, and done well it can be very exciting. Of course there's been a lot of crap in science fiction. I always remember Ted Sturgeon's statement when he joined us here to write for "Star Trek." Some friend of his said, "Ted, how can you possibly write for television? Don't you know that 90 percent of television is crap?" Ted looked back at him and said, "Ninety percent of everything is crap."

Penthouse: Did you ever get any script ideas from science-fiction writers which were too bizarre to use?

Roddenberry: Yes, yes. We had many ideas we thought that our audience really could not identify with. And sometimes they were impossible to do for other reasons, budget. One brilliant science-fiction writer suggested that the Enterprise land on a strange-looking planet, and every now and then a hole would open up and go "gulp" like that and one of the crewmen would just disappear, be sucked out of sight. And what they finally discover, after they lose quite a few people, is that this planet is really one giant organism and what it's doing is eating these flies that are crawling around on it. And the writer said that at the end of the story Captain Kirk and Spock would have to devise a way to make the planet disgorge the people that it had eaten. And we said, "Well, what are you going to call this episode?" and the writer said, "Vomit." I think we told him that we couldn't do it because we just didn't have a sufficient budget to build the kind of landscape that would gobble people up!

Penthouse: Why do you think "Star Trek" appealed to so many intelligent young people?

Roddenberry: First of all, we live in a time in which everyone, and particularly young minds, are aware that we face huge troubles ahead. There are many people saying, "I doubt if we'll make it through the next twenty or thirty years." And indeed, if you read the newspapers it seems so. "Star Trek" was a rare show that said, "Hey, it's not all over. It hasn't all been invented. If we're wise, why the human adventure is just beginning." And this is a powerful statement to young-minded people, to think that the explorations and discoveries and challenges ahead of us are greater than anything in the past. I think also "Star Trek" was unusual in that it was about something. "Star Trek" took points of view on tolerance, points of view against the petty nationalism that's destroying our planet. It talked about meaningful things. And I think the audiences are a lot brighter than the networks believe. I think that the audience does like to have their minds challenged. I think that since "Star Trek" came along there have been shows that have done that. "All in the Family" has challenged people's minds, talking about bigotry and so on.

> It seems to me that the greatest hunger in the world is for heroes to admire and emulate.

Thirdly, I think the reason for the popularity of "Star Trek" is a really old-fashioned sort of reason. "Star Trek" came along at a time in which most television leads were anti-heroes. On "Star Trek" we decided to go for real heroes in an old-fashioned sense, people whose word was their bond, who believed that there were things more important in life than personal security or comfort. That, indeed, there are some things worth risking your life for, even dying for if necessary. As a result, our principal characters were ones about whom a person could say, "Hey, I'd like to be like that." Or, "I'd like my children to be like that." And it seems to me that possibly the greatest hunger there is in the world today is for heroes to admire and to emulate. When I grew up it was much simpler, it was the president of the United States. But we don't even have that left. One reason I don't object to the "Star Trek" fan phenomenon is the fact that if there's got to be some show that people want to model their lives after, or point to for their children, I'd much rather they do it out of this show than some limited show that is saying that all doctors are Jesus Christ, or if we just let our police have more guns we could solve the crime problem.

Penthouse: In "Star Trek" you seemed to have all your political ideals coming from the alien, Spock, who seemed to consider all human problems objectively.

Roddenberry: Well that wasn't the aim of Spock. The reason for the creation of the three main characters—Captain Kirk, Dr. McCoy, and Mr. Spock—was that one thing you don't have in film literature that you do have in novels is stream of consciousness. In a novel you can get inside the character's mind and you can read, "He thinks, 'Well should I do this or that, and there's this to say on this side and there's something else to say on the other side.'" So in "Star Trek" the Captain would say, "Which way shall we face up to this threat?" And Spock would say, "Well, from the logical point of view we'll do this." The doctor would say, "No, but that's not really humanitarian." And the captain would say, "As a man of action I'm bound by my orders." They could have the whole discussion right there that in the novel would have been stream of consciousness.

Penthouse: Is it true that the networks wanted originally to get rid of Spock because they thought him too strange?

Roddenberry: Yes, but I thought people would identify more closely with Spock than with the other characters because in a very real sense we all feel like strangers on a strange planet, hoping that someday we're going to reach someone. If we're fortunate in our lives, we'll make contact with three or four of these strange beings we find ourselves plunked down among. And indeed the audience did identify with him, so I was proved right. But the network people I was working with at the time would not accept this reasoning. We had a great fight and they said, "All right, you can keep the guy with the ears, but keep him well in the background."

After we had about ten episodes on the air, I got a call from the new program vice-president out here and went to his office. He said to me, "You know, Roddenberry, I really don't understand what you're doing on this show because you're supposed to be a good producer and here you've got a hit with this Spock character and you've always got him in the background." I told him what his predecessor had demanded and he said, "I don't believe that anyone could be so foolish." From then on, of course, Spock became a

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CONCORDE

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In that position, the pilot could not see the runway with a fixed-nose configuration. Hence the hydraulically-actuated drooping snoot, which, with nose and main gear extended, gives the landing Concorde the appearance of a pouncing hawk.

12:01 P.M. touchdown at International Airport Beirut. Elapsed time from London Heathrow, two hours, fifty-six minutes. Average speed for the entire distance, including climb, descent, and subsonic loafing time: 840 miles per hour, considerably better that the muzzle velocity of a revolver bullet. A subsonic jetliner needs four and a half hours to fly the same route.

Exciting as it was, that particular flight did not show Concorde to best advantage since the dictates of sonic-boom prevention required the airplane to spend more than half of the total flight time at subsonic speed. Concorde proves itself more favorably on the long overwater runs where it can boom away without restriction. On such flights, it generally halves existing schedules.

London-Newfoundland, for instance: two hours and a half. They tell a story about a proving flight on that route. Seems a chap dropped into his London club of an evening and announced to his friends that he was flying Concorde to Newfoundland on the morrow. Next day he dined at the same club and was greeted with a chorus of "What happened to your Concorde flight?"

"I've been, actually," he replied. The story has a ring of truth, because on one particular day, Concord flew a London-Newfoundland-London round trip in the morning and repeated the performance in the afternoon.

Here's another example of Concorde's attraction to the weary long-distance traveler. An advance man for Concorde test flights to Australia flew a subsonic jet from London to Melbourne in a shade under thirty hours flying time. He made the 11,500-mile return flight in Concorde, which used Singapore, Bombay, and Bahrain as fueling stops, in thirteen hours, thirteen minutes. Concorde has a lot of fans in isolated Australia, which sees in the SST an opportunity to move closer to the rest of the world.

Those were British Airways/British Aircraft Corporation flights. The French operator/manufacturer team of Air France and Aérospatiale France conducted similar proving runs through the last half of 1975 with similar results. For example, Paris to Rio de Janeiro via Dakar, Senegal, six hours flat compared with eleven and a half. Or Lisbon to Caracas nonstop across the South Atlantic in three hours, fifty minutes, halving subsonic time. The latter trip is of particular interest because it measures 4,026 miles, some 350 miles longer than the North Atlantic run from Paris to New York. The French Concorde made the journey not once but a dozen times, impressive evidence that this transport has range to spare for regular service between Europe and the United States.

The 4,000-hour Concorde flight-test program, which began in 1969, has been completed and the commercial supersonic age is here. In January, Air France starts carrying fare-paying passengers on the Paris-Rio route and British Airways inaugurates London-Bahrain service. The latter will gradually extend to Australia, and Air France will add new South American stops as more airplanes—they have two each—come off the line. In the spring, service to the U.S.—maybe.

Here is a summary of the principle objections to Concorde and the counter-arguments of its advocates:

Why Do We Need an SST? Opponents frequently argue that airliners already fly fast enough and anyway, the SST would serve only a small portion of the populace, the filthy rich or the expense-account set who could pay $1,200 for a New York–London round trip.

Concorde's friends regard the first point as utter nonsense. The airplane's entire reason for being is speed of travel, and each new increment of speed is greeted enthusiastically by the traveling public. Concorde offers more than cutting trip times in half; studies show that travel fatigue begins after the second hour of flight and increases sharply after the fourth hour. In the SST, one never gets to the fourth hour. The passenger arrives at his destination ready for action rather than ready for a rest home.

As for the size of the market, it's probably larger than is generally assumed. Concorde is aimed at business travelers, who make up from 12 to 15 percent of all passengers flying overseas. Surveys indicate that as many as half of all business travelers will spring for the premium fare. It is additionally predicted that the availability of Concorde will increase business flight volume from the U.S. by 25 percent. Whatever the market, it is certainly large enough to worry the hell out of airlines who don't have SST's.

These factors, however, are extraneous. The American public is not being asked to approve or disapprove supersonic flight; the British and French made that decision and backed it with $2.5 billion of development money.

Rather, the U.S. government is being asked to honor a contract unless it can show compelling reasons for abrogating it. The United States, along with most of the world's airlines, is signatory to international agreements involving flight rules and reciprocal routes. Other nations, not just the U.K. and France, are watching the American SST deliberations. They are not as hooked on environmental control as is the U.S. and they are more likely to regard denial of Concorde landing rights as a competition-stifling move on the part of a country that killed off its own SST.

British Airways and Air France already have operating rights to New York and Washington. They are requesting only approval of a new airplane type, normally a routine matter. U.S. rejection of Concorde can bring severe repercussions, perhaps retaliatory action against U.S. airlines, perhaps broader influences in diplomatic negotiations.

How Many SST's? The question of how many supersonic transports will be flying the airways is important because certain objections are based upon the cumulative effect of large numbers of SST's.

The requests from British Airways and Air France call for only two flights each into New York's JFK Airport and only one each into Dulles International serving Washington.

In considering the applications, the Federal Aviation Administration realistically assumed that the number of flights would escalate as other airlines got into the act. But how much escalation is possible? If the Anglo-French combine sells all of the Concordes in the currently authorized program—which it probably will, even at $60 million each—there will be sixteen. Going a step further, FAA assumed a second production run, bringing the potential number flying in 1985 up to a maximum of forty.

The Soviets are already operating their own SST, the TU-144, and they will most likely want to fly to the United States if only to show that they lead us technologically in at least one area. They have not announced total production plans, but in terms of U.S. service the Russian SST is not expected to be much of a factor. The reason, to use FAA's words: "Past history suggests that sales of the TU-144 to non-U.S.S.R. airlines will not be significant." Amplified, that means that the Soviets have traditionally displayed contempt for the capitalistic notion that a commercial airplane must be able to make a buck for its operator. It's a fair bet that all the TU-144's sold outside the Curtain won't fill a large hangar.

Notwithstanding, objectors insist on recounting the horrendous environmental impact of enormous fleets of SST's, citing numbers like 200, 300, even 500.

Proponents' Point A: The SST has a limited market because it is not a replacement for existing subsonic airplanes, only a special-duty complement for long-haul premium service. The worldwide market for 1990 was once estimated at 200 planes, but that was before world recession knocked the bottom out of the airline business, before sonic boom regulations eliminated some important potential SST routes, and before it abandoned a more economically viable airplane than Concorde—holding 280 passengers instead of 100. No one is sure what the market is now, but no great surge of orders is expected. As for 500 SST's—that's about as likely as Moshe Dayan becoming presi-

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT FARBER

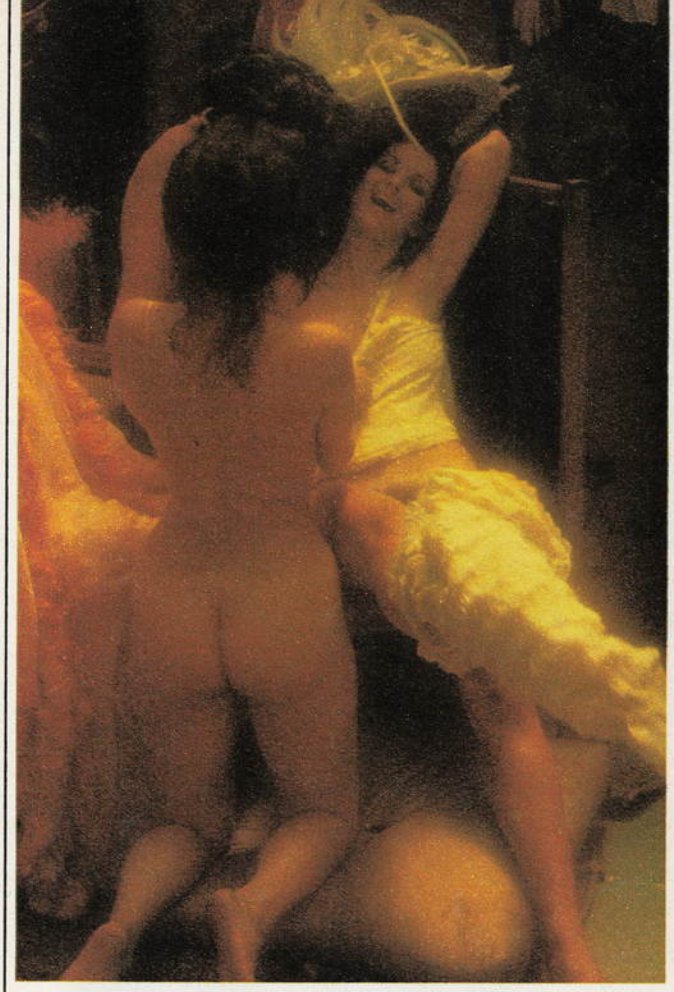
MOULIN ROUGE

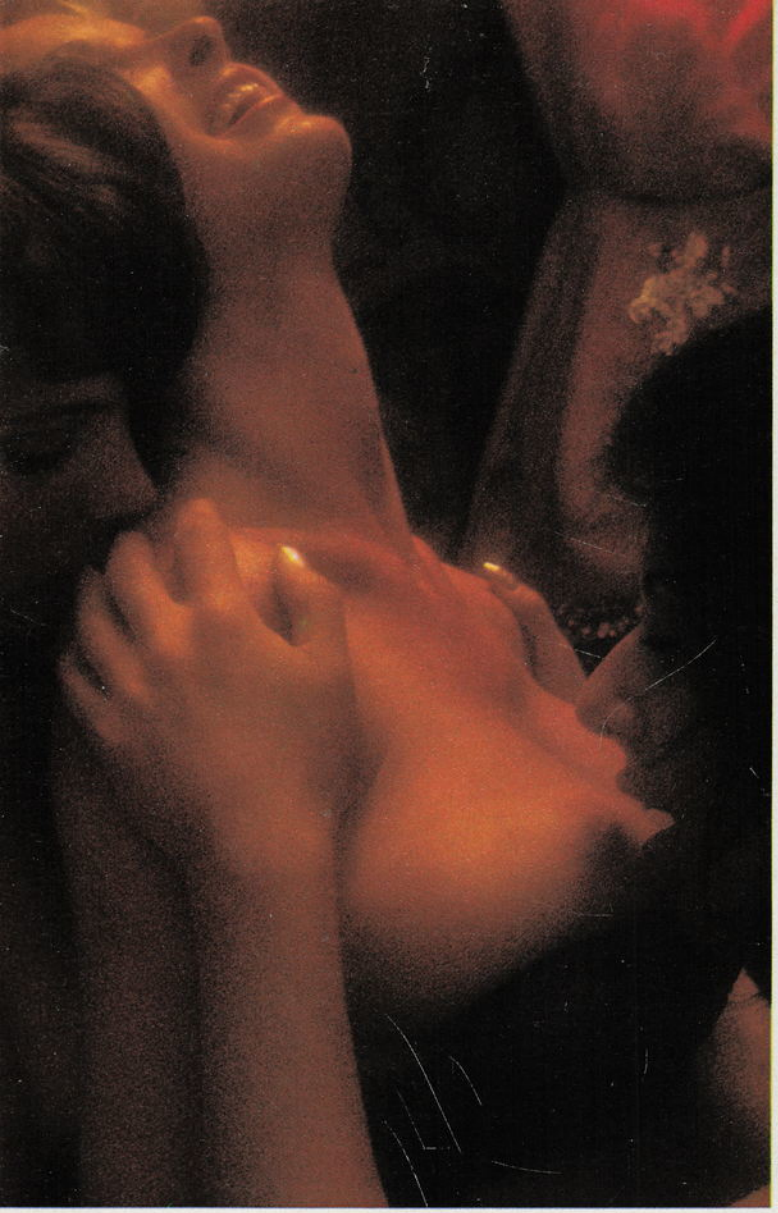
The real show goes on backstage....

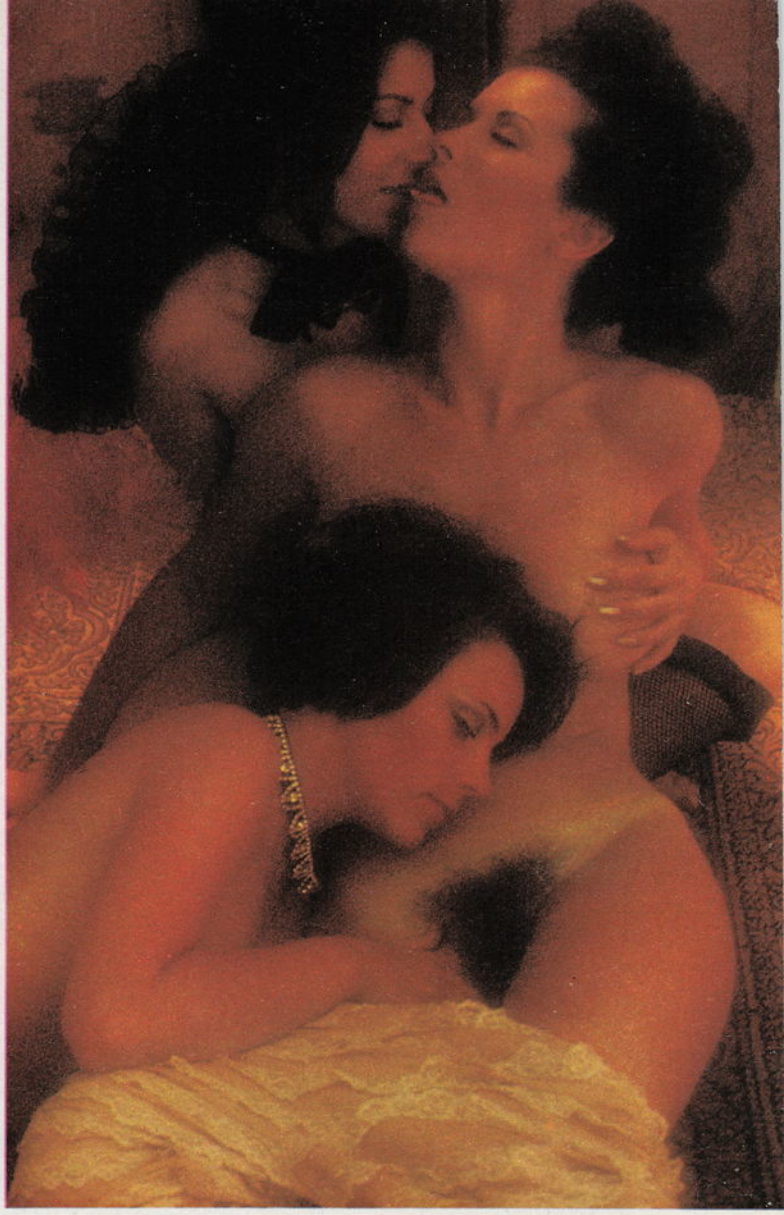
Outside in the theater, the stage hands are storing the props and costumes, janitors are sweeping the lobby, and the lights are going off one by one. The show is over for the night, but in the dressing room another is just beginning—a dance similar to the cancan,

performed in the horizontal for a very select, participatory audience. Costumes drop to the floor, hats roll away, lips brush against stiffening nipples, and thighs part and cleave. Soft moans fill the room with sensual urgency, until one sigh, more gutteral

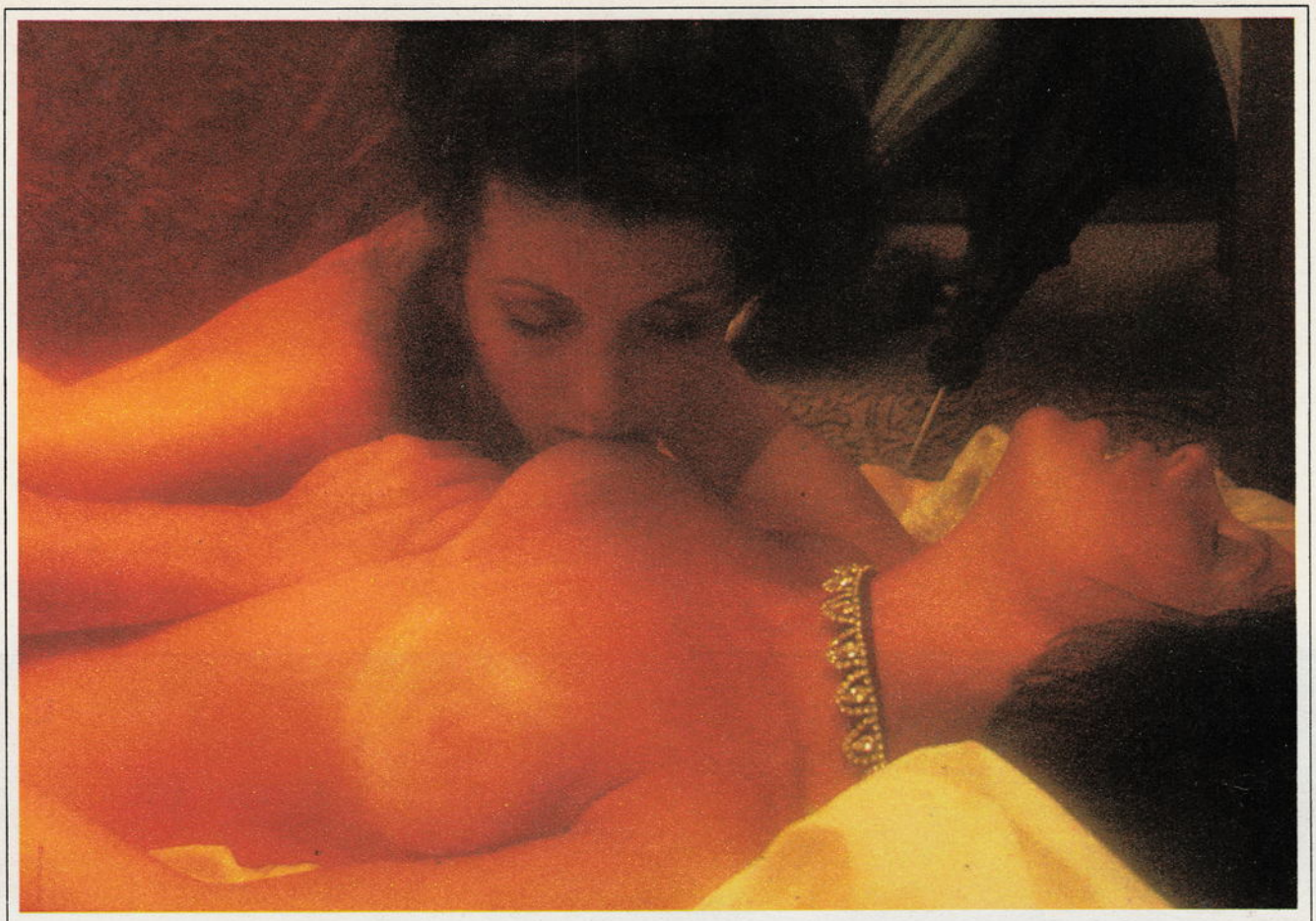
Makeup by Polly/Hair by Raphael both at Cinandre/Styling by Vince Lattuca.



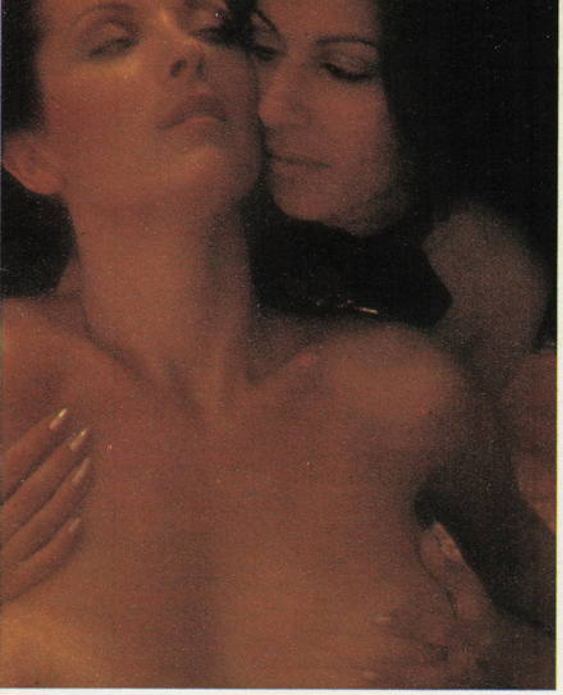




than the rest, gives the lovers pause. . . . The groan comes from that crazy dwarf painter, bane of cancan dancers everywhere. It was he who had delivered the champagne before secreting himself in the dressing room! "Calm yourselves!" he implores. "Your secrets are locked forever in my bosom. And you shall all be immortalized by my brush—in more ways than one! May I remind you, however, that whereas I may

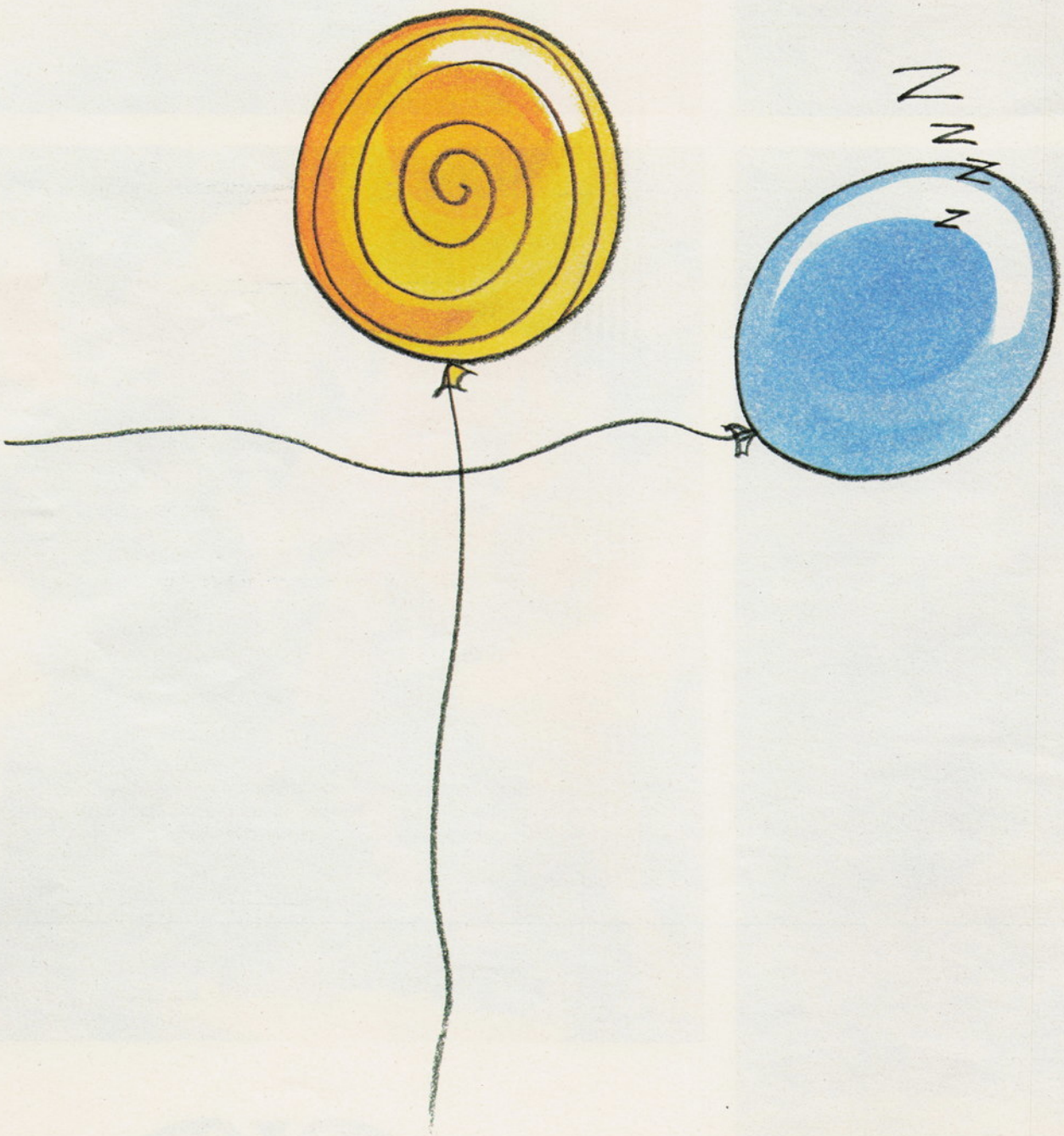


be small in stature, I am *more* than a man where it really matters. Now, shall we explore the possibilities of *l'amour à trois and a half* until dawn?"
Needless to say, the night's performance—together with much variety, considerable ad-lipping and more than a few encores—was inspired indeed.



Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"When I snap my fingers, Miss Kilhenny, you will awake... horny as hell."

HARGROVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

Dreams

It's 2 A.M. and Lieutenant Hargrove is lying under the mosquito netting in his private quarters. The light is on over his small writing table. He can hear hollering coming from the Enlisted Men's Club two tents down.

Lieutenant Hargrove is a happily married man. He has two beautiful children, a boy three and a girl sixteen months. His lovely wife, Alice, is every man's dream of a faithful mate and mother. At the moment, while Daddy is away in the war, they are all staying with her parents in Boise in the old white clapboard house on Bullard Street.

Lieutenant Hargrove likes the family life; it's been a tradition in his family as far back as Heywood ("Handlebar") Hargrove, who settled in the Boise area in 1869 after losing an eye to a rebel musketball two weeks before Appomattox. Heywood ran the general store, ran for mayor twice (winning the first time), kept an honest ledger, and raised eleven children—one of whom became the first U.S. senator from Idaho and three of whom were hanged—to their father's eternal gloom.

Tradition amounts to a powerful force in Roy Hargrove. Stability and planning are in his blood. After the army, he has an entry-level management position solidified with Kawasaki in Seattle; he can move right in after ETS. He often dreams of a time when he can settle his family into an executive home in the suburbs—something called Westwood Hills or Waverly Estates. The kids going to the best schools. His wife in her own rose garden. And he'll have his own woodworking shop, brick barbecue pit, Motorola Home Entertainment Center, and silver Grand Prix with wire wheels parked in the circular drive.

A soothing thought . . . and Lieutenant Hargrove would dwell on it longer, were it not for the insistent fact that he is hopelessly in love.

The object of his love-lust is a fourteen-year-old Vietnamese housegirl named Le Duyen. Just ninety-four pounds of naïve sensuous girl. Usually sweeping, washing, or shining boots among strange loud men during the day, she is withdrawn and solemn; if at any time she becomes conscious of being watched (she always shies away from any eye contact) she seems to tuck herself more deeply into the little brown body as if to bury that which causes the interest.

But when she feels safe, as when alone with Lieutenant Hargrove, she smiles and her teardrop eyes become curious and alert. Duyen will often sit quietly on his cot in the afternoon and look at a *Life* or *Time*, while he writes a letter at his table and secretly watches her.

The Lieutenant finds a taboo pleasure in sitting and contemplating her perfect doll-like body. Her clothes (usually a cotton shirt and silk pants) are loose and shapeless, and this excites him all the more. The way they hang on the softness of her shoulders, the ever so slight sign of breasts, the firm curve of her bottom—all reveal a perfect little bud shivering before the final bloom. And—oh!—how he wants to accelerate the process.

Earlier this afternoon he sat next to her on the cot to explain a photo layout in *Life* of the Tet attack on the American embassy. He pointed to Ellsworth Bunker and tried, to no avail, to explain his function. It came out "Great White Father," which failed miserably in its scope. She pointed to a row of bodies, "VC?" He nodded. "Numba ten," she said, and continued to stare at the pictures.

He was very aware of her hip touching his. Her hair, in a pony tail down her back, was thick and coarse, and a loose strand dripped down over the side of her face. Her nose was small and flat, from the side quite infantile with a slight bump on the bridge. Her cheeks were broad with very pronounced bones. The lips sensuous and always serious, for she rarely smiled with her mouth. It was her eyes that smiled; the narrow, mistrusting slits would open slightly and inside one could see a happy spark, a girl alive and bouncy.

He was aware of himself moving closer to her, pressing her a little. He pointed to an Oldsmobile advertisement, wanting so much to slide his hand from the magazine onto the soft flesh of her inner thigh, but instead he pulled his hand away and smiled: "In America, have beaucoup cars."

She pointed to the advertisement. "You have same-same?"

"No. I have a Ford. A Ford number one—number ten." He made a rocking gesture with his hand.

She pointed to the picture again. "Numba one, huh?"

"Number one."

She giggled, pleased with something in the exchange, and began to flip by more ads: Zenith Chromacolor II, Green Giant, the U.S. Navy. Then she pointed to one and burst out in happy recognition, "Sa-lum . . . numba one, huh?" He nodded. America was a menthol cigarette.

He was as helpless as if he were in Boise with the babysitter. He wanted to sit her down on his cot, kid with her a little, softly unbutton the plaid shirt, then slide the white silk pants over her perfect little bottom. He could imagine the downiness of her naked body. He wanted to stroke her stomach and move gently around her hips and between her thighs, hold her, pick her up in his arms, her legs clutched tightly around his waist, his hands cupping her buttocks. . . . Then he wanted to enter her little body like a forbidden shrine. He wanted to watch her eyes, whatever they might express—wonder, ecstasy, apathy, fear, disgust, hatred. It wouldn't matter. What *would* matter would be the clarity of the emotion, whatever it might be.

He stood up from the cot and walked back to the writing table. She watched him and, soon, feeling that she had done something, she put the magazine back under the cot and left the tent.

Lieutenant Hargrove pours himself a Scotch from the bottle on the floor beside his cot. He rests his head on the metal frame at the head and lets the liquor run down his throat. His wife and children—out of sight, out of mind—are long gone, and a naked Duyen dances overjoyed before his eyes to some anonymous fifties beat. A sylph to soothe the cooling heart.

Tomorrow he flies to Firebase Squirrel two kilometers from the Cambodian border.

Squirrel Harbor

It's dawn. Through the open doors of the chopper, the jungle is a cool blue-green and foggy. The SeSan River, reflecting the morning sunlight, meanders drunkenly through the green carpet. Cold morning air rushes in the doors. Engine and prop make a deafening drone. From the canvas seat, where Lieutenant Hargrove sits next to an insulated container of scrambled eggs, the pilots in their scratched olive-drab helmets and reflecting sun-visors look like components jacked into the machine. They look so calm, Hargrove thinks, as they flip switches and turn knobs subtly with their leather-gloved hands. He feels a twinge of envy.

And there is Firebase Squirrel like a cigar burn in the carpet. It is set on the side of a hill, surrounded by tall trees, bamboo, orchids, a large banana patch, and a creek that runs past the LZ at the bottom of the hill. Squirrel has been blown out of the side of this virgin hill and looks like a sandbagged gopher colony with a sense of reason.

Men are bathing in the creek, knee-deep in a clear pool. They sink into the water and curse as the rotor blast sends stinging dust over them.

Two men next to a sandbagged bunker at the top of the hill watch the chopper land. The bunker is a two-man job—a floor some twelve inches or more deep, double-thick sandbag walls, and a roof of logs averaging a foot in diameter, with two layers of bags on top of that. It's home. Air mattresses, pancho liners, and crotch books for the final touch.

Jerome is shaving in a mirror set on top of the bags; he isn't wearing a shirt and the gold cross on the fine yellow chain glimmers against his chest. He is nineteen, a second-string jock type, who in a moment of profound introspection might be caught thinking of himself as a sort of good-natured stud. (After all, it's a war—and nothin' turns women on like a warrior.)

Clancey is lacing up his boots at the entrance to the bunker. He is twenty-five, from Ashboro, North Carolina, and much of

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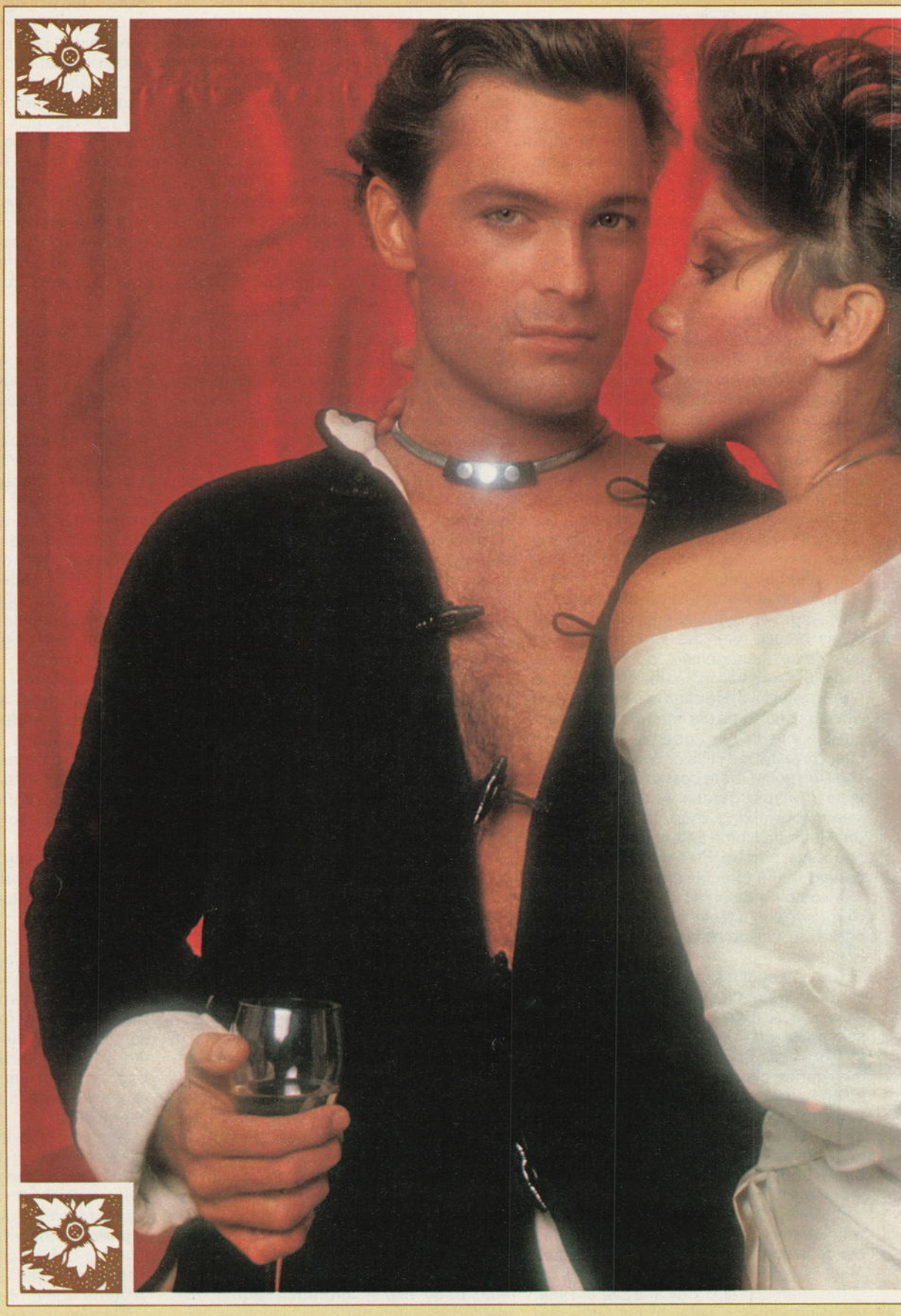
FASHIONS BY ED EMMERLING

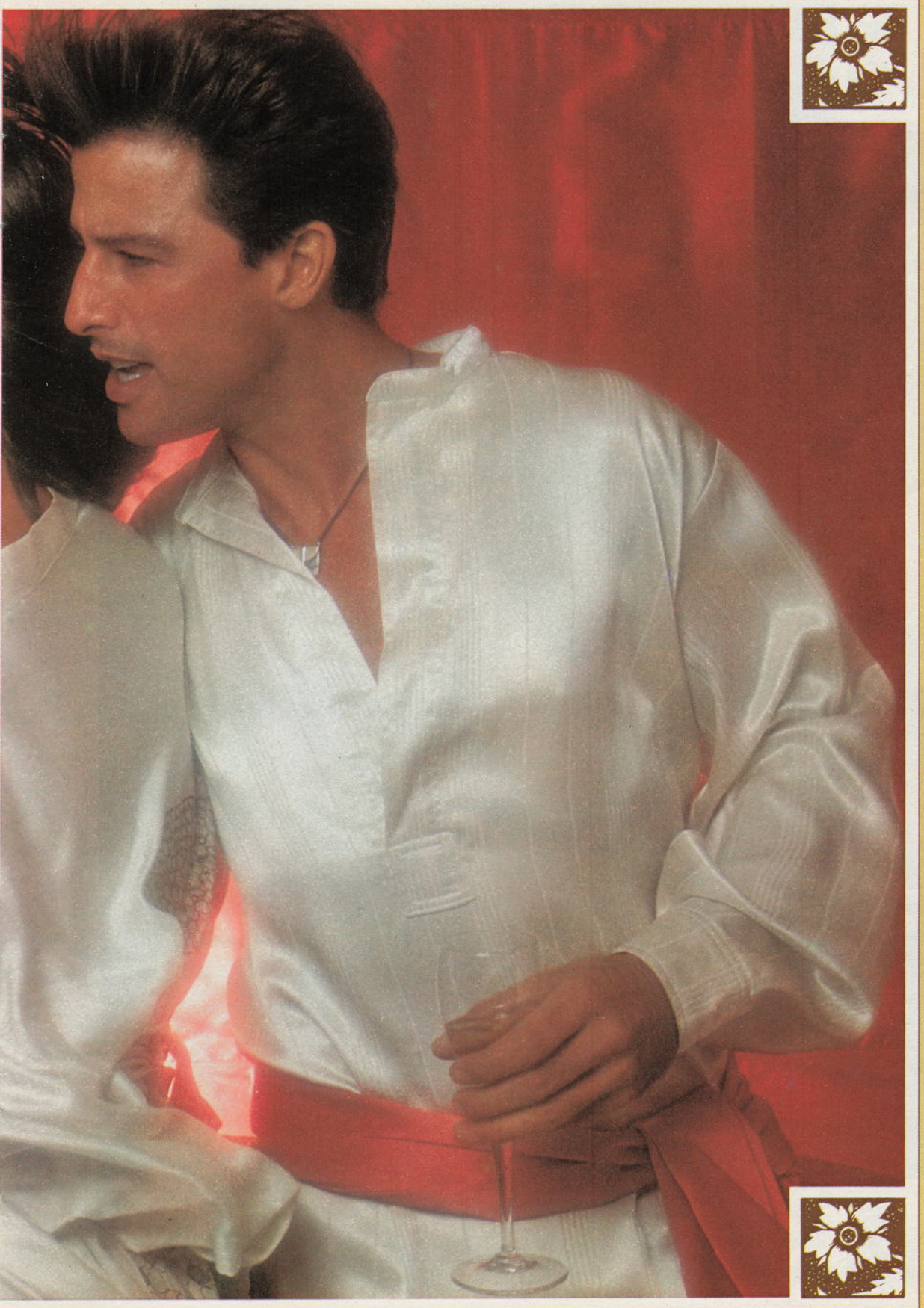


EASE MEETS WEST

Pleasure wear for sensuous at-home relaxing and entertaining.

Loungewear is getting a lot of attention these days. Contemporary men are experimenting with silky, drapable shirt-suits and quilted tops and bottoms with an Oriental flavor. Night clothes in feel-good satins, velvets, terry velours, and polished cottons—all cut nice and easy—are also exciting the senses and elevating the spirits. With all this happening, it seems that men will soon follow women in using their most intimate fashions for at-home wear.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK LAFFITTE



Mandarin collars, frog buttons, and quilted jackets indicate that the Chinese have made an impact on American fashion. (At left) *A reversible velour quilted top ($80) and pajama pants ($32) by Robert Truth. The lounge shirt-suit of acetate nylon has the look of satin, with an oversized peasant shirt and pull-on elasticized pants, sashed in red (the ensemble, $75) by John Karl for Flo Toronto.*

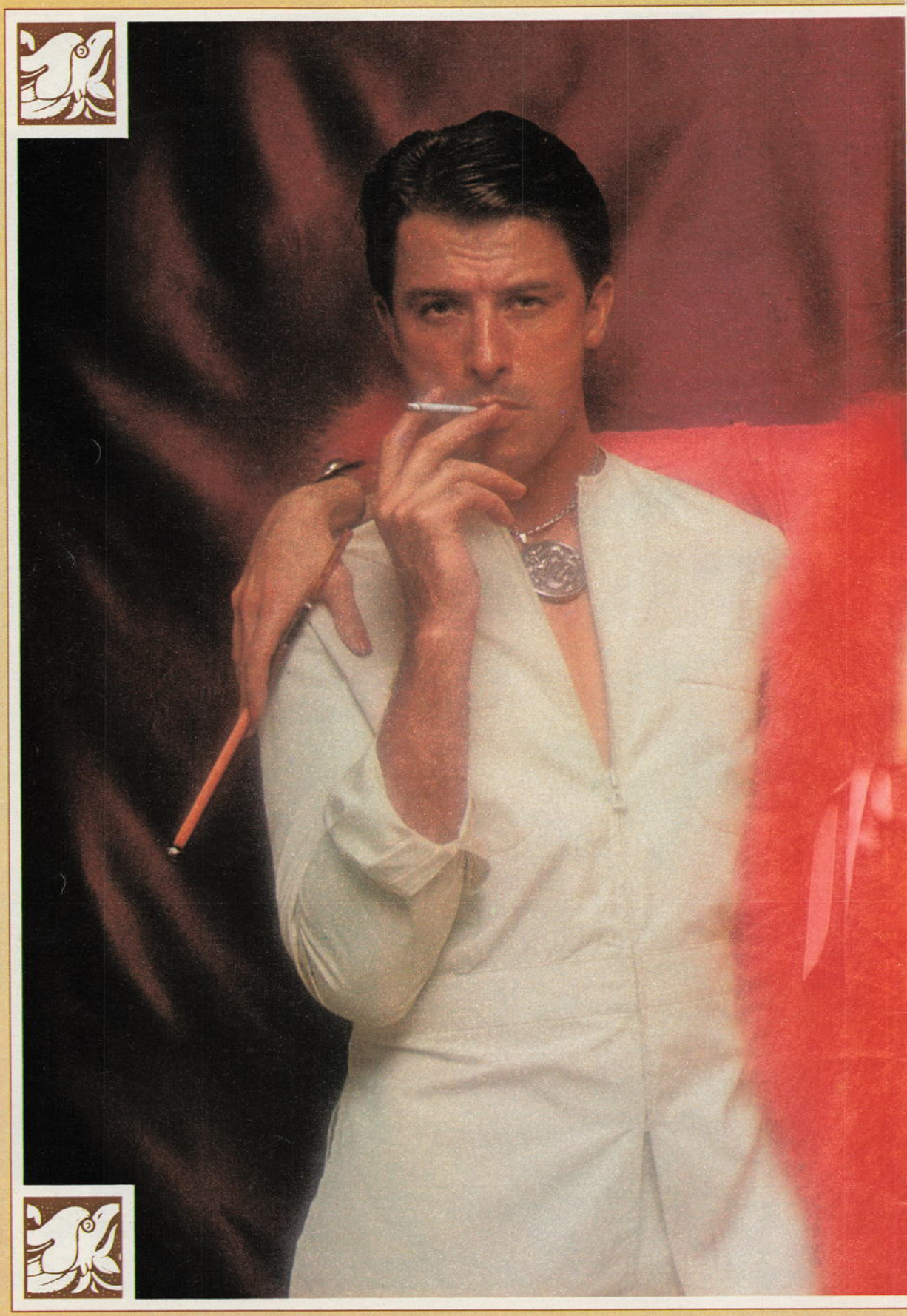
Her "Dragon Lady" kimono by Phillip Faran Designs.

All jewelry available at Primavera, New York. Satin sheets by Royal Creations. Ladies' hairstyles by Destyn Enzman.

The cotton-terry karate jacket with matching tank top and pull-on pants (ensemble, $106) by Dick Kallman for Burton Constable. Her silk kimono by Phillip Faran Designs. Extra-long cigarette by Nat Sherman.

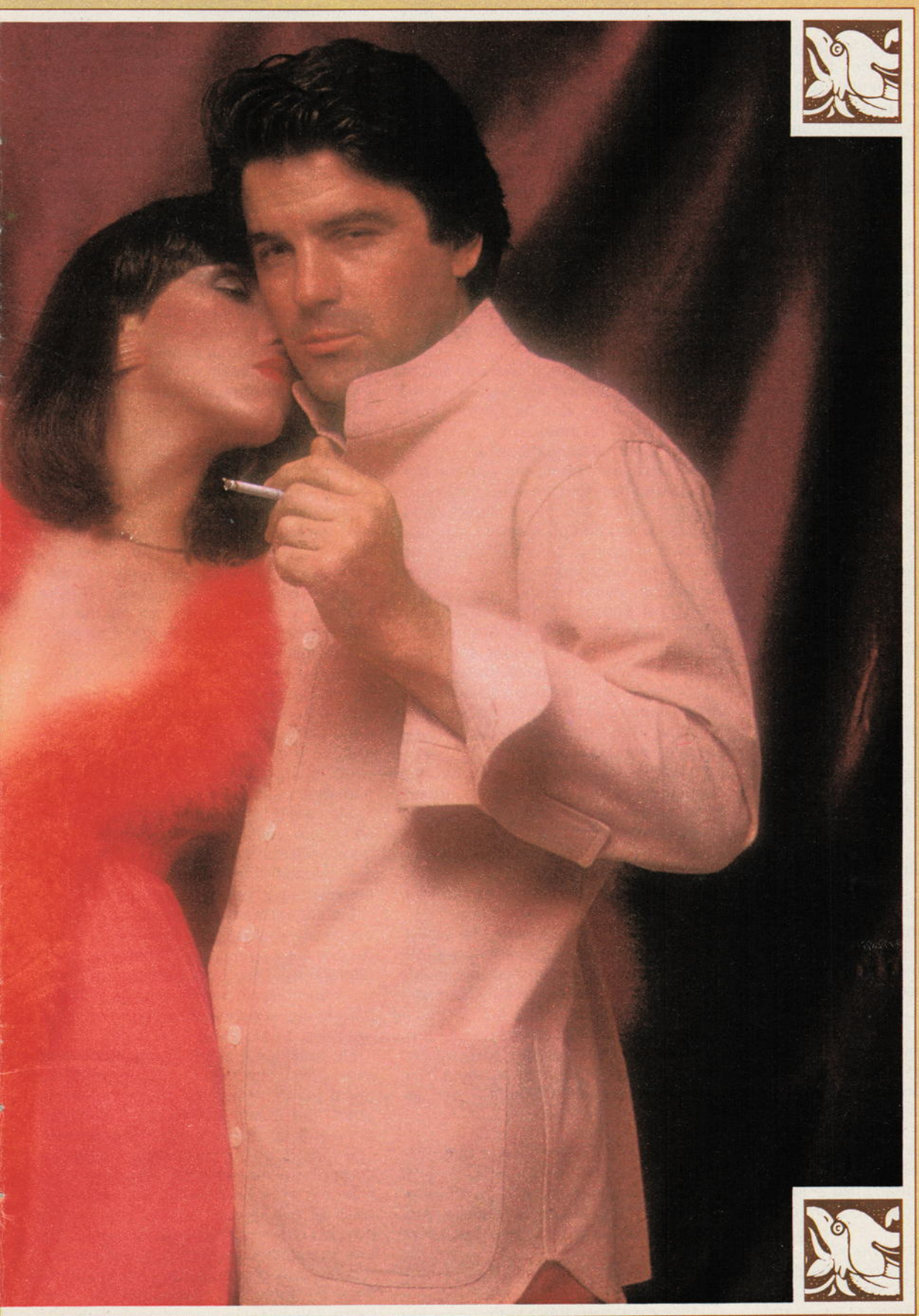
Brown velour big-pocket polo shirt ($30) with contrast velour pull-on pants ($32) by Robert Truth.

Her fleece robe with satin collar by Bill Tice for Swirl.



(At left) The zip-front cotton poplin shirt-suit features modified mandarin collar and shirred waist ($195) by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael Fashions.

The big shirt in cotton and "butcher" linen sports a



mandarin collar and oversized pockets ($62) by Chuck Howard and Peter Wrigley for Mark of the Lion.

Her marabou-trimmed robe from Michael Salem, New York.

120 mm. cigarettes by Dawn.

For information on where to buy the merchandise featured on these pages, see Retail Fashion Finder page 170.

HARGROVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

the time wears a dashiki over his fatigues. One soon learns that Clancey is not so dumb as he lets on—he's shifty, won't let you know he's angry until he's got the knife in you. He was in reform school for holding up a service station at fifteen; he's been married, has a baby girl somewhere; he's been shot at by Americans, and he was sentenced to two years in the army for assault and battery.

Around them are other bunkers of all sizes and shapes, each bearing no particular relation to any other. There are several 105mm howitzers surrounded by a waist-high circle of sandbags to protect the tires and the gunners' ankles from shrapnel. Antennas of different shapes and heights poke out from several of the bunkers. There's already a crap game going on next to one of the cannons.

Clancey has just broken his bootlace. "Shit!" he says. "Hey, Jerry, you got any shoelaces?"

"Look in my ammo box."

Clancey crawls on hands and knees into the bunker and comes out with a metal .50-caliber ammo box. He pokes around in it and comes up with a lace, then shoves the box back in without closing it.

"C'mon, close it back up, would you?"

Clancey leans in and does so. "Christ, man, I'm sorry."

"Gotta keep my weed dry, man."

"Shit."

"They're unloading the breakfast, Clancey. I hope the coffee's good. A good cup of coffee would set me right for the day's work. A good cup of Brigade coffee, coffee with balls. . . . You know what I mean, Clancey?"

"Shit."

"I'll just sit here, with Charlie likely no more'n ten feet outside in the trees watchin' me, drinking my morning coffee. Let him be jealous out there, drinking his elephant-grass tea or whatever it is he drinks. I've got hot coffee and cold beer—all I want—and let him eat his fuckin' heart out." Jerome looks at Clancey.

"Shit."

"You know, I think they got women back there making some of that coffee. Some of those little yellow-haired doughnut dollies the officers are always fucking. You can tell coffee made by a woman—it tastes fresher like it was strained through panties. Some dirty mess sergeant sweats in it . . . it ain't the same. I mean I like it hearty as the next fellow, but not wrung from an E-7's undershirt."

"You think they'll call us back?"

"Not as long as we keep giving them coordinates, they won't. The war effort would crumble if they took *us* out. Can you imagine what would happen if we weren't here to fix Charlie's radios?" He motions toward a cannon. "Why these poor slobs would have nothing to do. With this little gem of ours"—he slaps the top of a radio on tripod with a diamond-shaped antenna—"the PRD-1, with which, I'm sure you're well aware, Clancey, we can locate the needle in the haystack. And, as I'm sure you know as well, the reliability of this information is not worth a shit.

"What *is* worth a shit, however, is our great trust in this little obsolete beauty. If it says there's a gook out there, by God, there's a gook out there. And since there's probably at least ten thousand gooks out there, the chances are good that we'll pinpoint one now and then. Pretty good statistics when you consider the terrain, the sneakiness of the target, the obsolescence of the machine, and, of course, us—the operators. So you see, without us, the war effort could rely on little more than chance."

"Shit!" A definite curse. Clancey stands up and walks around the bunker to the PRD-1, turns it on, and hangs the headphones around his neck.

"What's the matter, Clancey?"

"The Lieutenant came out with the coffee." He begins to turn the frequency knob.

Jerome turns and there Hargrove is, walking toward him up the hill.

"How's it going, Jerome? Any problems?" The Lieutenant smiles . . . looks over at Clancey nervously.

"Oh, just fine, sir. Ah . . . we've been getting some real good signals from the north, which the other stations can't pick up. I think it's the mountains; these mountains out here, sir, are really lousing us up. You can't get a good reading on anything."

"I know. That's why I came out. Are you sure everything is working?"

"Like a dream, sir. Clancey sanded the connections yesterday; I checked the batteries this morning. Everything is working like a dream, sir."

Lieutenant Hargrove walks over to the equipment. "Good morning, Clancey."

Clancey nods and says to himself, "Shit!"

The Lieutenant looks over the equipment for a moment, eyes Clancey searching the band, writes something in his notebook, looks around at the mountain. He seems satisfied.

"We're doing our best, sir."

"I'm sure you are, Jerome. I just wanted to see how you're situated out here." He looks at the bunker. "Beautiful job, Jerome."

"Thank you, sir."

"Are they feeding you well out here?"

"The food's real good. Speaking of which, sir, I was just about to go down for coffee and scrambled eggs. I have to carry some back for Clancey, so would you care to join me?"

"Why thank you, Jerome. That sounds very nice."

Clancey watches them walk down the hill, Jerome talking and pointing at bunkers.

"Shit . . . " he mutters.

An hour later, Jerome and the Lieutenant are leaning against the bunker, drinking a third round of coffee, and talking about small-business management.

Jerome says, "I think you're better off applying for a corporate license—whether you need one or not—just so you can have it on your letterhead."

"Yeah, that's probably true in some respects, but. . . ."

Some guy two bunkers over starts hollering, "Incoming! Incoming!"

Everybody scrambles. Lieutenant Hargrove looks to Jerome. Jerome dives for the hole. Hargrove follows, with Clancey right behind. They sit there for a couple of seconds, each oblivious to the others, heads slightly cocked listening for the crunch. Nothing. Seconds pass by; they begin staring at each other without being aware of it. The Lieutenant becomes very self-conscious. He starts studying the ceiling. Worm holes where the bark has peeled off, a constant dribble of sand dust, and a bug of some sort crawling upside down. There it is: *Crunch! Crunch! Crunch!* from the bottom of the hill. Silence. Lieutenant Hargrove looks at Jerome as if to ask him when and where the next three will land. Suddenly he's not so sure of the beautiful job they did on the bunker. He pushes on the walls. *Crunch! Crunch! Crunch!* Jerome says, "They're hitting in the artillery just off the LZ. Eighty-twos." *Crunch! Crunch! Crunch!*

This lasts ten minutes, a total of twenty-eight rounds—each round causing Lieutenant Hargrove to improve his position, from an upright position to an extremely uncomfortable version of the fetal self-clutch. They wait several minutes after what is apparently the last round until someone calls, "All clear!"

Men are poking their heads out all over, some are walking around looking. The guns have started shooting back in a general release of frustration, and some guy somewhere is yelling for a medic.

Lieutenant Hargrove crawls out, stands up, brushes himself off, and looks around. People are beginning to holler. Two medics rush by. They stop over by one of the guns and bend down in a group of five or six. He can see they are working on a figure lying on his back.

He walks over to the group, stops, and looks down. The man is half conscious, his chest pumping rapidly. His abdomen is open and looks like an appendectomy done with a cherry bomb. It's so unreal. The man is going to die. The Lieutenant stares for a moment, the blood draining from his face and finally settling at the base of his spine. He's not dead—*he's going to die*. And everybody knows it—the Lieutenant, the other men watching from a respectable distance, and the medics. They all know. And eventually the man himself knows. He kind of goes limp.

Lieutenant Hargrove returns to the bunker. Jerome is busy checking out the equipment.

"Still works, sir." And he points to a jagged hole in the metal cabinet.

"Good. Ah . . . I'm going to see about getting a ride out of here. . . . Keep up the good work." He waves and walks down the hill toward the G2 bunker.

A man is running up the hill with an arm, dripping rivulets of blood, stretched in front of him. The look on his face is urgent. Lieutenant Hargrove points toward the medics, watches him for a moment, and continues down the hill.

He is very conscious of his abdomen, of sucking it in. He is terrified.

He wants to get back to base camp, where he can put in his time and leave the pain and dying to those with the appropriate MOS. He has too much at stake to end up like that. The Vietnamese are fine people; but by God, Lieutenant Hargrove has other priorities. He has a wife and family to provide for, a lifestyle to build, and a career to get on with. The North Vietnamese never so much as defaced a latrine wall at Pearl Harbor. The hell with the domino theory! He has a career waiting with Kawasaki.

In Which Goliath Wins a Round

"Spearchunker Willie 3, this is Spearchunker Willie 4. How do you copy?"

"Fivers, Spearchunker 4. Go ahead."

Lieutenant Hargrove sits in the back of the chopper with the wounded and the dead. Two gunners are perched behind him on either side. A medic is tending the bodies; there are two of them, the man with the abdominal wound and another man—the face covered with a soppy olive-drab terry towel. Next to the Lieutenant on the canvas bench the man with the bloody, now bandaged arm sits holding it extended; and next to him is a man with a bandaged knee. It is stretched out and he looks like he wants to vomit.

The radio continues, Spearchunker 3 and 4 exchanging this and that on where to deliver the goods. Spearchunker 4 seems to think the forward Brigade base at Floc Doc would be best; while 3 is convinced they should be flown to the Fourth Division base camp in Pleiku. The debate is finally decided—or at least delayed—by a faint *tat-tat-tat, tat-tat* from the jungle below.

"Dink, two o'clock," from a set of headphones hung behind the Lieutenant. He looks out the door and sees a man darting along the edge of a clearing.

The chopper rolls and the left gunner opens up.

From the intercom: "Les, comin' over your side eight o'clock."

The engine pitch changes radically as the chopper rolls again—the wounded men hanging on; the Lieutenant very aware of his sphincter tightening.

The right gunner opens up.

"There he goes! Get him, Les."

Both sides going now. The towel slips off the face wound. An M-79 is being pushed into the Lieutenant's hands. The left gunner points to the ground.

"Nine o'clock, Wooley."

Good old Wooley's got him on the run. Dink diving under a fallen tree.

Lieutenant Hargrove points the launcher, pulls the trigger: *Fwoot!*

A faint *crunch* ten feet from the log.

The chopper is hovering. They've got him where they want him. The Lieutenant ejects the spent cartridge and shoves a fresh giant bullet in the tube. One thing on his mind: hit the gook with the bomb, blow him up so the gunners won't see how paralyzed he really is.

Fwoot! rattle, rattle tat-tat-tat Crunch! Wooley on M-60; Les now on M-16; Hargrove on M-79; and the pilot shooting a .45 out the window. Eventually the fallen log will be splintered apart and Chuck will be exposed.

Fwoot! he shoots the fifth round, and it's good. Close, right next to the log. The figure is shaken in a blast of dust so that half the torso is clear of the log. Several more rounds, then a thumbs up from Les. Sober smiles all around. A strong sense of unspoken comradeship.

Everyone goes back to their place. The radio picks up where it left off, coordinants are given for the dink body, and Spearchunker Willie 6 indicates the Fourth Division base camp is the desired destination.

The Lieutenant watches out the door. He sees a lone elephant standing in a clearing. He points it out to the man with the bandaged arm. Lieutenant Hargrove wonders what it would be like hunting an elephant with a chopper.

Home

Lieutenant Hargrove is burdened with a profound feeling that something is no longer right. He has never felt so powerful before; nor has he ever been so afraid. He is a killer. Not in the genes—but in fact. It runs through his mind like a banner trailed behind a Piper Cub. He wants sex. Comfort. And an awareness of his power registered in the intimate eyes of another.

Duyen sits on his bunk polishing his boots: she has been there for forty-five minutes, folding and straightening. Now he must have her. He will act with confidence, take charge, and gently make love to this flower. She looks so sweet and frail sitting there. He will be kind . . . leave her with a cherished memory.

He walks over and sits next to her. She smiles up at him. He realizes the smile is wrong—there is no underlying curiosity in it—but she will see. She'll be startled, but she'll understand it's good.

He puts his arm around her shoulder. The touch is like fire to his loins. She continues to smile; then looks at him, unsure and self-conscious. He can see by her eyes that she has seen something in his. He places his hand on her thigh. So taut and delicate, he can feel the tendons leading from behind her knee.

"I love Duyen," he says. He leans down and kisses her softly on the lips.

She pushes herself up and says something in Vietnamese. She tries to get up, but he's got a hold on her shoulder.

"It's okay. No hurt. Make number-one love, you, me."

His hand is in her groin. "Numba ten!" she says in a squeal of hatred and fear.

The Lieutenant's hand is working under the silk trouser band. He feels her respond the instant he touches it. So soft it is.

The mind is gone, compassion to the devil! The systems method is now under the determined control of Lieutenant Har-

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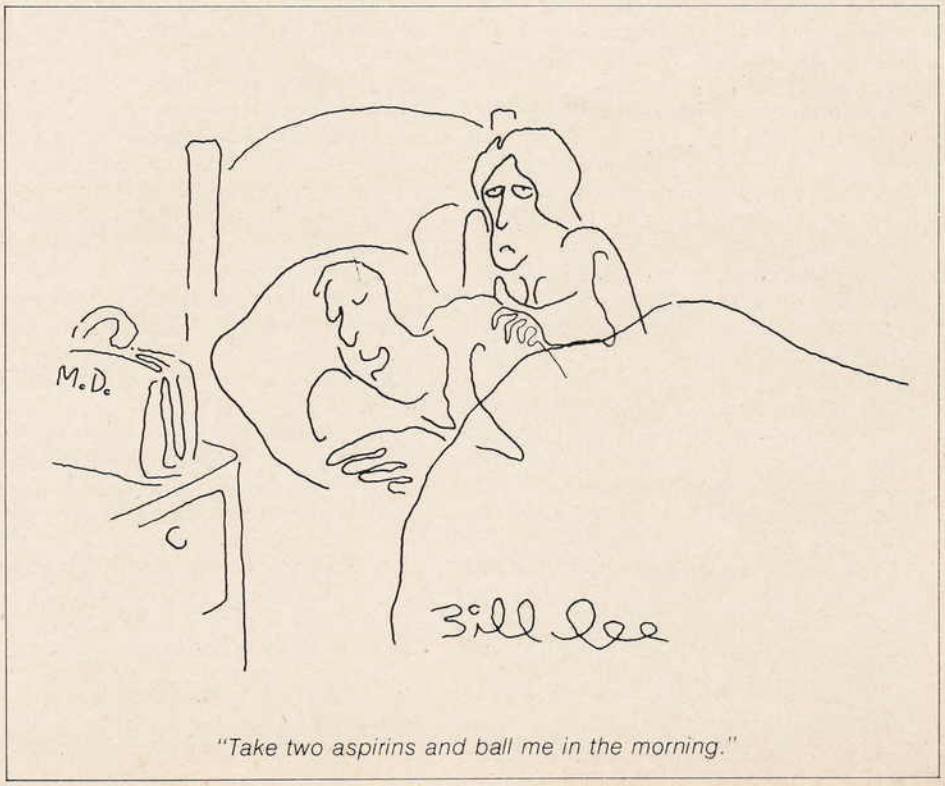


"Take two aspirins and ball me in the morning."

RODDENBERRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

primary character.

Penthouse: Do you ever watch the reruns?

Roddenberry: I've just begun to again, for the motion picture, but for years and years and years I hadn't seen it. As a matter of fact, I was invited to a "Star Trek" convention in New York and one of the requirements to get in was to pass a multiple-choice test on "Star Trek" trivia. The name of Captain Kirk's brother, Spock's uncle was saved from death by what man, and all of that. I took the examination and only got four questions right out of 100.

Penthouse: Don't you feel that by getting involved in such trivia you lose what the show is really all about?

Roddenberry: I think so, yes. When you make a show you usually have a research service that keeps a certain continuity, so that Kirk's brother's name won't be different from the name you mentioned last year. They would even send us changes like "Listen, to get where you say the ship is going from a planet around the star Polaris at Warp 6, assuming you wind around the star Deneb, will take you seventeen days longer than you put in your script. So you have the choice of changing to Warp 9 or choosing another. . . ." Our research people were remarkable people.

Penthouse: Do you ever look back at some of the shows and cringe?

Roddenberry: Oh my God, yes. I remember one night we were watching that week's episode and Mr. Spock said a line about something being one to the tenth power. Well, the tenth power of one is still one. And I thought, "How did we let that get by? There'll be a hundred letters." And indeed there were, you know.

Penthouse: You left "Star Trek" after two years. Why?

Roddenberry: The first year we were on at 8:30 P.M. on Thursdays. If we'd kept that time slot and evening I think our ratings would have slowly built because we built them all through that year. The second year, though, they put us on Friday, what was it, at 9 o'clock, which was a bad time. Our ratings dropped again. We slowly, all year, fought to build them back up again. NBC was going to cancel us and then the fans protested, had marches all over the country, sent in over a million letters, and they put us on for a third year, but then they gave us Friday at ten o'clock, which is even worse. But it was the first time the fans had ever forced a network to keep a show on the air. But I went to the network and said, "If you'll give us a decent time slot, I'll come back and personally produce the show." I was at the time executive producer. "And not only that, I will guarantee to work as I've never worked before to really make the show a hit." And they said, "Fine. We'd like you to come back and oversee it. Become the producer again and we'll give you Monday at seven," I believe it was. A great time slot. And so I proceeded to prepare for the next season. But as they began to line up their schedules, a show came along called "Laugh-In" that they felt they had a big bid on, and so they said, "We're going to put 'Laugh-In' there and we're going to give you Friday night at ten." Well I knew this was death for the show. When you bargain with a network you have to use the only clout you have; the only single thing I had was agreeing to personally produce the show. And so, in an attempt to force them to give us some time period that would work, I said, "I will not personally produce a show if you put it on Friday night at ten o'clock. There's just too much labor and effort and ultimate disappointment. If you do that I will stay executive producer. And, in fact, knowing that it's going to die, I'll be spending part of my time lining up what I'm going to do in the following year." As it turned out, the network elected to keep us on at that time. And having made this threat, I felt that I had to stay true to my word, otherwise how could I, in the future, ever again make a bargain from any position of strength? It turned out it wasn't such a position of strength because they left it there.

Penthouse: What compromises did you have to make to get the show on the air?

Roddenberry: I would have liked to have the crew 50 percent men, 50 percent women. But you must go back to the fact that you must attract and hold a minimum of eighteen million people. There's no point in striking a great blow for women's lib, or for any other thing, and not getting the show on the air or not being able to keep it on the air. So what you do is you go as far as you can go, and then you try to infiltrate the rest. Now this doesn't mean that you give in on everything. There are certain principles that I have and that other writers have that they will not violate even to get a show on the air. I don't like too much violence. I refuse to have the future run by the United States of America because I don't think that's the way it will be. I refuse to have an all lily-white, Anglo-Saxon crew. And I think if they had said, "This ship really has to be an instrument of the CIA of the future, of keeping the galaxies safe for democracy," I certainly would have said, "You can shelve the whole project."

Penthouse: Do you think you propagandized on your show?

Roddenberry: Well, yes. All writers propagandize. That's what writing, essentially, is about. We were constantly talking about moral issues. Don't forget that our monsters were never the monsters of bad sci-fi. They were always motivated beings who might be ugly, but had beauty inside of them. We were constantly saying, "Because something looks different doesn't mean that it's bad. Or because other people have a different lifestyle doesn't mean they're wrong." If there was one theme in all of "Star Trek" it was that the glory of our universe is its infinite combinations of diversity. That all beauty comes out of its diversity. What a terrible, boring world it would be if everyone agreed with everyone else. And if there weren't different shapes and colors and ideas. When we are truly wise—and my test for a wise human is when they take a positive delight when someone says, "I disagree with you because. . . ." My God, what an opportunity this opens for dialogue, discussion, learning.

Penthouse: You're currently working on a film version of "Star Trek." How will it be similar to the show?

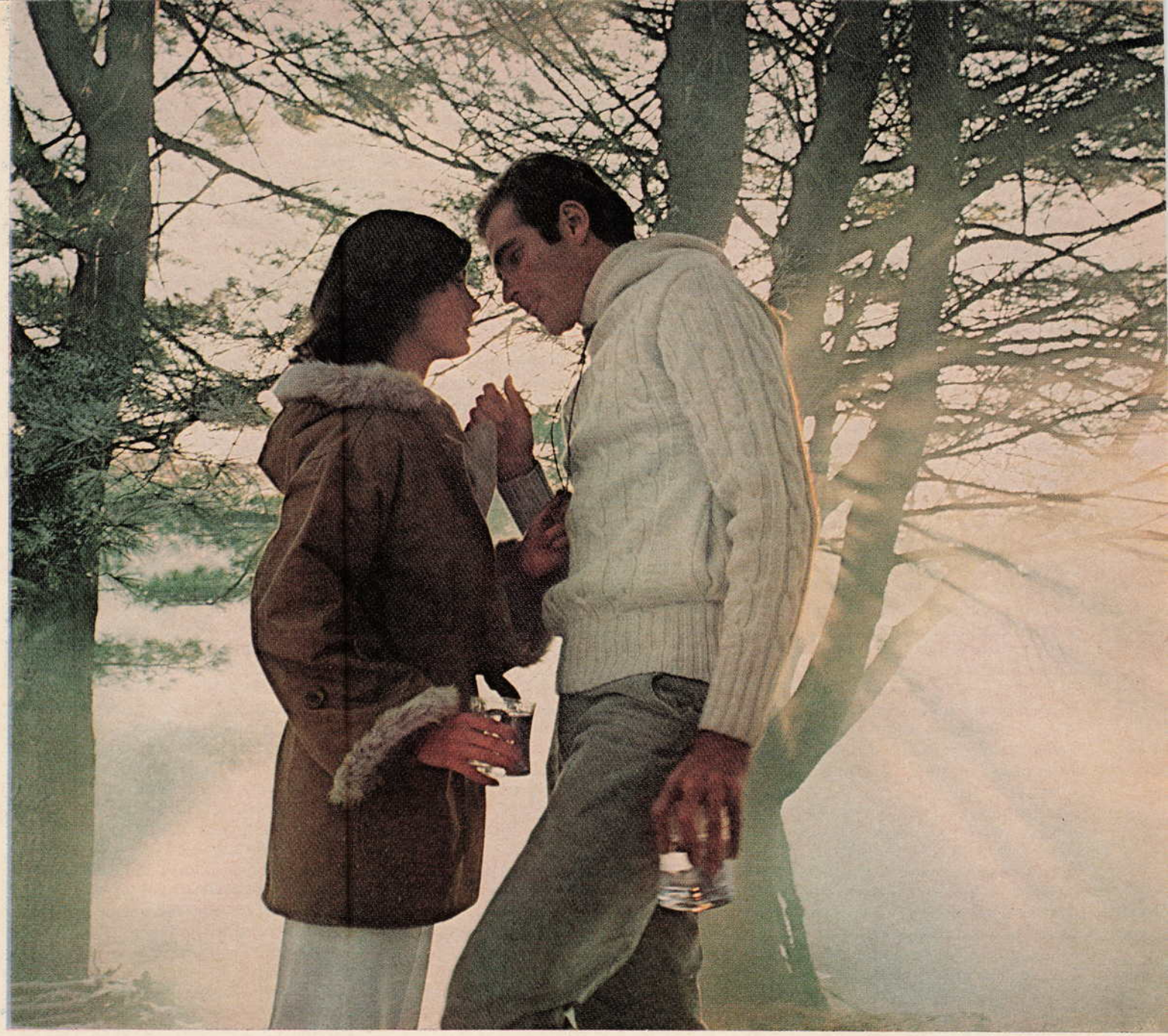
Roddenberry: We'll be using the same characters and the same actors. Also, I'd like to keep a PG rating. There's no point in just arbitrarily doing a film that would cut out millions of ticket sales. I personally think that sex is an exciting and very, very humorous thing. I think that the possible variations of it throughout a galaxy have got to make a very exciting and very funny film. But I won't be doing it on this one.

Penthouse: You've said that you felt that "Star Trek" was a very optimistic show. Are you still that optimistic in the 70's about the future of mankind?

Roddenberry: Yes, but I think that if we have an earth of the "Star Trek" century, it will not be an unbroken, steady rise to that kind of civilization. We're in for some very tough times. Our twentieth-century technological civilization has no guarantees that it is going to stay around for a long time. But I think man is really an incredible creature. We've had civilizations fall before and we build a somewhat better one on the ashes every time. And I'd never consider the society we depicted in "Star Trek" necessarily a direct, uninterrupted outgrowth of our present civilization, with its heavy emphasis on materialism. I think we're probably in for another Dark Ages. But my optimism is not for our *society*. It's for the essential ingredient in humankind. And I think we humans will rebuild and, if necessary, we'll lose another civilization and rebuild again on top of that until slowly, bit by bit, we'll get there.

Penthouse: Do you think future space missions will be as eventful as they were on "Star Trek"?

Roddenberry: I think that absolutely true stories of missions in the future would probably be, from the dramatic point of view, much less exciting than "Star Trek" episodes. One of the reasons that the public became rather bored with the moon landings was because they were so scientifically well thought out, well executed, that there just seemed to be little chance of danger. The astronauts were such wonderful, intelligent, decent men, you knew you were never going to see any quarrels between them. But let's suppose you had a NASA mission to the moon and you had a crew of two men and one woman and you knew that both men are in love with this woman and they secretly would like to be the first people to fornicate in space. I



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You know we never portrayed the "Star Trek" century as a century of perfection. We still had things to learn, we still were trying to solve things, and one of the things we were trying to solve was: is there any way we can reach the hopeless, maniac murder cases—the Charles Mansons of that time.

Penthouse: You were talking before about how you were against excessive violence on television.

Roddenberry: I'm not against violence. I think violence is a part of our life and our world. I'm against its being used for violence's sake, improperly motivated and improperly depicted. I am not against depicting a fight between two men in which one man gets hit in the mouth by the other man because that is part of the life we lead and that is a dramatic subject and it can be part of a statement you're making. What I am against is the fact that in a typical Western a guy gets hit in the mouth and he reels back and he hits the other guy in the mouth and they go at it. I know from my own life, when a large man hits another man full in the mouth with his fist, teeth are going to break, lips are going to be cut open, and I think if this happened the ugliness of it would tend to eliminate violence.

Penthouse: Where do you think mankind is heading?

Roddenberry: There's a theory I have that I've been making notes on for a couple of years now and intend to write a book on it sometime in the future. You often hear the question, "I wonder what the next dominant species will be?" I think that completely unnoticed by practically all people is the fact that the next dominant species on earth has already arrived and has been with us for some time. And this is a species that I call the socio-organism. It first began to make its appearance when men started to gather together in tribal groups, and then city-states, and more lately in nations, giant corporations, and so on. The socio-organism is a living organism that is made up of individual cells—which are human beings. In other words the United States of America is a socio-organism. It is made up of 200 million cells, many of them becoming increasingly specialized just as the cells in our body do. Furnish food, take away waste products, or the nerves—the sight, the thinking, the planning. Your local PTA is also a small socio-organism. General Motors and ITT are socio-organisms. The interesting thing about this new creature is that unlike all past life forms, one cell in a socio-organism can be a member of several of these socio-organisms. Also, they do not have to live in physical proximity with each other as in our bodies. It sounds a rather foolish sci-fi thing to say that General Motors is a living organism. But if you take a few steps back and view it from this point of view, you begin to discover that the evolution of this socio-organism almost exactly parallels everything we know about Darwinian evolution.

Briefly, Darwinian evolution is fairly generally accepted, that the first life forms on earth were individual cells floating on the warm soup seas of time. Finally, through chance and other factors, groups of these cells discovered that by being gathered together they could get their food more efficiently, protect themselves, and become dominant over the single-cell amoebas. With humans, exactly the same thing happened. More and more individual units began to get more and more specialized. As it became more complex, with more and more highly specialized units, the creature became more and more powerful, was capable of protecting itself, taking care of its individual cells. This is a process of accumulating interdependence. The frightening thing about viewing humankind now, this way, is that the socio-organisms are really becoming more dominant than the individual. In Red China they are teaching the very lessons that our bodies have, over the centuries, taught to its cells—that we can no longer exist for ourselves. We must exist for the whole. But you can see the same thing in the United States. People now live the corporate morality. If I join a corporation, my duty is to the corporation. If the corporation says lie, cheat, steal, move here, do that, I must do it because my duty is to the whole.

So if indeed civilization is following the laws of Darwinian evolution, you can predict ahead a few centuries or a few dozen or hundred centuries, until a time in which the independent individual will have totally vanished and this planet will be inhabited by totally specialized cells who function as part of these giant, living things. The great battle and great decision we humans face is whether to remain independent organisms or whether to let this continue until we become faceless, totally interdependent organisms.

Whether this is good or bad I don't know. You might, if it were possible, talk to a cell of my heart and say, "Look cell, are you happy?" It seems to have adapted well. Maybe this is the way it's supposed to be. Maybe there is some form of mass mind, mass consciousness, when a socio-organism reaches its final form, and we will be part of it and perfectly happy to be part of it. There may be contentments and happiness in this that we presently can't visualize. I fear it because I can't visualize it being better than remaining a free individual. I also fear the fact that if I remain, and insist on remaining totally independent and free, that the way things are going I am going to be treated as a cancer cell by the socio-organisms around me, which will find it necessary to eradicate me because I endanger the organism.

Penthouse: What is one's purpose in this socio-organism? Just to survive?

Roddenberry: No. My purpose . . . that's a hard question. I'll try to answer it. My purpose is to live out whatever my function may be as a part of the whole that is God. I am a piece of Him. I believe that all intelligence is a part of the whole and it may be a great cyclical thing in which we have to go on, evolving, perfecting, until we reach the point where we are God, so that we can create ourselves so that we know we existed in the first place.

Penthouse: Which socio-organism do you see as the most threatening?

Roddenberry: I think television is one of the most dangerous forces in our lives today. Because once most people, and certainly most literate people, learned about their world and formed their opinions and patterned their lives largely out of what they read that was published in books. The system of books was a fine system in its uncensored state. Any author could write about anything and you had a choice to buy it or not, depending upon whether you wanted to read it or agreed. But the insidious thing about television is that its purpose is not at all to convey ideas to people and to disseminate information—the purpose of television is to sell a product. It could also become very much an opiate, a much stronger and more efficient opiate of the masses than religion ever was.

I sat in a meeting many years ago where one of the heads of syndication was talking to some other syndicators. They were discussing the sales of programs in Africa. At that time Africa had newly emerging states in turmoil. And this gentleman said something that chilled me. He said, "Don't give me the armies of Africa; I don't need the control of the governments. You give me television in Africa for ten years and in ten years I will own the continent."

Penthouse: What is happening to television as a piece of mechanical equipment?

Roddenberry: I think there is little doubt that we're probably on the threshhold of a whole new revolution in telecommunications. We are now experimenting with mating television sets with print-out devices; think of TV mated with a Xerox-type machine in which probably our newspapers will ultimately be delivered. It's a much more efficient system. The minute you put the newspaper to bed electronically, you can then push a button and any house that subscribes to the service can have the thing rolled right out of the TV set. We're also experimenting, in some cities already, with mating television with simple computers and the home will be run by a home-computing feature. You'll do your billing on it, your banking, probably a great part of your shopping. I think it is inescapable that we mate TV with reproducing devices, that it will become our postal system of the future, almost certainly our telephone or videophone.

So I see television going in either of two directions. One is that it can become that opiate we fear. Or, used properly, it can be a way for all people, everywhere, to have access to all the recorded knowledge of all humanity.

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I tried everything that made sense, and even a few things that didn't. When I went to a dermatologist, I got no encouragement. One doctor even jokingly said the only way to save my hair was to put it in a safety deposit box. Incidentally, he had less hair than I did. Needless to say, nothing would work for me.

But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and vanity) spurred me on to find a cure. I started hitting the books.

My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionists report that vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep hair healthy. And one internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. (In non-hereditary cases, in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to literally thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.)

Believe The Experts, It Works.

Then I started reading all the data on nutrition I could get

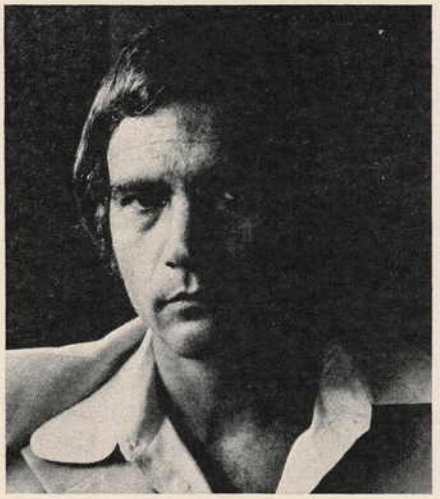
my hands on.

I am now finding the medical field beginning to support these nutritionists.

Studies have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body in general.

One doctor at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells occur 7 times as fast as other body cells. Therefore, general nutrition even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin—(may not be sufficient for scalp and hair).

In the Human Hair Symposium conducted in 1973 scientists reported that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate.



In case after case my hopes were reinforced by professional opinions. (And you know how hard it is to get any two scientists or doctors to agree on anything.)

The formula I devised for my own hair called for 7 vitamins and 5 minerals. The only problem was I discovered I was spending about $30 a month for the separate compounds.

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SEXUAL SERVICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

included, among many others, the United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Sir Winston Churchill, Paul Getty, and Elizabeth Taylor. He cultivated friends in the highest strata of society—and also in the lowest. Ward knew dukes and political leaders, but he also rubbed shoulders with gangsters, drug pushers, and prostitutes. He had the reputation for knowing all the most exciting women around town, and soon the phrase "Ward's girls" was being used by the influential to describe some of the prettiest prostitutes in London. In his stable were Mandy Rice-Davies and Christine Keeler. About the latter, Ward once remarked, "She was just an alley cat when I took her up. She wanted too much too quickly. She could have become a duchess."

Ward's activities were well known to the Security Service, which had checked him out because of his association with senior politicians, and when they needed his help in providing suitable women for visiting heads of state, they approached him through his friend and patron, Lord Astor.

The Astor family have long been powerful Establishment figures, active in politics, banking, commerce, and diplomacy. During the 1930's the name of Cliveden, their vast rambling nineteenth-century mansion, became synonymous with behind-the-scenes diplomacy and political wheeling and dealing. Lord Astor was on friendly terms with senior Security Service officers and was happy to help them—and, in his view, his country—when asked to do so. In this case, his instructions were simple. He had only to arrange a social meeting between Ward and Ivanov. He was not told why, and neither was Ward briefed about the encounter. Events were to take their natural course.

A luncheon meeting was arranged and, as had been anticipated, Ward and Ivanov got on well together. Indeed, within a few weeks of that first meeting they had become friends. Ward, a gifted artist who had sketched several members of the royal family, asked if he might sketch Ivanov and the Russian agreed; in return, Ward introduced him to attractive women and invited him down to stay on the Cliveden estate at a cottage he rented from Lord Astor for a nominal sum.

On Sunday, July 9, 1961, Ward's party at the cottage included Ivanov and Christine Keeler. Towards dusk they decided to go for a swim in Astor's outdoor pool, which was situated close to the main house. Lord Astor was also entertaining guests that weekend, among them the Secretary of State for War, John Profumo, and his wife.

After dinner, Lord Astor suggested a stroll around the grounds and his party wandered towards the walled pool. Intrigued by sounds of talk and laughter, Astor pushed open the gate in the high wall and ushered his guests through—at the precise moment that Christine Keeler emerged, quite naked, from the pool. John Profumo, walking ahead of the others, "must have seen every detail of Christine," Ward commented afterwards. "And there was a lot to see!"

It was the start of a relationship between the girl and the statesman that was to have disastrous consequences for both Profumo's career and Sir Henry Hollis's subversion operation.

The fact that John Profumo and Christine Keeler were having an affair soon became known to the Security Service. There was some discussion of using Profumo to help subvert Ivanov, but it was decided that this would be too dangerous politically. Instead, a senior Security Service official was sent to see Profumo and warn him to stay away from Christine. This man's delicate hints were completely misunderstood by the minister. The man was trying to tell Profumo, without actually saying so, that he had stumbled into a secret operation; but it seems likely that the minister merely thought he was being warned of a possible scandal if he continued to see Christine. If he did think this, it made no difference in his relationship with the young woman, for by this time he was was too infatuated to worry about any threat she posed to his career. So Hollis, unable to prevent Profumo from seeing Keeler, concentrated on Ivanov's defection. Every delight that London society could offer was strewn in the KGB agent's path.

Outwardly, Ivanov seemed to be captivated by his new social life; but, in fact, he was well aware of the attempted subversion and had reported to Moscow on every meeting after his first lunch with Ward.

At first, the Russians ordered Ivanov to play along with the Security Service, because, through Ward, he would be able to infiltrate many useful areas of the Establishment. But within a few months of that first luncheon meeting and before the Profumo encounter, Ivanov had discovered another good reason for staying close to the osteopath. In his friend's London flat, the Russian discovered a two-way mirror. Ward had not installed this device—it was put there by a previous owner—but he had used it to watch his friends making love and to take many photographs. In all, he produced three sets of prints and had them bound into albums. (One of these albums was seized from the flat by the police, a second was confiscated from a friend of Ward's, and the third has never been located.) Ivanov, of course, knew that this material would offer magnificent scope for blackmail. He secretly copied the most revealing pictures and sent them to Moscow. Today they are on file at Dzerzhinsky Square, awaiting the opportune moment to be used.

Profumo's affair with Christine Keeler naturally made the Ward setup of the greatest interest to the Russians, and Ivanov was ordered to take any steps necessary to subvert the minister. He prepared to make a thoroughgoing job of it. In fact, such was his devotion to duty that the heterosexual Russian actually went to bed with one of Christine Keeler's bisexual boyfriends in the hope of gaining information.

On December 14, 1962, another of Miss Keeler's boyfriends went to Ward's Wimpole Mews flat and fired shots into the building. This display of jealous rage caused the simmering scandal to explode onto the front pages of the press. Fleet Street had known about Profumo's association with a call girl for months, but they hadn't dared to print a word of it. Now they splashed the sensational story all over the newspapers.

Sir Henry kept his nerve right up to the end, praying for a defection that would justify the whole operation. He refused to believe that there had been any risk of information leaking to the Russians from Profumo's liaison—a view, incidentally, that was certainly correct. But events were now beyond his control. On June 6, Ward was arrested, and at the end of July he killed himself by an overdose of drugs. A few months later Sir Henry was forced to retire from his $16,000-a-year job. He moved to Crossway Cottage near the West Country town of Bridgewater and spent his last years growing roses, an embittered old man who believed that he had been shabbily treated by a country he had served faithfully for more than forty years. Profumo resigned his seat in Parliament and quickly slipped into obscurity, working for charities and visiting prisons. Christine Keeler married in 1971, but she was separated from her husband only a year later.

In October 1973, Sir Henry Hollis died. For two days his cottage was the scene of uncharacteristic activity as the Special Branch police officers painstakingly searched it behind drawn curtains. It is believed they were looking for any tapes or manuscript notes the security chief might have left behind—some last message to the world, perhaps, in place of the biography that he had been forbidden to write, maybe an explanation of the true facts about the sexpionage trap that went wrong because a staff minister blundered into a naked prostitute.

Ivanov returned to Moscow during the scandal. He is now a top-rank GRU officer, and his loyalty has never been doubted by the Communists. With hindsight, this attempted subversion seems naive, but it should be remembered that almost identical operations carried out since then have proved successful. Less than ten years after the attempted Ivanov entrapment, for example, the Security Service was able to persuade the KGB's Oleg Lyalin to defect.

Lyalin arrived in Britain in 1969 disguised as a trade official with the Soviet trade delegation based in Highgate, in northern London. As a KGB officer attached to the Scientific and Technical De-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 143

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Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship—analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Couples," Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

COUPLES

Cliff K., 29, 5′10″, 180 lbs. Black hair and brown eyes. Cliff is a musician.

Caroline S., 25, 5′5″, 105 lbs. Brown hair, blue eyes. Caroline is a graduate business school student.

CLIFF'S STORY:

I suppose that we are sitting here talking about ourselves, about our sexual and emotional relationship, because we have reached an impasse. You might consider this a form of counselling, a way of shedding some light on our problems. I mean, at least we're getting it all out in the open. Who said—Caroline would probably know—that sunlight is the best disinfectant? Things between us are not great, but neither one of us, surely, wants this to end. We have too much invested in each other to walk away from what is a difficult but hopefully not an insurmountable situation.

It's as if there are no choices for us, or at least for me. I don't know how long I can continue living this kind of life; I seem a virtual prisoner of it. Yet, just as something inside me tells me to get out, to split, something equally strong tells me to stick with it. But I can't go on sharing Caroline with another man, knowing that she is fucking him, openly, frequently, and lovingly. It's really tearing me apart.

I don't think that it's the simple fact that she's having a relationship with someone else. After all, I don't demand monogamy and don't even practice it myself. What does bother me is the intensity of this relationship of hers with this guy, Roger, and the way she met him. Hell, we haven't even been living together for long, just a few months, only since she returned for the new school semester. And she lived with this guy—I don't even like to say his name—before she ever lived with me, although I have known her much longer than he has. So it's unfathomable to me why I should be sharing her with this guy, why I should tolerate this stupid *ménage à trois* in which I am forced to participate, symbolically that is, against my will.

Yet, if I'm reading Caroline correctly, she's telling me that I really don't have any choice but to tolerate this. Either that or terminate our relationship. And I really don't want to end it, even with all the frustrations. Caroline is the sexiest chick I've ever been out with. No one turns me on like she does, no one has even come close to doing for me what Caroline does. The only exception is this girl I knew a few years ago in college. Of course, she's not easy to forget because she was the first long-term lover I had, and in many ways she was like Caroline. I don't think that's why I am so attracted to Caroline, but it's probably one of the reasons. At least, one of the things I recognized right away about Caroline is her resemblance to my college lover.

Physically, they don't even come close. The girl in school had long, dark red hair, and she was tall and willowy and really built. Huge breasts and a nice firm ass. Her skin was white all over and her body was in great shape, muscles as finely tuned as a violin. I guess she did a lot of yoga and other exercises. In contrast, Caroline has short, curly hair, and she's on the slim and short side. She has a nice body, though. It's soft and cushiony and she has a dark complexion. Hers isn't a hard body, but she's not at all flabby, nor is she bony. Her breasts are probably smaller than most girls want, but I think that they are great—they're round, no droop, and she has these huge, dark nipples.

When I first saw her, those nipples were one of the first things I noticed. And it was really difficult to take my eyes off them. There I was, standing on a ladder doing some painting on this building where I live and where I'm the superintendent, when someone behind me suddenly asks if I have seen a yellow cat recently. As I turn around to confront this voice below me, I look down and see these two dark nipples pushing against a gauze-type blouse, and I can feel my blood begin to boil immediately. There's this tousle-headed girl with this nearly see-through white blouse and army khakis, standing there, stretching up toward me on the ladder, her hand raised to her eyes to block the sun, a movement which stretches her blouse tighter against those nipples. And her voice is plaintive. I could tell that she was pretty concerned about her runaway cat. I'm not big on cats and

Photographs By Robert Faber

usually could care less, but something in the way she talked made even me worried about her silly animal. As I clambered down off the ladder and stood in front of her, she explained that her cat had been missing for a couple of hours and that she doesn't normally let it outside. She was upset, because when it does get out, it is usually back right away meowing to get in. But she had been looking for it all this time and couldn't find it.

I was a lot more enchanted with her than I was concerned about her cat. I could hardly take my eyes away from her tits, and barely heard what she was saying. It wasn't until I found myself offering to help her find the cat that I was really conscious of what was going on. Anyhow, off we went in search of her cat. For the next hour or so we combed the block, but couldn't find it. She was pretty distraught, so I invited her in for a cup of coffee or a drink. I thought it would be a good idea to divert the conversation from talk of her cat, and tried to keep it on other things. Besides, now that I look back on that day, I suppose that I had an ulterior motive right from the beginning. Watching her bend over and crawl around looking for her cat, with her tits straining against her shirt and her pants climbing into the crack of her ass, had really turned me on.

She was quite taken with my apartment. It is nice, not that I've spent a lot of money on it. I do a lot of woodworking and have built several things. And because I'm a musician I have a lot of sound and stereo equipment, not to mention a baby grand, and it looks as if I've put a lot of money into my place. Anyway, we talked for a couple of hours about my work—I'm a jazz musician, a freelancer—and about what she did, and about living here on this block. It turned out that she lived right around the corner. I was watching her pretty intensely the whole time we talked, and I got the feeling she was watching me, too. I still couldn't take my eyes off her nipples, except to look into her face, which was really sensitive and expressive. Every little nuance, every motion was expressed somehow by her face and her eyes. That's what reminded me so much of the girl in college. Plus the fact that Caroline was in college, too, only as a graduate student.

"My arm brushed against her tits, and that was it for me. I couldn't wait any longer."

At one point, I got up to walk into the kitchen and, still talking and unaware that she was right behind me, I stopped and turned to say something and we collided. My arm brushed against her tits, and that was it for me. I couldn't wait any longer. I started making her right there in the entrance to the kitchen. She didn't say much of anything, a silence which I construed as permission to go ahead full steam. But when I started to lift her blouse off, she said, "No, Cliff, not here," and "Please, Cliff, take it easy, be gentle." She was almost whining, but I continued. In fact, her halfhearted objections were turning me on even more. I assumed she was just going through that not-the-first-time bullshit. In retrospect, I realize she was trying to tell me that she wanted a little less crudity and a little more glamor.

Anyhow, we kept making it, gripping each other more firmly, and then we sank to the kitchen floor. I got on top of her and she was wriggling and squirming, suggesting that we adjourn to the bedroom. But we kept making it there, even though she was reluctant. I don't know what possessed me. I'm not a floor freak, especially a tiled kitchen floor, but something about Caroline made me so horny that I couldn't think of anything but fucking her.

I got her khakis undone and slid them off her. She was quiet now, just lying back and not doing much of anything. I put my hand on her cunt and she was dry as a bone. I kept massaging her pubic mound through her panties with one hand while working her blouse off with the other hand. It wasn't easy, but I managed. All I was wearing was a T-shirt and pair of jeans, which I removed with ease, then got on top of her and started grinding my hard cock into her soft thigh near her cunt. She was murmuring, and by this time she had forgotten all about her surroundings. While I was sucking those nipples that had been staring me in the face, Caroline reached down and ripped her panties off herself. Then she shoved one finger into her cunt and used another one to masturbate her clit. After watching that for a few minutes, I got so turned on that I went straight down on her.

I didn't eat her very long, just long enough to get a good taste of her love juices. She tasted super-good, really clean. I brought my head up to her face and she licked it. Then I rammed my cock into her. She wasn't completely moist on the inside, and she let out a pained cry. But I just rammed it in, I couldn't help myself. I kept pumping away until she got hotter and hotter and was moaning and whispering my name. She started pumping back, really fucking me, and that made me pound it in even harder. It was then that I noticed the expression on her face, a look which reminded me of my college lover. I'm not trying to be corny, but I want to make a point. After all, fucking is more than just masturbating inside some cunt. Caroline would probably be surprised to hear me say this; she probably thinks that my sensibilities are not refined enough to appreciate this.

My point is, when you screw, girls have different expressions. Some girls' faces contort and twist up, in what looks like pain, or fear, or repulsion; others in indifference. Well, my college girl friend's face got more beautiful than it already was. Caroline's expression is similar, but even more beautiful. She just looked really happy and peaceful, like she was enjoying screwing more than anything else. That's an amazing trip. It makes fucking a lot better.

We kept fucking away on the floor, more wildly, until I came. I came so hard that I didn't even notice if Caroline got it off, and we just collapsed, lying there on the kitchen floor for a few minutes. It was Caroline's whimpering that startled me. I lifted her up and went into the living room, putting her on the couch and lying down beside her. I said that I was sorry for being so impatient, but she smiled and said it was okay, and that she was really happy we had done it.

That first time was over a year and a half ago, before we started living together. In fact, that first year, we didn't live

together at all. Caroline already had an apartment with another girl for the year, and she was in her first year of graduate business school. I was doing a lot of club dates, so it was more practical to live apart. After all, she was just around the corner, a mere hop, skip, and hump. We did talk about living together, but decided against it. However, we decided to see a lot of each other and not too much of anyone else, as it turned out, although complete fidelity was never—and isn't now—one of the ground rules. To hear Caroline talk, you might think that I was ready for the seminary and prepared to ship her off to a monastery. That's not true at all. I just object to her relationship with this one guy.

Why? It's lasted so long, for one thing. And she sees him so frequently and talks about him to me. I guess that I resent him, he's such a large presence in her life, and I fear that he can give her more security than I can. See, I'm just a struggling musician—a lot of one-nighters and all that unglamorous stuff. He's an established architect with a big house in the country. Caroline's not really the stereotypical business school student, with a Bowmar for a brain and greedy octopus hands. She's not all that interested in material things, or at least in the acquisition of them. Neither am I, so that's cool. But, like anyone else, she does want security. So for a sensitive, artistic woman who just happens to be a financial wizard, she really drives a hard bargain. Two for the price of one is what she's getting. And every time I say something about Roger, her architect-lover, she tells me I am being narrow-minded and possessive. And then the argument starts. I can't seem to make her understand that it's not monogamy that I ask, but just one meaningfully emotional commitment—to me. Hell, I don't reserve myself sexually for her only.

I have plenty of opportunities to get extra helpings of sex whenever I want it. I play a lot of clubs, intimate places, with some well-known people. And I get noticed by a lot of pretty girls. Needless to say, I take advantage of the chance once in a while. I also have a lot of crazy friends who get into some wild scenes. Just last week, when Caroline was away at some conference for a few days, I got involved in something that promises to be a source of pleasure for a good while. It started out with this friend of mine. He plays in a chamber orchestra with this chick, and one day he went to her apartment to practice because she's new. When he got there, she had to rush out and only her roommate was there. According to my friend, the roommate asks him point-blank if he wants to fuck, and because he's pretty happy with his girl friend, he says, "No. I'm pretty well taken care of, thank you, but if you're really horny, I know a friend who wouldn't mind." So he brings her over to my place. They arrive, unannounced, he introduces her, and we talk for a while. Then, because he didn't explain that she was for my pleasure, I get up and leave to go next door to talk with a neighbor, thinking that I'm just providing the premises for my friend. When I come back, I hear some grunting and groaning, and as I walk in, they're fucking on the couch.

We smile at each other, say hello, and I go into the kitchen and pour myself a glass of wine and light a cigarette, waiting for the action to subside. Pretty soon they join me in the kitchen. They're both nude and we're all sitting around drinking wine and smoking. Then the girl, who is really nicely built, starts talking about fucking some more and asks me if I want to join in. "Fine," I say, "but I want to square some things with my friend." I didn't know where his head was at, but I definitely didn't want him screwing me while I was screwing her, or something like that. He said that he wasn't into sex with men, so everything was cool. I suggested we go into the bedroom where there's more room. The three of us got in bed and she helped me off with my clothes. We touched each other and fingered and fondled. Then I fucked her while she gave my friend a blow-job. I think my friend, everyone, came at the same time. It was fun. We got out of bed for some more wine, all sitting around in the buff. The girl started talking about fucking some more and I was thinking that she must be some kind of fucking machine. Luckily, she looked at her watch and saw that she had to go home. Can you dig this? She was supposed to have met her boyfriend there an hour before. So she took off, not before leaving her phone number and mentioning that she had a girl friend who would take care of us if she herself were busy.

"I was suddenly determined to get him into *my* bed, not his."

A couple of days later, I was horny and called her, hoping that I could get something going with both her and her boyfriend. She told me to come over, and a few minutes later I was knocking on her door. She said that she had a few things to do first and went off into another room. Meanwhile, someone knocks on the door, and since she doesn't answer it, I do. I open the door and there stands a tall, brown-haired girl in a leotard. She steps in and introduces herself as this other girl's friend, and without pausing, asks me to fuck her because her boyfriend isn't feeling well and she's horny. I couldn't refuse. We go downstairs to her apartment and into the bedroom. I'm fucking her when suddenly a man comes out of the bathroom and walks toward the bed and gets into it with us. His prick is stiff and she takes it in her mouth. I assume it's her boyfriend, but don't really know. The scene is getting a little weird. It gets even stranger. This guy starts chanting, "Give it to me, harder," over and over. It's really strange. So I pump like hell and shoot my load, then make a quick exit. But not before she makes me promise, in front of him, who's still in bed moaning, to return. "Yeah, sure," I say. By the time I get back upstairs to see this other girl, she's either gone or already screwing somebody else. Anyway, whenever I want some strange action, I know where to get it. And I won't hesitate.

But that's just it. I know that Caroline is aware of my screwing around, although I don't discuss the details—that would be rude and unnecessary. And she has never openly disapproved. When we first started seeing each other, it was an understanding. She knew that I came into contact with lots of women, and that it would be hard for me to resist. So instead of playing games, we approached it like adults. She didn't keep me on a tight leash, and I didn't keep her on one, al-

though I suspect that she had stayed on her own short leash until the affair with this architect character. I think that she had always led a fairly sheltered life, until I met her. For instance, that first time we screwed—it was a new experience for her to be screwed like that, the first time she met someone. And here she was, twenty-five years old and had never lived with a guy. When we met, she had a female roommate, and had always lived with a bunch of girls, never by herself.

I think that she resented my freedom, prim and proper as she is sometimes. It has been a running source of quarrels since we first dated, that we could only see each other when my schedule would allow it. She went to school during the day, when I was free, and I had a lot of gigs at night, when she was free. So the only time to see her would be after a gig, late at night usually, when I would just bop over to her place instead of crashing at home. It wasn't great, but it wasn't bad. We would always make love passionately, then go to sleep, and we always had some time in the morning before she went off to classes. Unfortunately, she was in business school and her schedule was pretty rigid. But that's what my lifestyle is like. And I can't change it, no matter how much Caroline thinks I can. I understand her when she says that I seem to control the relationship only because our social life is planned around my work. But that doesn't mean I am insensitive to her and her needs.

I think that she felt guilty about my just coming over after a gig and making love to her. She would complain that I wasn't sensitive enough, or didn't care enough for her. But I think that she felt guilty because she enjoyed it, yet it didn't jive with what she thought of as a good relationship. Somehow, I just couldn't get it by her that we had to grab what time we had and really enjoy it. It seemed that she was more concerned with façade than with substance. I am really crazy about her and she must know that. Otherwise, why would she be staying here in my place while I'm upset over this relationship of hers?

You see, after she finished her first year of business school, she had an offer to do an internship at a bank in another city. She said it would be good for her career, but wanted to know how I felt. Well, I didn't want to be away from her, but I didn't want to be accused of slowing down her career. I also knew that the summer was going to be really busy for me with a lot of gigs. And things had been getting kind of tense between us recently. So I thought the time off from each other might be good for our heads. We would plan to live together in my place when she returned for her second year of grad school, but in the interim, we would have a summer of freedom.

We really missed each other all summer. She was seeing other people; so was I. But we wrote almost every other day, which is quite a feat for me. Then, at the end of the summer, I got a phone call from Caroline. She said that she was having an affair and didn't want to end it, but that she still wanted to move in with me, that she loved me and missed me. I said fine. Then I learned that this guy was coming back east sometime, that he actually lived back here, and it would be only too convenient for her to see him. It was like having a third person move in without his actual physical presence. That didn't occur to me at the time; I didn't think that it would present any problem, that it was just a matter of getting over a summer romance. But it hasn't happened. She has seen this guy steadily since returning, for almost a half year now. I see other chicks, too, but nothing intense. I don't think that it's fair of her, but I'll be damned if I'll throw her out. She's too foxy to let go. But she's really hurting me by staying.

CAROLINE' STORY:

Although Cliff claims to be at his wits' end, I think that he is exaggerating. Admittedly, there is a lot of strain between us right now, and we have a couple of small things to work out. But, as far as I'm concerned, there is nothing to be frantic about. In fact, I'm rather enjoying myself right now, and I don't believe my enjoyment is at the expense of anyone else, including Cliff and Roger.

I believe that Cliff likes to see himself as trodden upon. He imputes all these motives to me—such as resentment and revenge—as an explanation for my relationship with Roger. That's not true. The bottom line is this: I care for both Roger and Cliff, sexually and emotionally, not so much in different degrees as in different ways. I must add, however, that I really care more deeply for Cliff; otherwise, I wouldn't be staying with him. Yet he refuses to understand my feelings for Roger, while he himself takes all sorts of liberties—and always has, and I've known it—with heaven only knows how many other girls.

In a sense, I feel liberated after an awfully long time of repressing my feelings. And this sense of freedom came about finally not as a result of meeting Cliff, I'm afraid, but from getting away from him for the summer and living with Roger in California. I don't want to minimize what Cliff has done for me. He certainly liberated me sexually. When I met him, I must have been in a sexual slumber for a long time because I never knew that I could have sex so ardently. But I suppose he awakened a lot of ambivalent feelings in the process.

Like the first time we made love. I have mixed feelings about that. He forced me—at first—into doing it on the kitchen floor. I really wasn't anticipating anything like that, or asking for it. I was just looking for my cat, Fang, when I came across Cliff. He was standing on a ladder doing some work. I was upset over not being able to find Fang, so I asked him to help me. After a couple of hours of looking, we had no luck and, feeling sorry for me, I suppose, Cliff asked me in for a cup of coffee.

I really liked Cliff immediately, but I had no intention of jumping into bed with him. I just wasn't used to doing things that way. I was impressed with his place and with his work and ambitions. There were these instruments all over the place, and a baby grand piano. He just seemed awfully cultured, as well as being savvy in the ways of the world and

the big city. At this point in my life, I had known as friends and lovers only students, who can be pretty naïve. But Cliff is an example of someone struggling to make it in a fiercely competitive field where talent decides things, not the number of degrees you have.

I guess that I got engrossed in his life that first afternoon, and my interest was apparent. But I was not trying to be sexy, and I didn't detect anything in Cliff's voice or manner that implied that he wanted to just fuck me. So it came as a surprise when he started kissing me. At the outset, I thought that he was just being affectionate. However, when he started pawing at my clothes, I got a little upset. After all, we were standing in the kitchen. I could tell that this excited him. I was a little scared, although there was no reason to be frightened of him. But I didn't see any reason to make love right away, especially on the kitchen floor. I suggested that he cool off, that we take it slow. But we just kept making it and I was starting to get turned on to him. Suddenly, we were on the floor and Cliff was undressing me. I wanted to go into the bedroom, but Cliff wasn't listening. It seemed crude and dirty, making it on the floor, but my resistance was gone. Cliff was turning me on.

I forgot that we were on the cold floor. I closed my eyes and fantasized that we were in a big bed, and then I tried to picture what was happening. I imagined this muscular, forceful man screwing me on a bare stone surface, and I was powerless to do anything. Lucky for me that I was enjoying it. I was almost in a daze when I felt Cliff's hot prick against my leg. I opened my eyes and saw him undressed. Then I did something I had never done before. I reached down and tore off my panties and fingered myself. Cliff was busy sucking on my tits, and I was getting myself excited. Then I could feel Cliff remove my hand and place his tongue, warm and moist, around and in my cunt, going in and out. I opened my eyes for just a moment and caught a glimpse of Cliff's head between my legs. As soon as I had closed them, Cliff was putting his prick into me. I felt it enter, and I wasn't lubricated enough yet. There was a sharp pain, then a dull ache for a couple of minutes, but it felt good. In fact, I had never felt so good. I was oozing wetness, and was thrusting back at Cliff, clawing at his ass, wanting him deeper in me. I don't know how long we were fucking, but I came first, then he came. And for some reason, I began to cry, cries which I tried to stifle. I didn't want Cliff to think that I hadn't enjoyed it. I had. He lifted me up and put me on the living-room sofa and lay down beside me. I think that he began to apologize for being so forceful, but I stopped him.

At times, it seems that our sex has been more or less a replay of that first encounter. I mean, Cliff really turns me on and I never fail to have at least one orgasm when he fucks me, and he is probably responsible for liberating me sexually. But he seems so forceful, almost brutal, all the time. I really don't mind it, I suppose. I don't know exactly how I feel. It's just that when we first started going out, there wasn't any romance to our relationship, no frills. It was coach all the way. Cliff was always playing some late-night gig and we never had a normal dating situation. He would get done playing, and by the time he got to my place, it was early morning. It seemed we never had time to do anything but fuck. And Cliff is proficient at that. Almost too proficient. It is as if he were a fucking machine. We'd sleep, then in the morning, he would fuck me doggy-style. Before I went off to classes, we would have a few minutes to talk. Weekends weren't much different, except we could spend some of our days together.

So why did I move in with Cliff this year? Because I really dug him. And I thought that living with him would be different, that I might get to see more of him. And before I left for my summer internship in California, Cliff and I seriously discussed living together. We agreed that if we both felt deeply about each other at the end of the summer, we would go ahead with our plans to live together. And when the end of the summer came, I still wanted to live with him, and he wanted to live with me. I told him about meeting Roger; in fact, I never kept it a secret. He knew I was living with Roger out there. And he knew that Roger was returning to the East about the same time I was going back to school. But Cliff said, "No problem," and I took him at his word.

I don't think that either he or I knew that something really important had happened to me in California. I look at it this way. Cliff liberated me sexually, and Roger liberated me emotionally. When I first got to the west coast, I had no intention of getting involved with anyone for a long period. On the other hand, I didn't intend to stay cloistered, because Cliff and I had agreed on a pretty open and loose relationship. For the first couple of weeks I was preoccupied—when I wasn't working—with my summer house. It was the first time I had lived alone and I was pretty excited. I had this little cottage in the country, about a half hour from work, and far enough in the sticks so that there were only a few neighbors, none of them very close. After a couple weeks of solitude at night, I decided to have a cocktail party for some of the people I had met where I was working. It was just a small thing, because there weren't that many people I wanted to see socially, or date. But one of the guys, an older married man, asked if he could bring an old friend of his. "No problem," I said. His old friend turned out to be Roger.

Even though my party was nothing to make a fuss about, I still wanted to make a good impression on everyone, so for most of the evening, I played the polite hostess role. But after Roger arrived with his friend, my mind was no longer on the party. Roger was immediately introduced to me and instead of exchanging a few pleasantries, he stayed and talked for a long time, until I thought that we were becoming a little conspicuous. But as soon as that thought entered my mind, Roger said that he should mix. He said good-bye just as gracefully as he had introduced himself. The party ended a bit later, and Roger left with his friend. I wasn't sure whether or not I would see him again.

The next day, he called me at work and apologized for not

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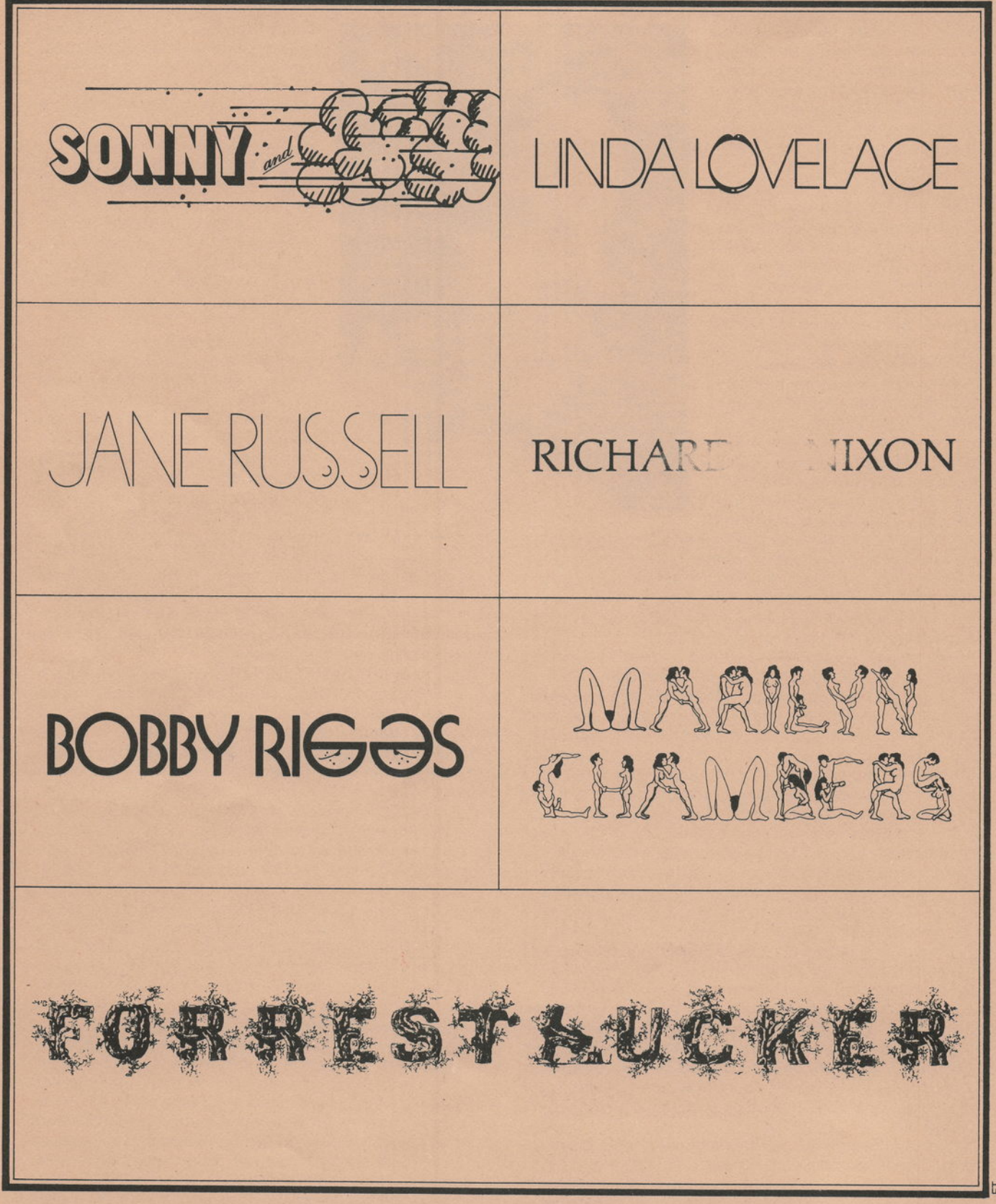
WHAT'S IN A NAME?



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

dent of Syria. There just won't be 500.

Point B: Technological advances in engine noise and emissions will wipe out the objections to SST's in whatever numbers. FAA is already working on new environmental standards to be applied to any SST's beyond the first generation.

Sonic Boom: There's a story about Concorde boom tests. British Aircraft Corporation won approval to run a supersonic flight over a corridor whose focal point was Wells Cathedral in Somerset, where a boom-intensity monitoring device was set up. As a precaution against alarming the populace, the company announced in advance the date and time of the flight and the boundaries of the corridor.

At the last minute, a minor malfunction caused postponement of the flight. But the environmentalists didn't let that bother them; they protested anyway. There were a couple of hundred phone calls complaining of broken dishes, shattered windows, and cracked plaster—caused by a flight that had not taken place. Next day the test was run without further announcement; there were only two complaints. There's a message there somewhere.

The sonic boom results from a shock wave created by an object moving through an air mass at speeds faster than sound. It varies in intensity depending on the size of the object, velocity, and altitude. It is not harmful to aquatic life or human health, but it can startle the hell out of you.

Concorde's boom is softened somewhat because the shock wave dissipates with distance from the source. The hearer on the ground is more than ten miles from the source. An Australian official who witnessed a demonstration was disappointed. "It wouldn't satisfy the children on firecrackers' night," he allowed. Australia has tentatively approved supersonic Concorde flights over a sparsely populated corridor through the outback and the British/French operators are seeking other corridors in desolate areas, such as the Arabian desert.

Anyway, as far as the U.S. is concerned, the boom question does not apply. It arises from time to time because some people seem to have the idea that an airplane designed for supersonics makes a boom even when it is flying at low speeds. It does not, of course. FAA regulations prohibit commercial supersonic flight over the United States and its territorial waters and the agency has stated firmly that there will be no waiver of that rule. No one has asked for a waiver. The normal Concorde transatlantic flight plan assumes that the initial boom on departure will occur about 100 miles offshore and the final boom will take place at least the same distance from the destination country.

Low Level Pollution: Concorde's Bristol Olympus 593 engines are designed for supersonic flight and are considerably different from those powerful engines in conventional jetliners. Citing three separate categories of engine emissions, FAA found that "Concorde's engines emit less particulate matter and comparable levels of unburned hydrocarbons" when compared with the 707 or DC-8. The bad news was "levels of carbon monoxides and nitrogen oxides are significantly higher."

The anti-Concorde faction has seized on that latter statement and trumpeted it loudly. Concorde proponents argue that, lumping all three categories, their airplane is in the same ball park as the 707/DC-8 pollutionwise. They add that it is ridiculous to gauge the impact of a single variety of airplane operating on a limited basis since all of the world's airplanes, civil and military, light and heavy, contribute only 1 percent of the world's air pollution. In terms of global pollution from all sources, Concorde's meager contribution amounts to a flatus in a hurricane. Moreover, the FAA found that Concorde emits less nitrogen oxide pollution than the 747.

Stratospheric Pollution: Airplane engines discharge nitrous oxides which cause chemical reactions in the atmosphere. This is not especially important at the altitudes where subsonic airplanes fly, because turbulence, storms, and rainfall provide a cleansing influence. But to get the speed for which it was designed, Concorde must operate in the stratosphere, where the air is relatively stagnant and airplane emissions remain for long periods. Theoretically, therefore, SST's may damage the stratospheric ozone layer that protects earth from potentially harmful solar ultraviolet radiation. Not clearly established, but apparent, is that ozone depletion and increased utlraviolet penetration can induce climatic changes and biological effects on humans. Namely skin cancer.

On the matter of influencing the climate, FAA's Concorde Environmental Impact Statement gives the airplane a clean bill: "There would be no significant effect on the overall climatic conditions on the earth."

What about skin cancer? The very word cancer is frightening and Concorde's foes spread widely this facet of the subject for scare effect. They rarely bother to mention that the cancer under discussion is of the "nonmelanomic" variety. Nonmelanomic skin cancer is a common affliction, a relative of sunburn which, to quote the Environmental Impact Statement "is almost never fatal and normally responds to proper care"; it hits some 250,000 people annually in the U.S. alone. As for melanoma, the more serious type of skin cancer which is fatal about 40 percent of the time: "No mechanism for cause and effect has yet been established."

FAA, taking a consensus of the two most comprehensive reports on stratospheric impact, estimates that Concorde opera-

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tions on the scale planned might deplete the ozone shield by four-hundredths of 1 percent. This *may*—not by any means a sure thing—bring an increase in the incidence of nonmelanomic skin cancer of .08%, or less than one-tenth of 1 percent.

Obviously, the subject is one that demands a hard look if there is any chance that future stratospheric airliners in larger numbers might induce disease. That is being done. FAA is conducting a new and continuing study called HAPP, for High Altitude Pollution Program, the aim of which is to find out whether great numbers of stratocraft will, in fact, harm the environment. If so, it is technologically feasible to develop new engines and fuels with nonharmful emissions. That will be costly and it will take a decade or more, but that's not a problem because the possible second-generation SST is at least that far away, probably much further down the pike.

For now, the whole matter of ozone depletion is more or less academic to the question of whether Concorde should be admitted to U.S. markets. For this reason: People tend to think of the atmosphere above them as a fixed part of their habitat, like the earth they tread. It is not. It is constantly in circulation, flowing through the hemisphere, carrying with it the pollutants discharged by airplanes, rockets, volcanoes, or whatever. Thus, the emissions from a Concorde flying over the Mediterranean, or a TU-144 over Siberia, or the thousands of military aircraft flying everywhere in the developed world, will eventually become part of the American atmosphere. In short, whatever the ozone effect proves to be, it will happen whether or not Concorde flies in the U.S. So it is a side issue rather than a direct consideration in the matter of landing rights.

Airport Noise. On the question of noise, anti-Concordites are on firmest ground. The airplane is generally noisier than its fellow transports for two reasons. First, its engines, designed for supersonic flights, have a higher exhaust velocity; the faster the hot gases escape, the greater the noise. Secondly, unlike any subsonic airliner, Concorde uses its afterburner system for takeoff.

Opponents have gleefully seized upon an FAA statement that Concorde's "perceived noisiness" is double that of a 707, four times that of a 747. This is based on a complicated noise measurement system in which sound pressure recorded by mechanical devices is translated into "effective perceived decibels," or ear impact. The FAA statement is mathematically accurate. But, in terms of public annoyance, is there really a difference between thunderous and deafening?

Concorde's friends concede that the airplane is noisy but they make these points:

• The oft-cited horrendous noise figures for Concorde apply primarily to the period when the afterburner is in use. It is used for only one minute during takeoff. When it is shut down, Concorde is in the same ball park with the subsonic jets. In fact, the FAA environmental statement says Concorde is less noisy on landing approach than some of the subsonics.

• Even with the afterburner in use, Concorde noise is below the physically-harmful level. FAA says: "Since there will not be any prolonged or sustained exposure to intense noise levels, Concorde will not produce any significant auditory or nonauditory effects of a physiological nature."

• Noise effect should be considered in total context rather than decibel ratings on an individual flight. In other words, Concorde's six U.S. flights a day will produce minimal noise impact compared to the hundreds of flights at the two sought gateways.

Concorde foes make much of the fact that the SST cannot meet the noise standards set down by the FAA. That's true—but neither can most of the airliners flying today. That needs some explanation.

Until 1969 there was no official noise limit. In that year, by congressional direction, FAA set noise standards based largely on the then-new wide-body jetliners—the 747, DC-10, and L-1011. These airplanes are powered by turbofan engines which lend themselves more readily to noise suppression techniques, hence they have the lowest noise levels among large commercial aircraft.

The rule is more a target than an absolute limit and it applies principally to aircraft developed after 1969. There is underway an effort to "retrofit" older aircraft to bring them down to the specified noise level, but some airlines are having trouble just staying afloat without spending fortunes to install sound-baffling systems. As a result, most subsonic transports can't stay under the specified decibels, and that situation will continue for several years.

Concorde's builders admit that the SST in its present form can't comply with the noise rule, but they say that planned improvements will reduce engine noise in the next decade. For the interim, they offer a counterargument. Although Concorde is regarded as a new airplane, its development actually began in 1962. At that time, the designers accepted as a goal an International Civil Aviation Organization dictate that supersonic airliners "should not create a noise exceeding the levels accepted for the operation of subsonic jet aircraft." Meaning the aircraft then flying, the early 707's, DC-8's, and their ilk.

Except for the brief afterburning time, they met that standard. Should Concorde now be penalized for nonconformity to a rule that was passed five years after the SST's design was frozen? Says British Aircraft Corporation spokesman Leo Schefer: "We are not asking for a waiver of the rule, we ask only the same treatment accorded those who operate older subsonic aircraft which cannot meet the noise limits."

Add it all up, the noise and the other less valid objections, and it comes down to this: Concorde is really just another air-

plane which sins like its brethren but not appreciably more so. Measured in total context, its transgressions are not sufficient to warrant its exclusion from the United States and to deprive the American traveler of the convenience this giant step in air transportation affords.

There is one final aspect to the Concorde matter: What effect will the dawn of the commercial supersonic era have on interest in building an American SST?

Interest has never waned in the U.S. aircraft industry, which generally regards the 1971 cancellation of the Boeing SST as the craziest national decision since prohibition. It's too late to compete with Concorde because of the long lead time involved; some of the technology that went into the Boeing project is still usable, but for the most part it's a start-over proposition and it would take a minimum of ten years to put the airplane in the air.

But industry people see a need for an Advanced SST in the 1990's. It would be a Mach 3 airplane, cruising at 2,000 miles per hour, with triple or better the passenger capacity of Concorde for economic viability and greater range for flexibility on the long Pacific routes. Its development would cost from $4 to $5 billion.

What reasons exist for such an undertaking? For the traveler, one more increment of speed and convenience; for example, an Atlantic crossing in two hours plus. For the pragmatist, it would mean a large number of jobs and a huge contribution to the U.S. international trade balance, a factor of increasing importance in view of skyrocketing outlays for foreign oil.

The environmental objections once leveled at the Boeing airplane would not apply. The generally accepted no-supersonic-flight-over-land edict would eliminate the sonic boom factor. New engine and fuel developments would reduce pollution, obviate the ozone scare, and bring noise down to satisfactory levels.

Assuming improvement in the depressed airline business, and an SST market for the 1990's far broader than currently exists, there remains one major obstacle: money. No aircraft manufacturer, nor even a consortium of American plane builders, can handle the great development cost. Like Concorde and the Soviet TU-144, the project would have to be government-sponsored. Considering the economy today and national attitudes about priorities, that's not very likely.

Concorde and its Soviet counterpart may help change the situation. The American people are not accustomed to taking a technological backseat; basically, that's why we went to the moon. Given a better economy and a rekindling of national pride, Americans might be persuaded that the second generation SST is a good investment and that developmental funding might be recoverable in sales royalties. But it's a tomorrow thing; no immediate revival of the American SST program is in the cards.

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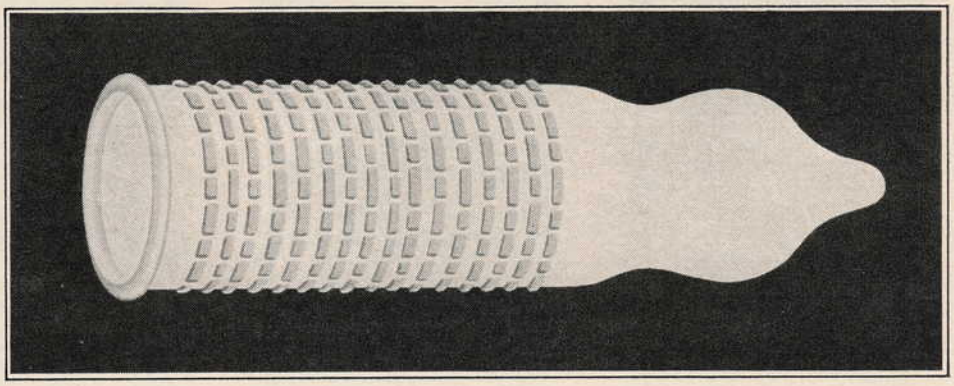

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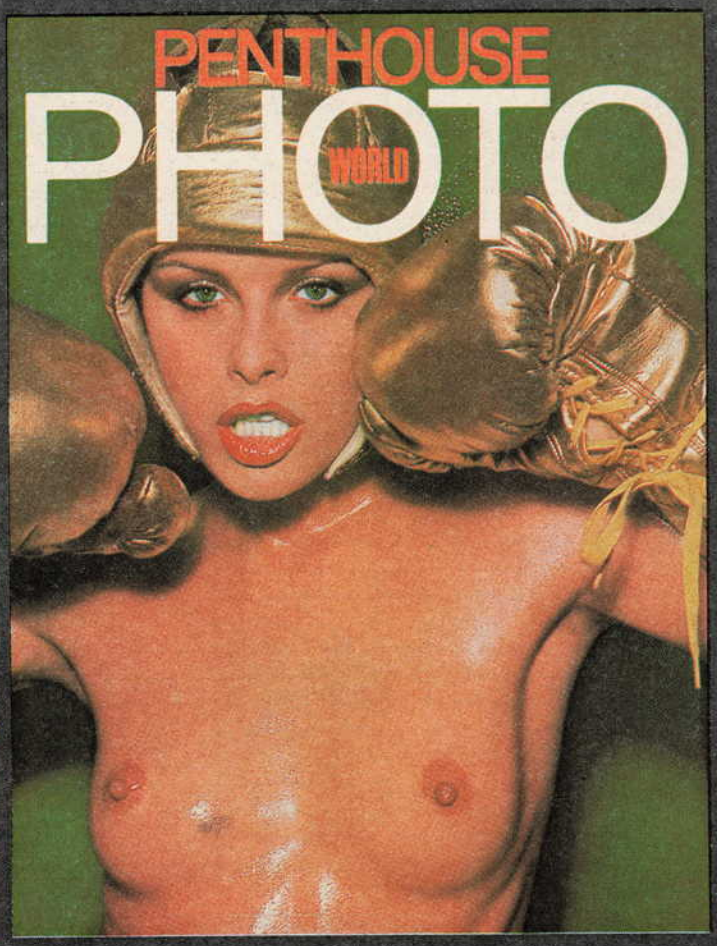

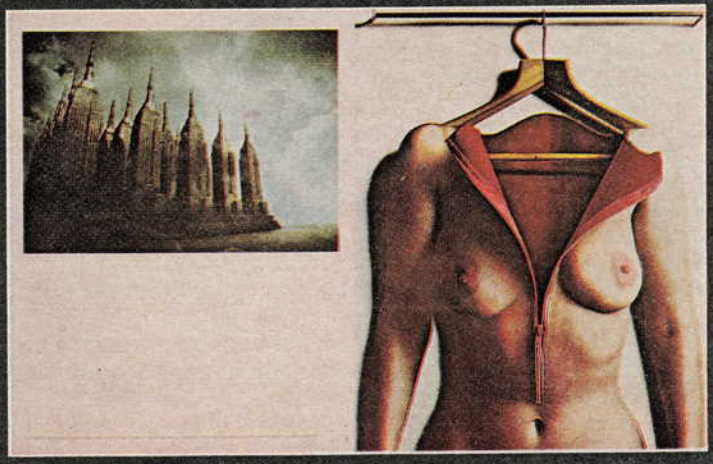

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HARGROVE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

grove's erection. Get to the goods by crook or cranny, reevaluate, and push on. The moon or bust!

He has her trousers off, over the kicking feet. He speaks to her softly, breathing hard, a smile tipping into a playful laugh. He straddles her and she begins to cry. As he proceeds to unbutton her blouse, a reassuring smile on his face, a fist in his heart, and a bulge in his pants, her sobs become louder. He stops and cups his hand tightly over her mouth until her struggles subside. He looks to the doorway.

After a second's silence, he crawls off and lays next to her on his side with an arm across her chest. She does not move, and he removes the blouse awkwardly. She even seems to help him with her shoulder. He lays his head on her stomach, rubbing his cheek against it, kissing it. He can hear her heart beating fast. If he lets go of her she will run—he can feel it in the tenseness of her muscles.

He unbuckles his pants and rolls onto his knees above her. He knows she is broken, will not resist, and the hatred is evident. Something tells him to stop, it's no good; but as gently as possible, he works himself into her—the resistance soon giving like a crust of snow. Her head turns sharply on the pillow. Inside, she is soft like warm butter.

In a matter of seconds, he has the orgasm of his life, going on and on, greedily, through his shoulders and down his back. Never has he felt so drained. He can say nothing. They both remain still. He sees the tears—a cliché but so real—running down her cheek. He kisses her forehead on the side and she jerks her head out of his reach. He withdraws and she rolls onto her stomach. He runs his hand softly over her legs, buttocks, and back, rubbing the skin in the small of the spine. He is relieved that she did not bleed.

It is over. She is his. He can feel it in the air. The air which smells of semen and sweet urine.

Good-bye to Boise

The telegram in Lieutenant Hargrove's hands is the most unbelievable piece of paper he's ever seen. It's from his father, via the Red Cross, and it says:

BAD NEWS SON STOP ALICE SHERRY AND WAYNE IN BAD ACCIDENT ROUTE EIGHTY STOP ALICE AND LITTLE SHERRY ARE GONE WAYNE IN DEEP COMA CHANCES BAD STOP I AM SORRY SON STOP LONG LETTER TO FOLLOW STOP RED CROSS SAYS EMERGENCY LEAVE GIVEN PRIORITY STOP MOTHER VERY UPSET STOP DAD

Rational Bankruptcy

It's a clear day in the Central Highlands. The birds are singing, the sky is blue enough to dip a paintbrush in, the air is cool with soft gusts, the rice paddies are flooded and reflect the mountains upside down, everything hums, and everything is peaceful. A serene watercolor.

Lieutenant Hargrove is driving a jeep west on Highway 19. He is wearing khaki pants, a silk sports shirt with yellow and green bamboo designs, and thong sandals. Duyen sits next to him on the far seat. He begins to sing to himself.

Gonna find me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the elephant play;
Where seldom is heard a Caucasian word,
And the skies are not neon all day.

He laughs and slaps his leg, "I love it!" He turns to Duyen. "Can you dig it?"

He realizes that this was wrong. He should be more serious. She looks so pretty sitting there with her feet on the seat, clutching her knees.

"We'll find a nice home in the mountains. I know a real good place. I know you'll love it."

They pass the Frenchman's plantation—the little girl sitting in blind terror, the Lieutenant sightseeing and mumbling.

They round a curve—and two black-suited figures, working over something in the road several hundred meters further on, dart into the brush.

"VC!" says the little girl.

"It's okay, honey. Just a little construction. . . . I'll take care of you . . . I'll open a small business, maybe sell bamboo furniture, or motorcycle parts . . . maybe open a bar—that's it, *a bar*! And we'll have children. You'd like that—wouldn't you?

He looks over at her. She has changed.

"You like children?" he asks softly.

"VC!"

"I understand. But you'll see . . . I'll get you magazines, all you want. Everything will be number one."

Resurrection

Nineteen months later. McCord Air Force Base, Tacoma, Washington. The Parkland High School band playing "Johnny Comes Marching Home." Lieutenant Hargrove walking down the ramp of a giant C-141. A bit of a limp, a stiff arm, and a cane held on his left side; sunken cheeks, a misshapen ear, and a jittery smile on his face. A bosomy Miss Tacoma gives him a peck on the cheek; he squeezes her arm with a smile. People! So many goddamn people. It's amazing—such warm emotions even the cameras cannot distort it. It's the third planeload, but it hasn't worn off yet. It's a good homecoming. Women crying, men crying, babies crying, dogs barking, and children hiding behind their mothers. It's for the boys we left behind; it's for sanity's sake.

Three days later at his family's gravesite (his son had died in a coma six months after the accident), Roy Hargrove does not weep. He stays only five minutes, enough time to imprint the site on his mind. He is glad she does not have to see him, broken like he is. He feels cold—like a corpse—and she was always so warm.

But down to business. Get into the stream. Heave on an oar. Lift that bar, tote that bale. Things to do, people to see—"This land was meant for you and me."

So thanks but no thanks, Kawasaki. It's Roy Hargrove running for state senator. No qualifications, just an earned smile, grim determination, and a puritan ethic you couldn't stir with a stick. Blue pin-striped suit with vest and lapel flag pin, sprayed hair, and wire frames. And remember to play up the limp. . . . That's good!

"I tell you, my friends, when I was in Vietnam I thought of nothing but returning home to the greatest nation in the world. I have seen our great flag riddled with enemy shrapnel but still waving against the rocket's red glare. I have seen courage, I have seen cowardice, and I have seen stupidity in the face of adversity. . . .

"I made many friends there—and enemies too. But I choose to forget the enemies and hold the friends close to my heart. Many of those friends are dead, and some . . . well, their fate is unknown to me. These I miss and will never forget.

"But I tell you here and now! As sure as I stand in front of you today! This country needs leaders. This state needs leaders—leaders who will not cower, will not be confused, will not be swayed in any way from standing up for their country, proudly, like men. We need men to turn this great nation around, to recall us to our traditions, to gather and rebuild the great foundations of liberty that this blessed land was born to uphold; we must not waver in our trust; we must exorcise ourselves of weak morals, laziness, waste, and hoopla! Ladies and gentlemen, we must, with the grace of God, renew our vitality and strive as one people of all races, creeds, religions, and sexes to achieve again our superior might as a nation of peace. . . .

"For we are now in uncharted waters, my friends. We are alone. But with faith in God and determination in our hearts to succeed, we can overcome and steer a course into clear skies again. It's up to each and every one of us. So I ask you here today to heave an oar for me on election day. Each oar will move the ship that much faster, that much straighter. . . .

"Let us not piffle in flummery and clack. Let us push on toward the future, a future of one nation, one people under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all. Thank you. And bless you all."

In the rented limousine, Roy Hargrove leans back against the soft leather and begins to sing to himself:

Gonna find me a home where the dividends roam,
Where the ass and the elephant play;
Where seldom is heard an insincere word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

SEXUAL SERVICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

partment, Directorate T, of the First Chief Directorate, thirty-two-year-old Lyalin was to help coordinate industrial espionage against Britain. This assignment didn't prove to be a difficult task. Following the signing of a trade agreement between Great Britain and the USSR, British manufacturers were keen to enter the lucrative new marketplace. Visiting Soviets were given conducted tours of factories and laboratories in the hope of encouraging sales. Even items on the Board of Trade's list of goods subject to security control—goods that could only be exported under special license—were available for inspection.

The Security Service soon identified Lyalin not only as a KGB agent but as a potential defector. A married man whose family had remained in Russia, he was involved with his secretary, Mrs. Irina Teplyakova. The Security Service then arranged a sexpionage entrapment and easily obtained incriminating photographs. At the same time, Lyalin was being encouraged—through British friends—to enjoy the "glamorous" West. He began to drink heavily, and in August 1971 he was stopped by two policemen while driving his Hillman erratically. An alcohol test proved positive and the Russian was arrested. Lyalin had no diplomatic immunity to protect him and he knew he would have to appear in court, then face immediate return to Russia. At this crossroads in his life, the Security Service presented him with the photographic evidence and offered a deal. In return for his defection and for supplying details of the Soviet spy ring, they would offer lifetime protection for himself and and Irina Teplyakova. Lyalin accepted. As a result, a major KGB network was smashed and some 105 Russian officials were expelled for espionage and sabotage.

Although the Soviet Union has always made use of "sexpionage" with considerable success, it is only in the past ten years that the British and American governments have really awoken to the menace that such entrapments pose. Even today, their reaction when individuals pluck up the courage to admit that they have been snared by a KGB sex trap, or when such a trap otherwise comes to light, plays straight into the hands of the Russians. Such men are often victimized by disgrace and dismissal—frequently for reasons which have far more to do with outmoded concepts of morality than with any real question of security. This attitude is, of course, welcomed by the KGB. It makes it much less likely that their victims will voluntarily confess in the future. Many of them will prefer to take the initially easy option of cooperating rather than face the publicity and scandal.

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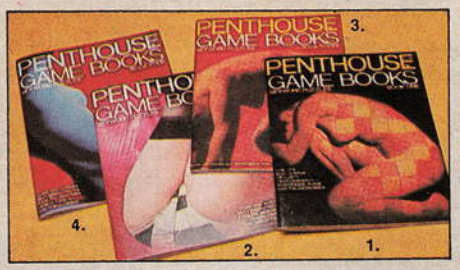

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COUPLE OF THE MONTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

asking me out last night, but explained that he didn't want to put me on the spot in front of my colleagues. In any case, he asked if we might meet for dinner. Naturally, I agreed and suggested we make it that night. I wasn't wasting any time, and if you could meet Roger, you would know why.

Roger suggested that first night that we have dinner in the restaurant in his hotel, since he would be in conference there until late. In the back of my mind, I suppose that invitation registered with a degree of apprehension—I could envisage his saying after dinner that we might as well adjourn to his room for a drink since it was so convenient. But there was nothing of that. To my surprise, it was I who was lingering after dinner, asking more questions, and suggesting we have another drink. It was getting late, and Roger said something like, "Look, young lady, we'd better get going. I have to get up early tomorrow," in a way that put me off. As if he were talking to a kid. That bothered me. Perhaps that's why I was suddenly determined to get him into *my* bed, not his, no matter how late it got.

This presented a tactical problem. I was resolute in not staying with him at the hotel, which I probably could have done easily enough. But I had to get him to offer to drive me home, which was tricky because he knew that I had a car. So I told him some story about just remembering that my car was in the garage for repairs and it was too late to pick it up—and I got a ride home. Whether this sounded authentic or not, I don't know. It didn't really matter. When we got to my place in his car, I asked him in for some coffee. While drinking our coffee, I talked about how great it was to live alone, and that I was sorry that I had never done it before. But, I added, it does get lonely. Then, I asked him to stay the night. Well, he seemed awfully reluctant about it. He wasn't shocked or anything. But he didn't get up, strip me, and take me into the bedroom. He simply asked if I was really sure that I wanted him to stay. I said that I was, and he replied that he wanted to. We talked for a while longer, then Roger stopped me in mid-sentence and said softly, "Let's go to bed."

We went into the bedroom and Roger stood holding me and caressing me. Slowly, he took off my blouse and then my skirt, putting everything on a chair near the bed. Leading me over to the bed, he gently pulled me onto his lap and continued kissing me. I was really getting turned on, and wanted to see his body. I could feel his prick stiffening under my leg, and I wanted to feel its bare warmth against my skin. He had already taken off his jacket, so just his

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- **VANISH...YES, COMPLETELY DISAPPEAR AND CHANGE YOUR IDENTITY!** This may sound fantastic but it's not hard to do if you know how. My S/M/P manual will explain it all!
- **BORROW AWAY YOUR DEBTS!** My "Smart Money Plans" will easily get you out of debt while giving you enormous borrowing power!
- **START A PYRAMID SALES DEAL THAT'S LEGAL!** I will show you how to set up a deal that can make you a millionaire in 8 months!
- **CREATE A LEGAL CHAIN LETTER!** S/M/P will tell you where it's legal and give you a sample of the letter. You may even gross $2,000.00 a day!
- **BUY AND SELL STOCK WITHOUT MONEY!** Here is another of the S/M/P techniques that can make you rich very quickly!
- **START YOUR OWN UNIVERSITY FOR UNDER $100.00!** Why not acquire a Ph.D. or other valuable degree for yourself? Remember degrees are worth money. S/M/P will teach you how!
- **BECOME A TAX EXPERT AND FINANCIAL CONSULTANT AND LET OTHER PEOPLE DO THE WORK!** You'll receive fat fees for your services and all you'll do is sit in a chair!
- **STOP PAYING PROPERTY TAXES FOREVER!** This S/M/P secret ends property tax payments instantly!
- **USE A SIMPLE CHART IN THE S/M/P MANUAL!** It's the chart I used to climb from a $100.00 a month gross business to $245,000.00 a month in 90 days!
- **WIN AT ANY SPECULATION!** S/M/P teaches you how to wheel and deal and win! S/M/P teaches you how to minimize the risks and come out on top everytime!
- **CREATE A REAL ESTATE EMPIRE USING OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY!** Many persons have gone from rags to riches with this plan!
- **STOP YOUR CREDITORS COLD!** Even if law suits have already begun S/M/P will teach you how to use the Federal Courts to protect you. Yes, S/M/P will give you the inside information on the Federal Bankruptcy laws. Don't let this frighten you. It's one of the most beautiful things around. It's being done everyday by businessmen and individuals. This information alone is worth thousands!
- **DECORATE YOUR HOME WITH $10,000.00 WORTH OF VALUABLE FURNITURE FREE!**
- **GET HUGE FEES JUST TALKING TO FRIENDS!**
- **GAIN POLITICAL POWER IN YOUR AREA IN NINE WEEKS!**
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- **GET $300,000.00 IN STOCK TRADED PUBLICLY WITHOUT S.E.C. FILING!**

THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT LETTER YOU WILL EVER READ!
PLEASE GIVE ME TEN MINUTES RIGHT NOW!

My name is Sid Rosen. I've been a wheeler-dealer all my life and I've been involved in hundreds of successful businesses. Let me tell you what I can do for you.

I will make you appear to be a millionaire...in just four weeks! I will teach you how to GET SMART AND LIVE GREAT! I will teach you how to capitalize on human nature, human emotions and human greed. I will teach you to open previously locked doors, create unlimited opportunities and place yourself upon the glittering path to financial prosperity and success. I will help you to acquire and enjoy all the marvelous things in life you've always dreamed of having but felt you would never get — like a luxury cruise around the world, a color T.V. in every room, expensive cars, luxurious homes, beautiful clothes, gourmet foods, cameras, gadgets, you name it. I Will Show You How To Get It!

I have learned (the hard way) that it is possible to create the "illusion" of great personal wealth quite easily in today's credit oriented economy. Notice now, that I have used the term "illusion"...for that is exactly what our entire capitalistic society is based upon.

People, including you and I, believe what they see! We presume a person to be wealthy when seeing his expensive home, high priced cars, well tailored clothes and luxurious lifestyle.

You've probably heard the saying, "It Takes Money To Make Money" and you probably have also heard the saying, "You Can Only Borrow Money When You Have Money." The truth that I will teach you is that in today's economy it only takes "THE ILLUSION OF HAVING MONEY"...to make money and it only takes "THE ILLUSION OF HAVING MONEY"...to borrow money. Remember this, in today's financial marketplace, most money transactions are merely bookkeeping entries and nothing usually changes hands but scraps of paper. This is one of the secrets I will reveal to you in great detail!

Are you having trouble borrowing money? Making loans? Getting mortgages? Leases? Credit Cards? Charge Accounts? I will change all that! I will start you on the road to building an AAA+ credit rating that will enable you to get cash, mortgages, houses, property, credit cards, furs, jewelry, airline tickets, just about anything...in hours on just your signature or even on the telephone!

I will teach you to wear the hat of a millionaire no matter what your present situation, occupation or past history. My "Smart Money Plans" will enable you to drive a luxury car for which you paid nothing; move into a luxurious home with no money down; walk into a bank and get a $10,000.00 signature loan and mingle in the top financial and social circles of your community. S/M/P will even cover your tracks if necessary; misdirect credit investigations. It will even show you how to disappear and become another person to start all over again if necessary free from past obligations.

I'll tell you this...I call many of my plans "secrets" because I don't think that more than one person in a thousand knows any two of them and perhaps only one person in fifty thousand knows all of them. And believe me, most of my secrets are astonishingly simple, just requiring the right knowledge and a little brains, guts, gumption, time and effort!

My exclusive S/M/P manual will explain my many techniques in detail with step-by-step instructions on how to make them work. With this information in your possession, you will have the knowledge to get everything you desire in a matter of weeks, not years. There has never been a revealing 'insider manual' published like this before. Everything...and I mean EVERYTHING You Need To Know Is In My Manual, which will be sent to you in a plain envelope.

The price of my manual is $10.00 plus your signed pledge that you will not duplicate or otherwise, reproduce or resell my secrets.

Now, I know that most of the people who read this letter will not act upon it. They will be suspicious, timid and unmoved by what I have revealed here. They will reject it quickly as some kind of con game or a lot of bull! This is good and this is as things should be, because if there were too many people with enough faith in themselves to act on my "Smart Money Plans," it could be made useless to the rest of us. This very fact, that so few people have the sense and guts to try, makes my secrets remain secrets and makes the opportunities for the rest of us smarter and more aggressive people practically limitless!

So to you who will not act, please accept my thanks. Your indecision and inaction will help make the rest of us rich! I will leave you with this closing statement. Every word in my manual is true! Every technique workable exactly as stated and can be put into immediate operation. I offer my manual to you only once! I have no future discount deals or the like. My offer is $10.00 for the complete manual and you gamble that $10.00 on yourself. There are no refunds and I guarantee you no extra charges or come-ons for additional money. I have absolutely nothing else to sell and, of course, I will keep your name completely confidential.

It's your move now!

Sid Rosen

P.S. I've added a fantastic entire section that will teach you how to Extract Gold From Your Credit Cards. I will teach you to raise your credit card ceiling from $200.00 to $10,000.00 or more in minutes...How to raise $5,000.00 in cash in one hour on your credit cards even when you can't get a loan anyplace...How you can use your credit cards to make hundreds of extra dollars on business trips, vacations, visits to relatives with absolutely no work involved...How to go into debt with your credit cards and end up making seven times your investment...How to pyramid your credit cards into $10,000.00, $20,000.00, even $30,000.00 in cash when opportunity calls. Yes, I'll teach you all this and more. You've Got Gold In Your Pockets And You May Not Even Know It...BUT YOU WILL LEARN SOON!

Mr. Sid Rosen — Dept. PT-302
Fact Research, Inc.
415 Lexington Ave., Suite 304, New York, N.Y. 10017

Dear Mr. Rosen,

Please ship me your complete **"SMART MONEY PLANS" Manual.** I hereby give you my pledge that I will not copy, duplicate or resell the secrets and techniques I will find revealed in your manual. I confirm this pledge in writing with my signature on the line below.

Signature _____

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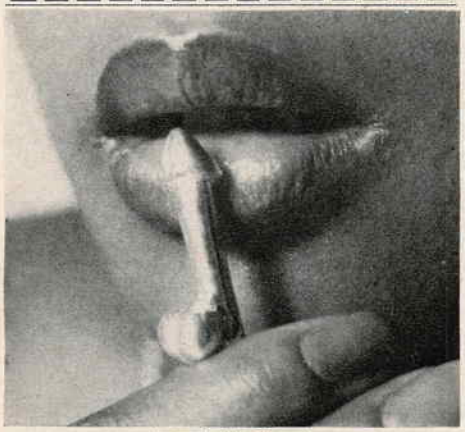

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shirt and pants remained. Before I could start undressing him, he laid me back on the bed, stood up, and took his clothes off, all the time facing me. What struck me is that he didn't show the slightest sign of being uncomfortable or embarrassed. Not that he should have—his body is nothing to be ashamed of. It is gorgeous.

He got into bed and started playing with my cunt, sticking his fingers in, or running them along the inside of my thighs. And I kept reaching for his prick, which was really huge by this time. As soon as he felt that I was really wet, he put his head between my legs and ate me. I tried to get him to shift his ass around so I could take him in my mouth, but he wouldn't. It didn't matter, I felt so good. So what if I was the one who was supposed to be controlling things. Then he got up, and gently slid his cock into me. He wasn't as big as Cliff, but it felt just as good. He made love slowly, so slowly that it annoyed me at first. I wanted him to really hump me, really shove it into me, but when I tried to throw my hips against him and push my cunt into him, he said, "Gently." I had always been used to this feeling of urgency with Cliff. But now I felt that we had all the time in the world.

After about two weeks of seeing each other almost continually, Roger and I decided to live together, at least for the summer. I explained my relationship with Cliff to him, but it didn't deter him. He said that we would just have to see what happened.

One time, Roger and I were driving through the country on a windy, rainy, miserable Sunday afternoon. That morning, just for the fun of it, we had gotten all dressed and gone to church, something neither of us had done in a long time. Then we took a drive. Roger was teasing me about looking so virginal in my dress, saying that I must be a good little girl to get dressed and go to church. He really had me laughing. He was telling me that good, pure girls who go to church need a good fucking and that if we hadn't been in the car, he would show me what he meant. He kept going on like that until I was getting aroused. I could feel myself getting wet between the legs and I was hot for Roger to fuck me. I didn't want to wait until we got home. The next time he said something about needing a good fucking, I told him that I agreed and that if he wasn't all talk, he would stop the car and we would get out and fuck by the side of the road. "You're kidding," he said. "No, I'm not," I replied, and told him to pull over near this field. So he stopped the car, and I jumped out right away and started running across the field, far enough from the road to give us a little privacy. Roger was in hot pursuit. It was raining like crazy, and our clothes were drenched, but Roger caught up to me and pulled me down to the ground on top of him. It was wet and muddy and dirty, but we took our clothes off quickly and started fucking. I was on top of him, straddling his cock, my knees buried in mud on either side of his ass. It was an amazing sensa-

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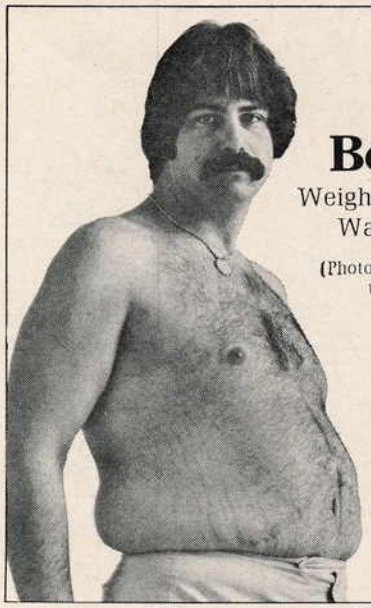
"I lost 10 lbs., 8 inches off my waistline, added 2 inches to my chest in 14 days."

Case #R-60



Before
Weight: 240 lbs.
Waist: 47 in.
(Photos guaranteed unretouched)

After 14 Days
Weight: 230 lbs.
Waist: 39 in.
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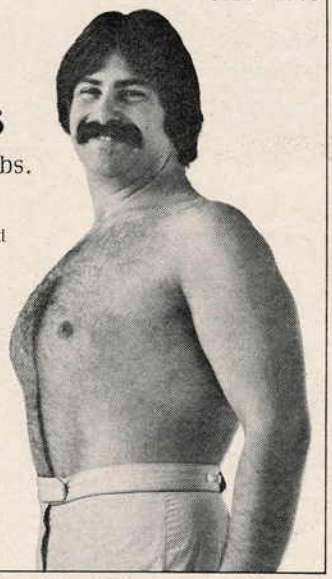
"I started to see and feel results in the first 72 hours."



"No wonder I'm smiling again–I did it without rigid dieting or complicated exercises."

(Says happy Mike Max)

Mike Max tells us: "It worked so fast for me, I still can't believe it... My pot belly is gone. I look and feel years younger, slimmer and more energetic — without complicated exercises or rigid dieting."

Here are the 6 reasons why you, like Mike, can start looking years trimmer... in 14 days... if you start using our '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan right away!

1. It concentrates its trimming action on your fatty areas — waist, hips, legs — that give you an aging look. Because it works most of your muscles simultaneously—not body part by body part—the Plan stimulates faster trimming action to help you start building a more athletic looking body in 14 days.

2. Simple to use. No disrobing. Attach it to any door knob, stretch out comfortably on the floor. Do one '5' Minute continuous, rhythmic, enjoyable exercise, twice daily, whenever you have the time, even while watching TV.

3. Designed to slim fatty problem areas. Choose from 4 different '5' Minute exercises, each created to help trim down the problem fatty deposit areas of your body in 14 days.

4. No rigid dieting. We suggest you temporarily eat 20% less until you reach your normal weight, without giving up any of the foods you love—eat Ice Cream, Cakes, Pasta, whatever! (It's all in the guide.)

5. Safer and saves time. No more running to gyms for complicated, exhausting workouts that can strain you. This simple '5' Minute Plan, that you do at home, leaves you refreshed.

6. Weighs only 10 ounces. Fits any wallet size case. Stores anywhere. Travels with you so you never have to miss a trimming session. Remember, it's the daily sessions that firm, shape, and build you a trimmer, more athletic looking body.

It's Fun... With Results..."5" Minutes And Out.

The Secret Why It Beats Fasting Alone, Making Your Body Look Years Younger.

Fasting programs—unlike our Plan—when causing weight loss, usually burn off more active tissue (muscles), which can cause your skin to wrinkle, muscles to sag, and create dragging fatigue. Our Plan increases active tissue growth—through the use of the '5' Minute exerciser—while concentrating greater fat loss (by exercise and temporary 20 percent food reduction), making you look years younger as you slim. Within the first '5' minutes you use the exerciser, you start burning off fat, speeding up your metabolism to help burn up stored calories, releasing excess water. Helps curb your appetite without suppressants. Increases energy and well-being. It's so simple and enjoyable a Plan to follow, we guarantee you can stay with it, remaining trim without regaining those inches and pounds. It can put an end to your "gain-and-loss-cycles."

Use Our "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan And We Guarantee These Results:

"Do one "5" Minute Exercise twice daily, eat anything you like (JUST 20% LESS), you'll lose pounds and inches, improve vitality, fitness within 14 days — or your $7.98 will be refunded."

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It's the no-nonsense way to shape up fast!
Scientific reports and many of our 600,000 customers inform us that sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts, and other effortless exercisers' are of little or no value in firming, shaping, and muscularizing your body. "YOU MUST WORK OFF THE INCHES," experts say. We believe, and results prove, ours is the simplest, safest, most enjoyable Plan to do it.

Here's a sampling of what the customers who have shaped up on our Plan tell us happened to them: **"I lost 25 pounds, 5¾ inches off my waist in 14 days,"** G. C. **"Lost 32 pounds, 6⅜ inches off my waist in 24 days,"** M. F. **"I lost 7 pounds and 5¾ inches off my waistline in 9 days,"** L. S.

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It is America's most successful body trimmer and shaper. Over 600,000 customers have purchased our '5' Minute Plan to slim down fast. Results are proved and some notarized. Our guarantee to you is in writing. Experts agree our plan works—and works fast. Now, can you think of any reason for not ordering your '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan and start slimming down today?

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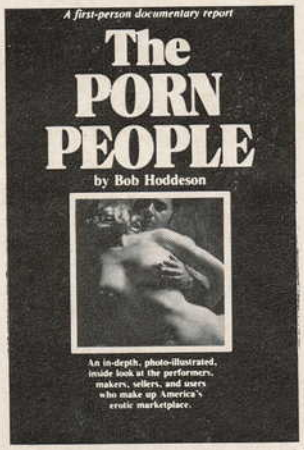
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How do you know if you're a true bisexual? This frank interview with Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, coauthor of the Kinsey Report, offers some answers.

WHAT WOMEN REALLY WANT FROM MEN IN BED

According to a recent survey, most men think women are turned on by performance and penis size. But when *Forum* asked women what *really* turns them on, we got some surprising news.

THE SENSUOUS BATHROOM

For the one room most lovers never consider, here are all the latest lovemaking techniques—from S & M games to erotic massages with a hand shower.

STUDY OF FEMALE SEXUALITY

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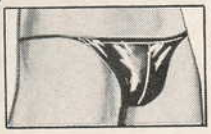

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tion—the rain beating down on my back, and Roger beneath me moaning as I moved up and down on him. I was really getting into it, going up and down on Roger as hard as I could, and in a pretty short time, we both came. We just lay there and laughed for a short time, then put our soggy clothes back on and drove home.

Just to bring things up to date, I had to return to school a month or so before Roger was coming back east. And when it was time, I still wanted to live with Cliff. So I came back and moved in. I was hoping that things would change somehow, that there wouldn't be this tension between us. We are almost strangers sometimes. But it had continued. Even when I told Cliff about Roger, and that I planned on seeing him, Cliff got upset. But he didn't change.

He still gets home late and expects me to roll over so he can fuck me. As a consequence, I see a lot more of Roger than I had planned on, especially on weekends, which have turned out to be Cliff's busiest times. I spend about every other weekend in the country with Roger—he has a beautiful home—and it's a relaxing change of pace. Yet there's something that draws me to Cliff, that makes me want to stay with him, no matter how angry I get at him for the way he treats me, or for his blindness in not seeing how we could improve what we have.

Dr. Robert Chartham comments:

Cliff and Caroline present a variation of a situation which I've met with so many times over the past forty years that I've lost count. A woman or a man comes to me and tells me a long tale about the other's shortcomings, often in such terms of vehemence that one can feel the hatred. I tell them—unless the complaints are entirely sexual—that there are three things they can do: (a) try to achieve a greater understanding of one another whereby a working compromise can be gained; (b) carry on as now; or (c) divorce or separate. As soon as I suggest (a) there are horrified cries of, "But I couldn't do that! I love him (her)."

Now, how does this apply to Cliff and Caroline? First of all, Cliff is something of a sexual boor, or even boar. Despite his claim of being sensitive to the expressions on a partner's face while she is being fucked, all he wants to do is to get it up and bash away until he is satisfied. This sexual boorishness is also apparent in his insistence on having it off when he comes in late, no matter what, and in the stories of his exploits with other women. He clearly sees himself as sexually irresistible. At least two of his partners have invited him, without frills, to fuck them. The presence of Roger in Caroline's life is a great blow to this image, and probably the main cause of his "unhappiness."

Caroline is something of a sexual snob. She finds Roger's approach more refined than Cliff's, and she is kidding herself when she claims to find his slow, deliberate approach to be as satisfying as Cliff's. In fact, her refinement is very superficial; otherwise she wouldn't have had such a satisfactory time on the kitchen floor. She responds without reserve to Cliff's battering-ram tactics, but her social veneer makes her hope that Roger will eventually want to marry her, (a) because he can give her the material security and social status Cliff cannot, and (b) because his sexual techniques bolster her desire for social refinement. But if she does eventually marry Roger, or someone like him, she will also always have to have a Cliff-type on the side to fulfill her unrefined natural sexual requirements. However, until Roger wants to marry her, she hangs on to Cliff.

Cliff, too, is behaving as the typical selfish sexual male. "I came so hard that *I didn't even notice* if Caroline got it off." Like the man I have quoted above, she is convenient as a partner because she responds to his kind of sex, and it would be a bore to have to find another such partner who would always be at hand.

And how can he complain of Caroline's relationship with Roger, when his is having it off all over the place? Of course, he will try to justify his promiscuity by claiming it is a purely physical exercise. But read his narrative again, and you will find no reference to emotional attachment to Caroline.

The thing that struck me most forcibly about both narratives is that love was not mentioned once. This is one case in which I won't suggest a solution. ○+□

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

his big prick in one hand, slightly pumping, then I slid my mouth over the head not quite getting all of it in. With my other hand, I rolled his balls around like two eggs, while with one finger I poked at his asshole. I sucked and licked him into such an orgasm, I felt his sweet come hit the back of my throat. Only able to swallow half of it, my mouth was dripping with his love juice. I looked up at him and licked my lips. This pleased him. He picked me up and carried me to his bedroom and laid me on his bed, a round water bed with a fur spread, and the fur itself next to my nude body was enough to arouse the coldest woman alive. After a few drinks, he spread what he called motion-lotion on my breast and an extra amount on and in my cunt, saying it would make it less painful. I don't know if it was the lotion or the desire in me for him, but my puss and boobs were tingling with passion. He kissed, licked, and sucked me once again from head to toe, then he mounted me and put the tip of his cock to my gasping cunt and slowly moved in and out just barely getting half of it in. When he moved his prick in a circular motion while hunching forward, it drove me out of my mind. Then he thrust forward, and a pain shot up my spine to my head. But it felt better than it hurt. I came once again. Then he pumped in and out, first slowly, then faster and harder, and harder, then he would grind and grind. Then he would start slowly again and get harder. He kept this up until we both exploded into the deepest orgasms anyone could imagine.

We fucked all that night, but didn't stop there. We saw each other as often as we could, right up until I left to go away to college to study biology. I had the best teacher for the best subject I know.—*Name and address withheld*

. . . special delivery

I am a fairly attractive coed (37-25-36) at a small liberal-arts college in North Carolina. The school's curriculum may be rigorous, but, as the following story will tell, the students don't spend all their time studying. Let me relate an interesting experience to you. . . .

One late afternoon in early October (after a thoroughly shitty football game date), I was feeling horny as hell so I went to the local post office to see if I had received a letter from my boyfriend at home. Walking alone in the fall air, I was experiencing a combination of loneliness and unexpired passion, longing for a good lover. As I approached the door, I saw the young postmaster. At the time the twinkle in his eye revealed nothing to me of the ecstasy which was about to follow.

I saw him walk behind the row of postal boxes, and thinking nothing of it, I proceeded towards my box. Slowly I turned the dial of the combination lock, and as I opened the door of my box, what should be lying in there but the biggest schlong that I have ever come across. Somewhat dazed, I stared at the giant prime cut of beef and gradually realized that it was connected to the rest of the swarthy postman. Not being able to control myself, I plunged my cool lips upon his hot rod.

This being somewhat uncomfortable, he quickly withdrew and came around to where I was sitting, practically creaming in my pants. He led me back behind the mailboxes where he harshly tore down my Levi's and thrust his heavenly hard-on into my already dripping cunt. We fucked like madmen on the cold post office floor, and the thought that anyone could walk in on us excited me even more.

We both soon reached shuddering, simultaneous climaxes, and after he had shot his hot load of delicious come into me, he smiled and said, "Special Delivery."

At least twice a week since that juicy night, I go back for my favorite piece of U.S. "Male," waiting for me in my "lovebox."—*M.S., address withheld*

The wardens

I have just finished reading your article entitled "The Wardens," by Sylvia Kronstadt (December 1975). Where the writer obtained her information on the correc-

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tional system I haven't the slightest idea, but it is surprisingly correct. There is but one thing I would like to take exception to, and that is the image that is projected of a correctional officer as a whole.

To date I have been employed as a correctional officer for two years with what is formally called a "vocational institution." This jungle is anything but what that name implies. It's a fucking prison in every sense of the word.

The image of a correctional officer is that of someone who goes in the men's head and jacks off over the thrill of beating an inmate's head into the bars and watching him bleed to death. Perhaps this is the way it was twenty-five years ago, but in the two years I have been with the prison system, I have seen only one incident where an inmate was knocked on his ass in his cell—and this was for telling an officer that when he hit the streets he was going to find and rape this officer's wife. This incident was never reported, and if it had been, the officer would be looking for another job.

In trying to make things better for inmates as well as for officers, I have been labeled a rebel-rousing S.O.B. by upper staff (Program Administrators, Superintendents, and Captains). In our prison system today, the inmate is not the poor defenseless victim. It's the officer that puts up with bullshit day in and day out. I don't mean to imply that this is brought on by the inmate population. It's mainly due to the working conditions set forth by the upper staff members. For example I filed a grievance on a lieutenant for being prejudiced and vindictive towards me. I won and received a verbal apology. Soon after I was placed in a position known as center corridor for two months. It's called the shitter position where you stand in one spot for an eight-hour shift. My personal file is not filed alphabetically where it belongs. It is in a separate file known as the shit file. Although I have accrued sick time on the books, I must bring a doctor's slip if I become ill and call in sick for even one day. These are some of the minor things that occur on a day-to-day basis. Until the public gets their thoughts together and looks at both sides of the coin, things are going to continue to remain as they are today, fucked-up.

If the taxpayers think we are overpaid and underworked, I urge them to take a better look at their prison system.—*Name and address withheld*

Just finished the article on wardens and can't help writing to say that Sylvia Kronstadt is a first-class dumb broad.

Being a con several times, I know, as any con does, that a warden isn't shit. He's only a figurehead.

The captains run the joint and the most feared is Captain of Security.

If any of us in Angola (Louisiana) had asked for a color TV, we would have found a baseball bat on our skull and a boot up our ass.—*R.P., Daytona Beach, Fla.*

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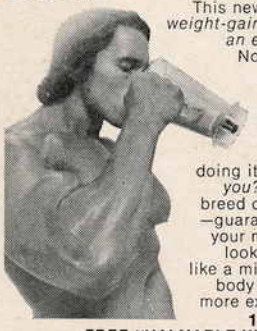

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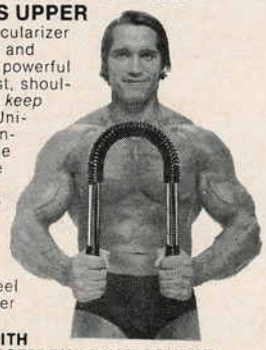

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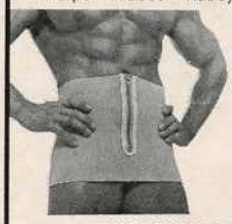

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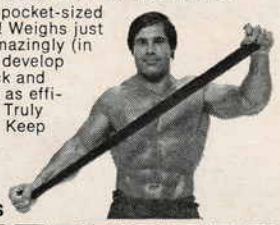

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I am writing to comment on your article "The Wardens" by Sylvia Kronstadt.

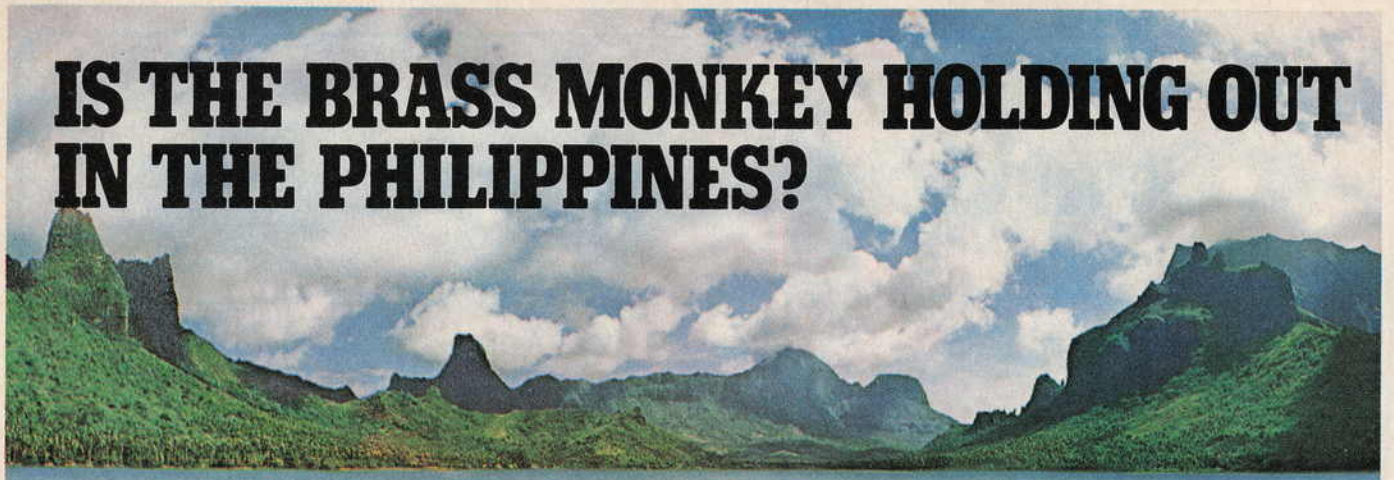
Ms. Kronstadt's article touched on several relevant areas involving top correctional administrators. For economic and other reasons, prisons are often located far from urban areas in rural communities where the economy needs a boost. The guard population is drawn from the extremely conservative residents of these rural areas. Those who become guards often do it for the pension, and often as a second job to a farm or other occupation. These people usually have no understanding or sympathy for these strange urban groups—with their unfamiliar and often "immoral" lifestyles, with their demands, and with their resentments. Racial prejudice is often present for the white backlash is particularly powerful among such rural types, even apart from the prison.

Such frightened and hostile people are "sentenced" to prison as guards for twenty-year or more terms—or as long as it takes to get a retirement pension—and are thrown into the most dangerous and frightening kind of encounters with these militant and resentful minorities. They are seen by themselves and by prisoners as policemen; they are often called that by the prisoners and their blue uniforms, paramilitary organization, billy clubs, and the like all reinforce that perception. In their unions' utterances and elsewhere, the guards often express a kinship and solidarity with law enforcement which is reciprocated: the Buffalo police force and its newspaper, for example, explicitly affirmed their solidarity with the Attica guards. Our own superintendent, on a small rural road camp, was recently honored as Law Enforcement Officer of the month.

The prison guards are thus forced, without adequate training, pay, sympathy, or community support, to perform one of the most delicate and impossible tasks in modern society. This task must be performed in a setting where there are virtually no other social institutions of a somewhat less repressive variety, either private or public, to soften the sharpness of their encounter or to reduce its pervasiveness.

The United States has the highest crime rate among industrialized nations, despite it also possessing the highest per capita detention rates, and imposing the longest sentences, among those same nations. History has shown that a positive correlation exists between imprisonment and crime. As dependence on the former increases, the latter continually spirals. Thus the evidence does not indicate that prisons deter or inhibit crime; but in fact they seem to create it. And although they certainly incapacitate, virtually every inmate is returned to the community sooner or later—usually worse for the experience. Why? It seems that the harsh realities of confinement of many by a few keepers inevitably leads to social criminalization, physical and attitudinal brutalization, and

IS THE BRASS MONKEY HOLDING OUT IN THE PHILIPPINES?

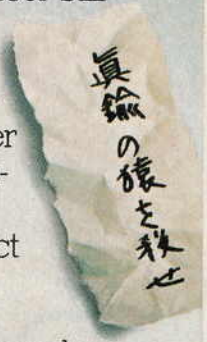


Do two men stalk each other tonight under a tropic moon—an implacable Japanese intelligence officer and the man who invented the drink that defeated the Japanese Secret Service in W.W. II?

This much is on record: that a year before the war's end, the Brass Monkey Club, named after a small brass figurine in a niche by the door, was raided and closed. And that H. E. Rasske, code name Brass Monkey, his mission in Macao accomplished, took off alone in his import-export company's battered seaplane. His flight plan called for a rendezvous with a U.S. Navy submarine in the Luzon Strait where he was to receive new orders. He never arrived.

Three decades have not silenced the legend—that collection of truths, half-truths and untruths—that then spread thick as jungle briar over the 7,000 partly-submerged mountain peaks that make up the Philippine Islands. It tells of a World War II that never ended, and it links Rasske to the strange case of Captain Mori, Special Intelligence Squadron, Japanese Army. Mori's mission was spelled out in this brief directive: "Kill Brass Monkey."

The reported discovery of the same message, scratched into the trunk of a banana tree on an uninhabited island 40 miles north of Luzon, gave credence to earlier stories of a Japanese officer still fighting on, unaware that the war had ended. Leaflets were dropped, search parties organized, with no result. Two rather blurred photographs, purporting to show Mori in the jungle and published in a now-defunct scandal and adventure magazine, were officially dismissed as representing two different people.



We wonder. Perhaps there *are* two different survivors on that "uninhabited" island: Mori and Rasske. Perhaps...

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psychological dehumanization. Isolation and alienation of both the keepers and the kept aggravate an already abnormal setting.—*Robert M. Levy, Special Assistant to the Executive Director, The National Council on Prison Reform & Offender Welfare, Washington, D.C.*

Washington State Viet Vets

This letter is written in response to "The Vietnam Veterans Adviser" in the December 1975 *Penthouse*. This office has received numerous inquiries from concerned veterans who were confused by your explanation of the eligibility requirements for the Vietnam Veterans' Bonus from the State of Washington.

We appreciate your attempt to advise veterans of the benefits they are entitled to—especially, as there are many eligible veterans who have not as yet applied for the $250.00 bonus from the State of Washington.

It is hoped, then, that the following will clarify the eligibility requirements for the Washington State bonus:

1) Individuals must have served on active duty in the armed military or naval forces of the United States *prior* to March 28, 1973.

2) Individuals must have received the Vietnam Service Medal or Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal (*Vietnam*). (Since the Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal was given for many geographical locations, it is important that the *Vietnam* location be specified.)

3) Each veteran must also have been a resident of the State of Washington for the one-year period immediately prior to entry into the armed forces.

4) Veterans must not have received a bonus from any other state.

5) Veterans must not have served *continuously* in the armed forces for a period of five or more years *immediately* prior to August 5, 1964.

The bonus payment is $250.00, which may be received as cash or credit toward tuition or other fees at any institution of higher education in the State of Washington. In the event the veteran is deceased or MIA, the payment may be made to the widow.

The application cutoff date is March 28, 1976, and application forms are available from us at the following address.—*William N. Weaver, Director, Vietnam Veterans' Bonus Division, P.O. Box 586, Olympia, Washington 98504*

Vet collection

The 1972 publication of *Winning Hearts and Minds* by the late 1st Casualty Press established a landmark in antiwar literature. A collection of poetry by Vietnam veterans, it described the nightmare of American intervention in Indochina as only its participants could.

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The collection will include poetry, prose, art, and photography by Indochina veterans. Similar to *Winning Hearts and Minds*, of which Jan Barry was a coeditor and myself a contributor, *Demilitarized Zones* will be published as a noncommercial project by the editors.

Our biggest difficulty now is trying to reach veteran-writers and artists. Any assistance you can give us would be very much appreciated. *East River Anthology, 208 Dean Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217.*

Less-than-honorable discharges

As a veteran who has been involved in the field of military discharge upgrading for the past three years, I feel I must take issue with some of the statements made in your column, "The Penthouse Vietnam Veterans Adviser," in the November 1975 issue of *Penthouse*.

There is a general inclination to lump together all three types of less-than-honorable discharges; Undesirable, Bad Conduct, and Dishonorable. But there are marked distinctions between Undesirables and the other two types, particularly concerning VA benefit eligibility. An Undesirable (U.D.) is not an automatic bar to most VA benefits, particularly education benefits and Home Loan Eligibility. The VA Adjudication Board will consider every application by the holder of a U.D. for a specific benefit. If denied, there is an entire system within the VA for appeal on that decision. Preparation for such an appeal can be very similar to the discharge upgrade process and can serve as a testing ground for a veteran's subsequent actual attempt at upgrade before the Discharge Review Board.

There is, as Mr. Darby stated in your column, a reasonable chance of success; a 15 percent chance. While the submission of a DD 293 has a 15 percent chance of success, representation by counsel, personal appearance, and the submission of a well-prepared brief and the necessary accompanying documentation will increase that chance of success to better than 35 percent.

Veterans with Undesirable Discharges for drug involvement should not assume that their discharge will be automatically reviewed. I would advise any veteran with a drug-related discharge to get in touch with the nearest self-help veterans group offering discharge upgrade services to determine if he was discharged "solely for the possession of drugs"—which is the only reason for discharge that will qualify

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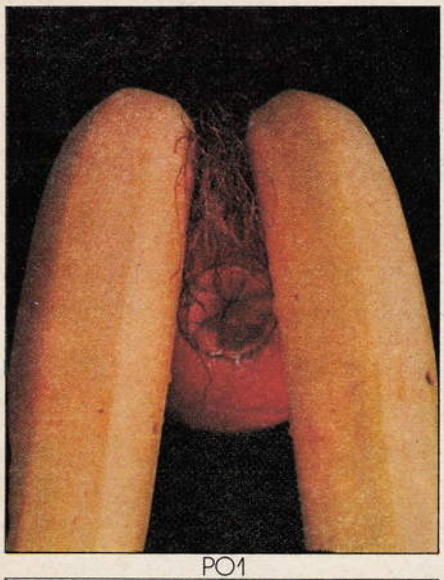

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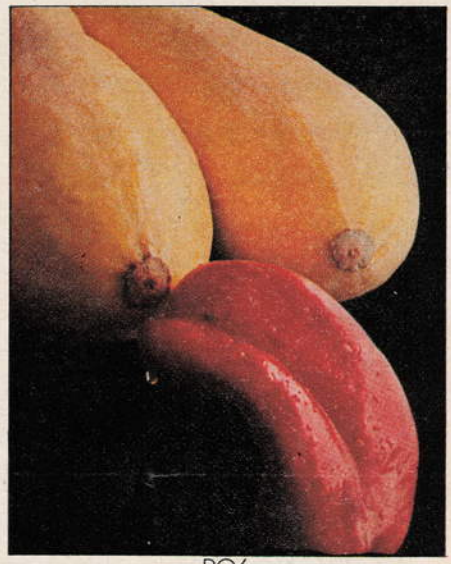

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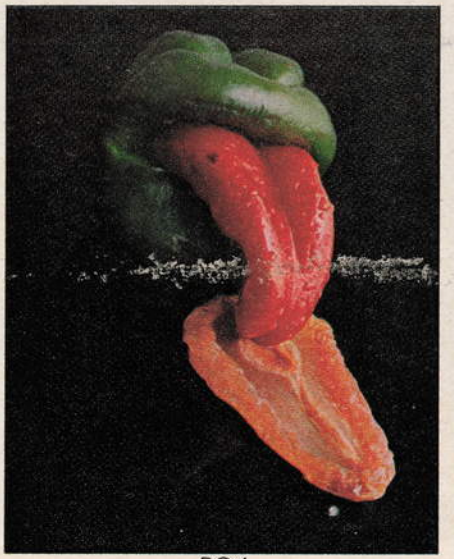

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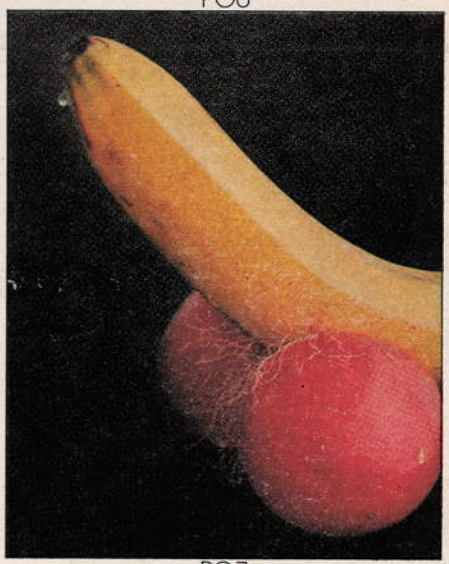

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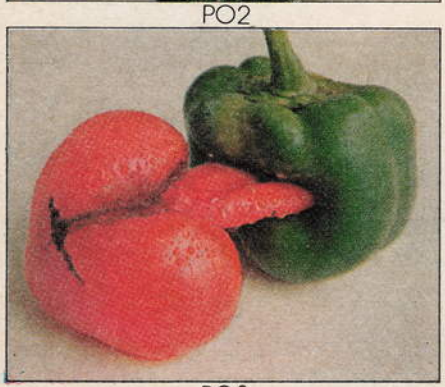

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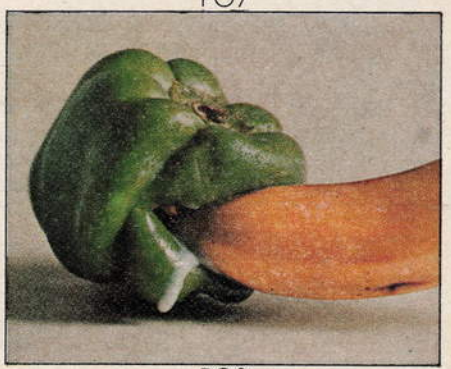

PO8

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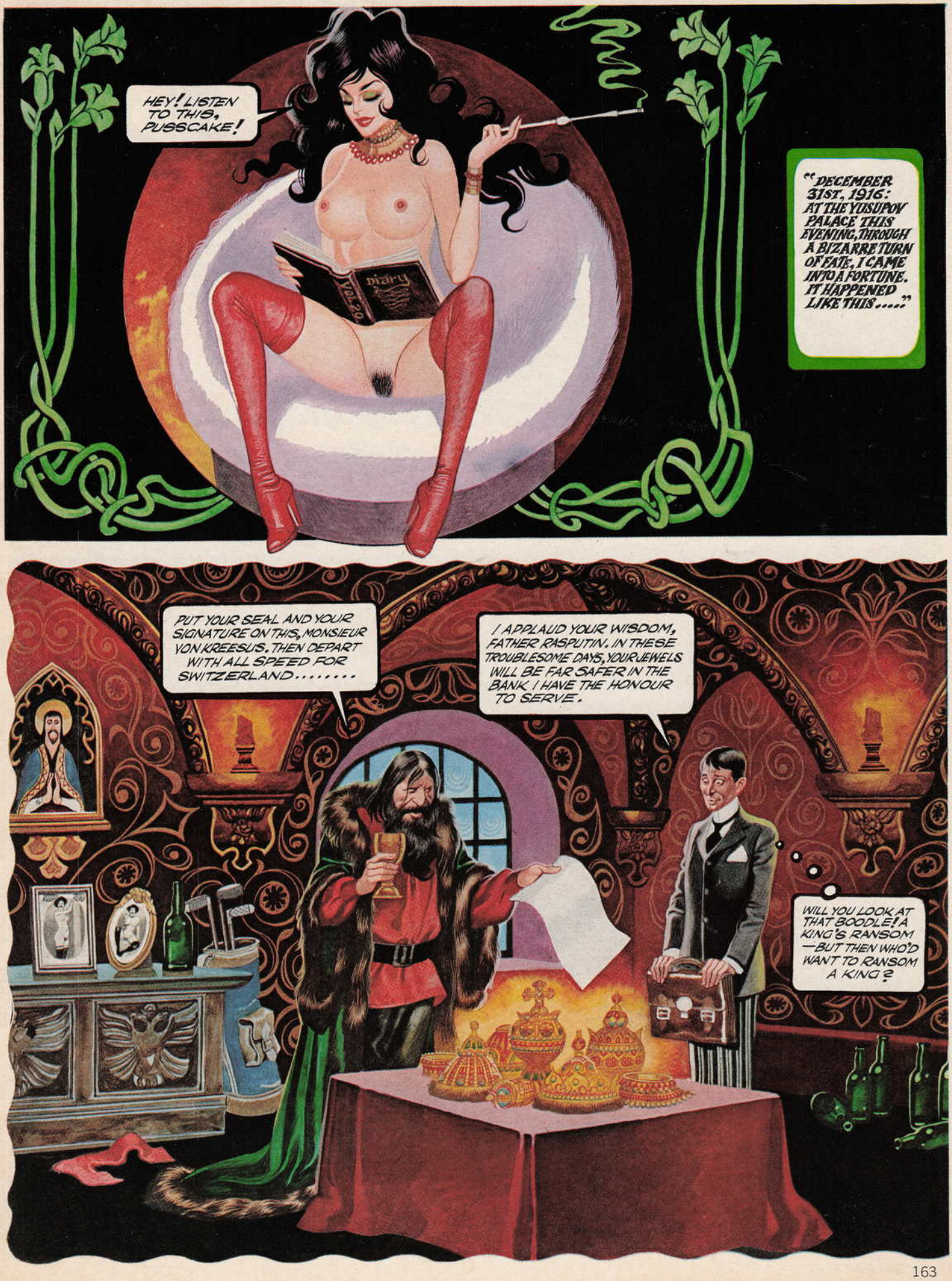
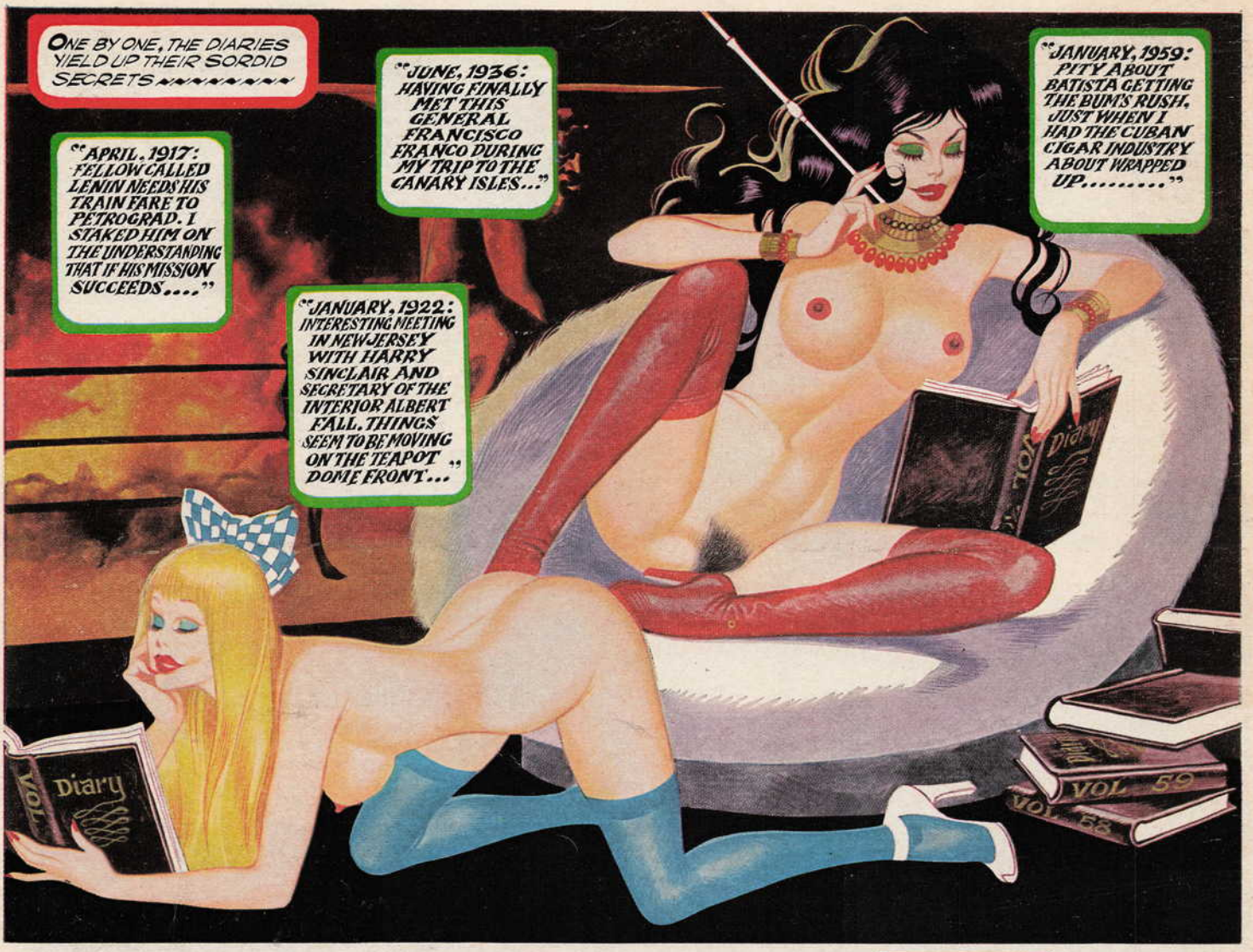
OH, WICKED WANDA!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON
THE LIBRARY OF WANDA'S FATHER, THE LATE KING-GNOME OF ZURICH, AND THE START OF ANOTHER BORING EVENING IN THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS
THIS GUY RABELAIS MAKES HAROLD ROBBINS READ LIKE A BILLY GRAHAM SERMON TO THE D.A.R!
GIVE NEW YORK BACK TO THE IROQUOIS
ONE ORGY AFTER ANOTHER—AND WHO HAS TO CLEAR UP AFTER THEM?
Diary
VOL 20
I'LL SAY THIS FOR THE OLD GOAT—HE WAS NO SAMUEL PEPYS!
Diary
VOL 50
Diary
VOL 39
Diary


HEY! LISTEN TO THIS, PUSSCAKE!
Diary
"DECEMBER 31ST, 1916: AT THE YUSUPOV PALACE THIS EVENING, THROUGH A BIZARRE TURN OF FATE, I CAME INTO A FORTUNE. IT HAPPENED LIKE THIS....."
PUT YOUR SEAL AND YOUR SIGNATURE ON THIS, MONSIEUR VON KREESUS. THEN DEPART WITH ALL SPEED FOR SWITZERLAND.....
I APPLAUD YOUR WISDOM, FATHER RASPUTIN. IN THESE TROUBLESOME DAYS, YOUR JEWELS WILL BE FAR SAFER IN THE BANK. I HAVE THE HONOUR TO SERVE.
WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT BOODLE! A KING'S RANSOM —BUT THEN WHO'D WANT TO RANSOM A KING?

"WHILE I WAS MELTING THE SEALING WAX, THE REPULSIVE MONK HEARD HIS NAME CALLED OUT BY PRINCE YUSUPOV..."
I SHALL BE BACK SHORTLY
A ROMANOV RAVE-UP? GOTTA TAKE A PEEK AT THIS!
....MIGHT EVEN GET A PIECE OF THE ACTION!
THUD!
OOF!
KERUNCH!
YE GODS!
THUD!
DIE, FOUL MONK!
BLAM! BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
CRUNCH!
THAT'S FOR SODOMIZING MY SISTER!
THAT'S FOR VIOLATING MY MOTHER!
THAT'S FOR RUINING MY WIFE'S BRIDGE PARTY!

"THERE IS A TIDE IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN, WHICH TAKEN AT THE FLOOD....."
HARDLY THE TIME TO BOTHER THE POOR FELLOW WITH PAPERWORK!
SO THAT'S HOW MY ODIOUS PAPPA GOT HIS START IN LIFE!
DON'T KNOCK IT, BOO'FUL. EVEN THE KENNEDYS HAD TO START SOMEWHERE!
Diary
VOL 20
Diary


ONE BY ONE, THE DIARIES YIELD UP THEIR SORDID SECRETS.....
"APRIL, 1917: FELLOW CALLED LENIN NEEDS HIS TRAIN FARE TO PETROGRAD. I STAKED HIM ON THE UNDERSTANDING THAT IF HIS MISSION SUCCEEDS...."
"JUNE, 1936: HAVING FINALLY MET THIS GENERAL FRANCISCO FRANCO DURING MY TRIP TO THE CANARY ISLES..."
"JANUARY, 1922: INTERESTING MEETING IN NEW JERSEY WITH HARRY SINCLAIR AND SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR ALBERT FALL. THINGS SEEM TO BE MOVING ON THE TEAPOT DOME FRONT..."
"JANUARY, 1959: PITY ABOUT BATISTA GETTING THE BUM'S RUSH, JUST WHEN I HAD THE CUBAN CIGAR INDUSTRY ABOUT WRAPPED UP....."
Diary
VOL 59
VOL 58

WOWEE! BOO'FUL —LISTEN TO THIS!
"THREE DAYS AGO, YOUNG HANS MULLER FLEW BACK TO ZURICH FROM HIS TIBETAN EXPEDITION AND CAME STRAIGHT TO ME WITH A MOST REMARKABLE STORY HE HAD PICKED UP FROM ONE OF HIS SHERPAHS...."
Diary

...IT WAS THIS MAN'S BROTHER WHO, CUT OFF BY A BLIZZARD FROM HIS CAMP IN THE HIMALAYAS, EVENTUALLY.....
CONCOR PROJE
CHRYSLER U.K
RUBBISH
NORTH SEA OIL

....CAME UPON A MOUNTAIN VALLEY UNMARKED ON ANY KNOWN SURVEY MAP.....
....AS HE DESCENDED INTO THE VALLEY, HE HEARD STRANGE MUSIC COMING FROM A FISSURE IN THE ROCK WALL...
...PENETRATING THE INTERIOR, HE CAME ACROSS AN INCREDIBLE SCENE.....
WHAT IS THIS PLACE—A HOME FOR OLD HIPPIES?
GOODNESS GRACIOUS ME! ALINGAM! AND CUT FROM A SINGLE BLUE—WHITE DIAMOND!
ALL THIS "DÉJÀ VU" GIVES ME A PAIN IN THE ASS!
EVEN THE SEX BIT GETS TO BE A DRAG AFTER A WHILE!
I'M TELLIN' YOU, MATE—YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING AS LONG AS YOU DO IT IN THE NAME OF EITHER FREEDOM OR RELIGION!
D'YOU WANT ANOTHER DYLAN ON THE STEREO?
JACK WILL BE BACK!
MORIATY! WHERE ARE YOU NOW?
WE'RE WAITING FOR THE SECOND COMING OF KEROUAC!
HAIGHT ASHBURY WAS A GREAT SCENE! I MEAN BUT BEAUTIFUL, MAN!
IT'S ALL SWEETNESS AND LIGHT, MAN...
YEAH! YEAH! GINSBERG AND CORSO CHANTING MANTRAS TO THE SOUND OF THE SURF
IT'S BIG SUR ALL OVER AGAIN!
...THE SHERPAH ESCAPED BUT WAS LOST IN THE SNOWS FOR A WEEK. HE BABBLED OUT HIS STORY AND DREW A ROUGH MAP OF THE REGION BEFORE DYING IN HIS BROTHER'S ARMS

"NATURALLY, I PROMISED HANS MULLER ADEQUATE PAYMENT FOR THE MAP, NOW PASTED IN THE BACK OF THIS DIARY. POOR FELLOW FELL DOWN A PRECIPICE THIS MORNING...
...PURE COINCIDENCE THAT MY FAITHFUL GRUD HAPPENED TO BE IN THE VICINITY."
Diary
WAS THAT BEFORE OR AFTER YOU GOT INVOLVED IN THE CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT, GRUDDY BABY?
♂ Lib
Doggie
THEY WON'T LET YOU FORGET ANYTHING HERE!

AND HERE'S THE MAP, PUSSCAKE! THE DIARY ENTRY WAS MADE ONLY 24 HOURS BEFORE PAPPA HIMSELF KICKED THE BUCKET!
I AM THE "MAN IN THE STREET" AND I THINK THIS STRIP IS THE GREATEST EVER!
PSSST! AND.....
A LIFE SIZED DIAMOND DILDO! COULD IT STILL BE THERE, WANDA DARLING?
OH YEAH—AND ONE OF THE GREATEST ARTISTIC ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE 20TH CENTURY!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT!
CAN I HAVE MY 10 DOLLARS NOW? I'M HUNGRY!

I WANT A BOX OF TRICKS, EGGBONCE, THAT'LL MAKE URI GELLER LOOK LIKE RED SKELTON ON AN OFF DAY!
NOW, ZIP ME INTO THIS THING!
THE C-IN-C WANTS A VOLUNTEER SQUAD TO FLY WITH US TO KATMANDU!
THIS COMPLETELY INSULATED CATSUIT WILL PROTECT EVERY DELECTABLE INCH OF YOU, MISTRESS!
LOOK, BOO'FUL — I'M TAKING SOME WARM CLOTHES WITH ME TOO!
Champagne
Mar Glace
Cavia
quail eggs

IS WANDA HEADING FOR THE BIGGEST (AND FIRST) COCK-UP OF HER CAREER? ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME THIS HAPPENED, ANYWAY? WE THINK YOU'RE DAMNED RIGHT, FELLERS!

Learn "Secret Female Hypnotism"

And You'll Be Able to Command The Love and Affection of Any Woman

By WILLIAM A. LYONS and ALICE GOLDBLATT

NEW YORK - It's been a long time coming, but now, for the very first time . . . the principles of "SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM" are being revealed. And now . . . you can learn to use these principles to "command" the *love* and *affection* of beautiful women.

Never again will you have to lose-out because you might not be the type of guy certain women go for.

Once you learn to apply the principles of "SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM," women will automatically see you as their "dream man" . . . and will be *strongly attracted to you.*

Once you learn to apply these principles, the woman of your choice will experience definite feelings of *love* for you. She'll experience a true feeling of *affection* toward you. And . . . more than likely . . . will be strongly attracted to you *sexually.*

To put it all in a nut-shell: Once you learn to apply the principles of "SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM," you'll have the power to make women do *exactly as you wish.*

To test the power of these principles, we had an associate of ours try them on his secretary. The results were unbelievable.

In less than one week, she fell wildly in love with him. He couldn't go anywhere or do anything without her tagging along. And if that's not enough . . . she couldn't keep her hands off of him, regardless of where they were.

That's the strange thing about these principles. They're so powerful that women seem to *lose control* (in an erotic sort of way) when you're near.

In another experiment, we had a more-than-willing gentleman try these principles on the girl in the apartment above his (she's a nurse - and is simply a "living doll").

Here again, the experiment was a huge success.

Not only does he now "command" the love and affection of this beauty . . . but (because of "SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM") she actually "worships" him like a king.

Now you might not have a secretary or girl upstairs . . . but *we'll bet you a dollar* that you'll have no trouble finding dozens of beautiful women to use these principles on. And who knows . . . you still may find yourself in the arms of a lovely young nurse.

"SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM" can be used on any woman *without her being aware of it.* When you apply these principles, *you* are the only one who knows about it.

For the above experiments, we purposely used ordinary men. Men just like yourself. They are average-looking guys who make an average week's pay. And . . . you could even say that they were a little on the shy side.

That's the interesting thing about "SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM." It makes absolutely no difference what you look like - or how much money you carry in your wallet.

And you don't need any special talents to make these principles work

Any man can learn to use these principles . . . *quickly* and *easily.* All you really have to do is "give it a try."

If you do that much . . . no more, no less . . . there's positively no way you can fail. In fact, we'll guarantee your success.

We guarantee that by the third time you use "SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM," you'll be "commanding" the *love, companionship,* and *affection* of at least one beautiful woman. If you're not, we'll refund your money at once. All you have to do is return the material.

THE PRINCIPLES OF "SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM" costs only $7.95 And if you ever dreamed about having warm beautiful women *touching* you, *desiring* you, even fighting for you . . . send in the coupon now. All you have to lose are some of those dull lonely nights!

NOTE: By using the principles of "SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM," you'll be able to do much more than "command" the love of beautiful women.

Unfortunately, we are not permitted to say any more about the subject in this publication. However - we guarantee that you'll be completely delighted when you learn exactly what other exciting pleasures "SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM" can bring you.

Mirobar Books, Dept. PH-376
964 Third Avenue
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Rush me THE PRINCIPLES OF "SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM." Enclosed is my check for $7.95 Plus 75¢ for postage and handling.

By the third time I use "SECRET FEMALE HYPNOTISM," I must be "commanding" the love of at least one beautiful woman . . . or I may return your material (within 30 days) for a full refund.
I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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The Penthouse FASHION FINDER

The following retail stores stock the fashions shown on pages 110–115.

Pages 110–115

Robert Truth fashions available at:

Shirt Tale, Inc.
647 Lexington Avenue
New York, New York
(212) PL5-3724

May Company
8th Street and Broadway
Los Angeles, California
(213) 488-4141

Flo Toronto fashions available at:

Saks Fifth Avenue
611 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York
(212) PL3-4000

Page 112

Burton Constable fashions available at:

Saks Fifth Avenue
(see listing above)

B. Altman Co.
Fifth Avenue at 34th Street
New York, New York
(212) 689-7000

I. Magnin
3240 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles, California
(213) 387-4114
and
Stockton and Geary Streets
San Francisco, California
(415) 362-2100

Page 113

Robert Truth
(see listing above)

Pages 114–115

Rafael Fashions available at:

Ultimo
100 East Oak Street
Chicago, Illinois
(312) 787-0906

I. Magnin
(see listing above)

Mark of the Lion for Anne Klein Studios available at:

Saks Fifth Avenue
(see listing above)

B. Altman Co.
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FIORD — contains African Yohimbe Bark, Eucalyptus, Mullein, Millefolium, Spearmint, Hyssop, High Angelica, Blessed Thistle, Wormwood, Lycopodium Selago. $4.95 per lid.

VOLUPTE — with Ginseng Root, Damiana, Yarrow, Verbascum Flowers, Blue Pimpernil, Humulus Eupus, Angelica, Echinacea, Lobelia, Star Arise, $5.95 per lid.

CAUTION: Avoid driving or operating heavy equipment for 4 hours after smoking these products.

"Woodley Herber," "Volupte" and "Fiord' are trademarks of The Woodley Herber Company.

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____ Lids of VOLUPTE at $5.95 ea. ____

ORDER TOTAL $____
Illinois Res. Add 5% Sales Tax ____
Postage & Handling $1.00
GRAND TOTAL $____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY STATE ZIP _____

Enclosed is my: □ Check □ Money Order

Or Charge to my: □ BA □ MC

Credit Card No. _____ / Interbank No. (M.C. Only)

Signature _____ / Expiration Date

him for this semiautomatic upgrade. If the veteran qualifies, he will, upon receipt of application, be offered a General Discharge via a "tender" letter which comes from the Discharge Review Board. He then has the option of accepting the General Discharge or pursuing his ultimate goal of an Honorable Discharge. My advice to him at this point is to accept the General, no matter how deserving he may feel he is of an Honorable Discharge. The reasoning for this is that once he possesses a General Discharge, he may then resume his efforts toward an Honorable. But should he refuse the General Discharge offer and pursue the Honorable Discharge, he will no longer have the offer of a General at his disposal; and if his upgrade attempt fails, he will end up just as he began—with an Undesirable Discharge. At least by accepting the General offer, he has profitted somewhat.

A veteran who was not discharged for drug possession but who used drugs in service may be able, with the help of knowledgeable counselors, to relate his in-service offenses to his drug problem.

A veteran whose service situation does not fall into the above set of circumstances must be able to substantiate a claim to one or more of the following:

—to prove, or at least establish by question of doubt, that regulatory procedures were not properly followed in the discharge process

—to establish comprehensive post-service medical treatment by civilian doctors for mental or physical conditions which would have been material to the case, had they been known and considered by the military

—to clearly establish alcoholism as the cause rather than the symptom of his disciplinary problem

—to establish that he was incapable of conforming to a military society and that his offenses were more of omission than commission. In a case of this nature, the Discharge Review Board is obliged to determine if the veteran was one who "would do his duty but could not," or "could do his duty but would not."

In addition to the above, the veteran should remember that good post-service conduct will carry weight with the board members and so should present himself in the most favorable light.

Since November 1, 1975, all branches of the service have regionally located Discharge Review Boards located across the country as follows:

Army—Ft. McPherson, Georgia
Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Indiana
Ft. Carson, Colorado
The Presidio of San Francisco, California

Navy—Great Lakes (Chicago), Illinois
New Orleans, Louisiana
Treasure Island (San Francisco), California

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DISCREET SERVICE

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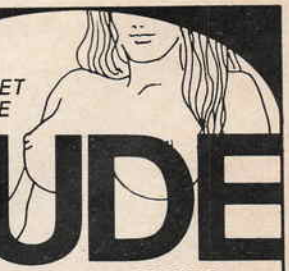

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☐ Condom Discount Catalog - $1.00 (FREE With Order)

I have enclosed $ _____ ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
I have enclosed a $2 Deposit. Please Ship C.O.D.

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(New York State residents please add appropriate sales tax)
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...**in 7 short minutes** a day with the "miracle" of SYNOMETRICS...the fantastic new discovery for **speed shaping** away ugly, embarrassing fat and flab...to reveal a brand new rock-hard, lean, trim, handsome body!

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- **Pan American Games Champion (twice)**
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- **Held 23 world records**
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- **Elected to the Hall of Fame.**
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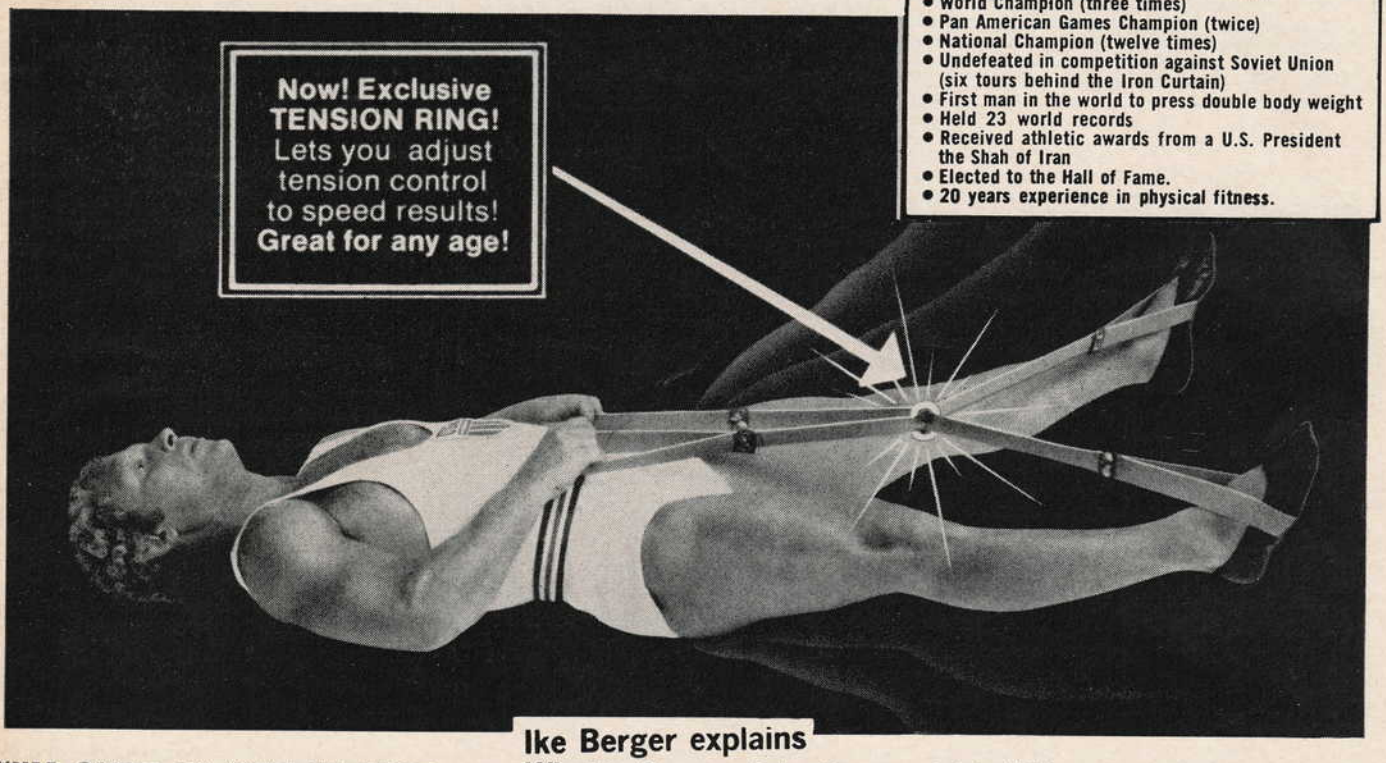
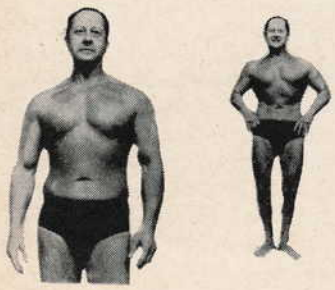


"I'M OVER 50, YET IN JUST 7 DAYS SPEED SHAPER™ 'BURNED' OFF THE FAT AND FLAB I'VE LIVED WITH FOR THIRTY YEARS."



"I'm over 50 and I **thought my fat and** flab was with me for **life**...SYNOMETRICS "burned" it off in only 7 days. In fact results came **so fast** I had to cut my daily 7 minute workout to 5 minutes to slow down the slimming process. It's the most amazing method I've ever tried...and I've tried just about every gadget and gimmick I've seen in magazines and TV."

HY HARRIS, New York, N.Y.

Ike Berger explains What is Synometrics?

You already know about the Isotonic and Isometric principle of body dynamics. Millions of people use one or the other in their daily exercises. I used BOTH methods in my daily Olympic training for years in different separate exercises. One day I accidentally discovered that if I used BOTH methods **together in one single exercise,** I automatically speeded up the results tremendously and I reduced my **daily** exercise hour down to only 7 short minutes.

The Science of SYNOMETRICS

I later learned the scientific reason for this amazing result. It's called SYNERGISM—meaning that when you combine two methods the result is greater than the both of them separately. I now called my new discovery SYNOMETRICS and developed a special exercise unit I call the SPEED SHAPER. And that's just what it is...a speed method to give you results in minutes, NOT hours! Now...build yourself a "fantastic looking body" with the incredible SYNOMETRICS—the invention that works on the exciting new scientific concept of ISOTONIC + ISOMETRIC.

What Is The SPEED SHAPER?

An ingeniously designed amazingly compact slimming and shaping discovery that has no ropes or pulleys.

- *Contains no metal, springs, gears or other dangerous or exhausting parts or complicated apparatus.*
- *It is NOT worn around your waist but its powerful effect can be selectively applied to ALL problem areas: stomach, waist, chest, arms and legs, safely, easily and FAST.*
- *It is so amazingly compact that it slips easily into your pocket to be with you whenever needed. Weighs 5 ounces.*

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*No diet needed if daily caloric intake does not add to your present body weight.

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

I enclose $9.95 (plus $1.00 postage & hdlg.). NY res. add sales tax: NYC 8%, NY State 5%.
Save $1.00! Order 2 and send $18.90.

COMING IN THE APRIL PENTHOUSE ON YOUR NEWSSTAND MARCH 9

THE END OF THE AMERICAN DREAM

Since its earliest days, America has been blessed with seemingly endless natural resources and wealth—resulting in a standard of living second to none in the world. Now, almost overnight, we find ourselves living in an age of scarcity that threatens this opulence we've long taken for granted as our God-given right. In this provocative essay, Jeff Greenfield discusses the danger to our freedom that this new scarcity poses and warns that "America must learn that civil liberty and a license to ride roughshod over fragile resources are not the same thing."

FUTURE FACTS

Author Stephen Rosen feels that not all of our technology and science bode ill for the human race, and he supplies us with some concrete examples of very near, sometimes very real, future innovations—including such breakthroughs as a nuclear-powered artificial heart, the conversion of "black holes" in space into boundless energy reserves for Earth, and a way to commute from New York to Los Angeles in twenty-one minutes by subway.

TOM HAYDEN: AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

During the 1960's, Tom Hayden was America's leading radical. He helped found the Students for a Democratic Society, was a defendant in the notorious Chicago Seven trial, and traveled to Hanoi with his wife Jane Fonda during the Vietnam War. Today he is a leading candidate in California for the U.S. Senate. Why has Hayden decided to work within a system he once fought? Why does he think middle-American voters will elect a former radical leader? Hayden has some surprising answers.

THE LAST ENCORE

Phil Cohen is a free-lance gynecologist and private investigator. It isn't *his* fault if seeing Bogart in *The Big Sleep* sixteen times has done something funny to his brain. Sam Spade was never quite like this private-eye parody by Larry Tritten . . . or was he?

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It should be mentioned also that these regional branches will hear cases only involving personal appearances by the veteran. If he does not wish to appear, his case will be heard by the Discharge Review Board in Washington, D.C. Veterans should be advised that as of yet no comprehensive plan has been worked out by any of the organizations mentioned by Mr. Darby for the representation of veterans at the new regional boards.

The most difficult and yet most vital element of any upgrade attempt is the *legal brief*. It is, first, a chronology of the veteran's service record, decorations, punishments, performance ratings, etc. Arguments either to disprove the offenses of which the veteran was accused, or to justify his offenses through extenuating circumstances, should follow the chronology. Documentation of all his arguments (or at least as many as possible) should accompany the brief in the form of attached enclosures.

An affidavit is *not* a legal brief. It is a statement by the veteran of his understanding of the events which led to his ultimate discharge from the service. It is an invaluable piece of information which should accompany the brief, but *it will not suffice as a brief*.

The Discharge Review Boards of all branches of the military are governed by a fifteen-year statute of limitations. However, a veteran who has been out of service for more than fifteen years may apply to the Board of Corrections of Military Records in Washington, D.C. This Board also serves as an appeals board for those veterans who have been denied upgrade before the Discharge Review Board.

I base all of this information on what I have learned as a counselor for veterans with less-than-honorable discharges over the last three years. If my letter tends to paint a darker, more complicated picture for the veteran who wishes to apply for upgrade, that is because I see that situation as such. Any misconception that upgrading is a relatively simple process can delay, degrade, or even eliminate whatever hope a veteran may have for an upgrade. I recommend strongly that veterans not attempt to take the task upon themselves, but rather seek assistance from one of the many self-help groups across the country.—*Roger D. Watkins, Field Representative, Veterans Service Center, Inc., 321 East Broadway, Alton, Ill. 62002*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Penthouse Forum** magazine now on sale at your newsstand, or send $1.25 to **Penthouse Forum**, Dept. HM, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 for this month's copy.

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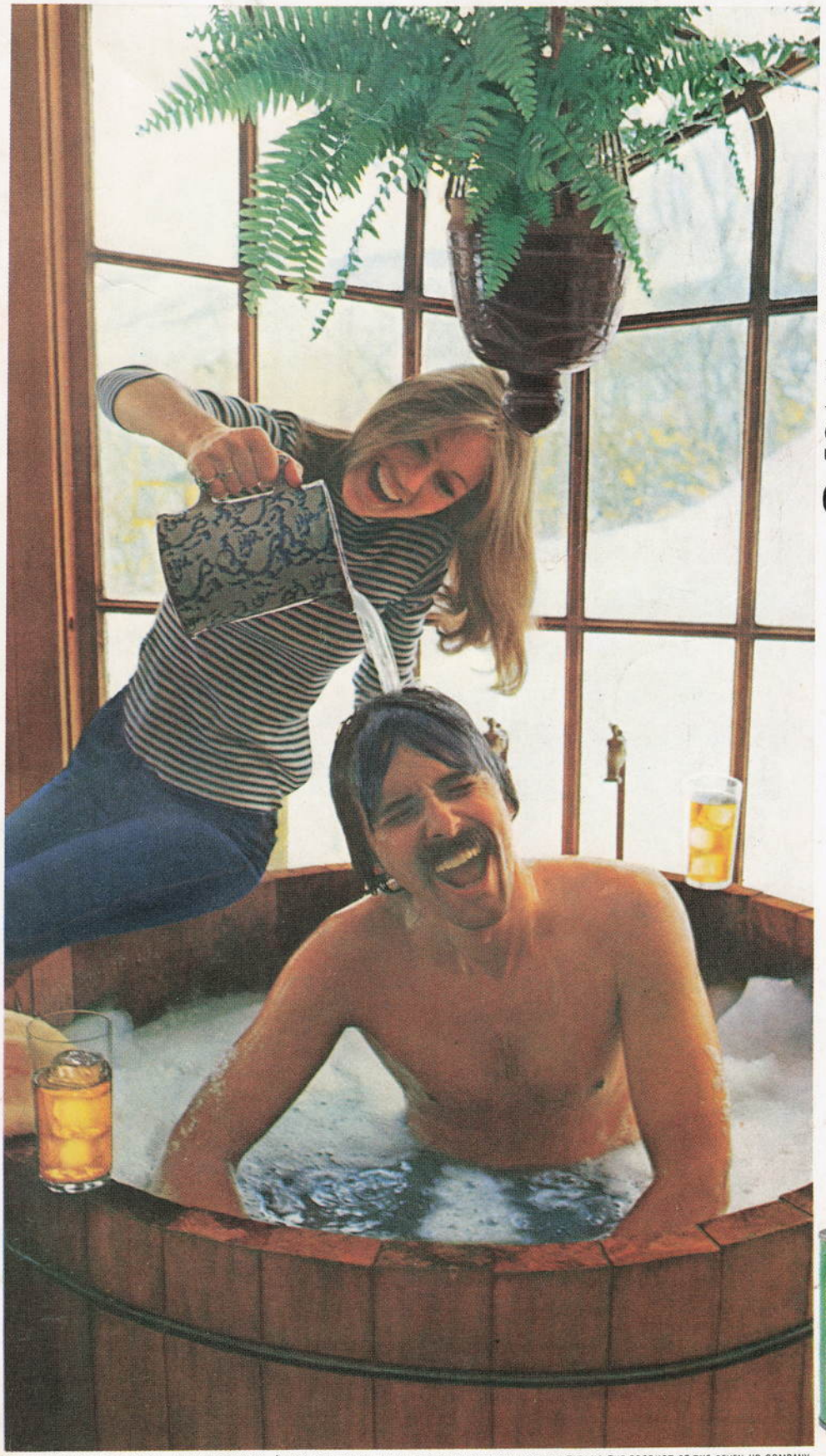

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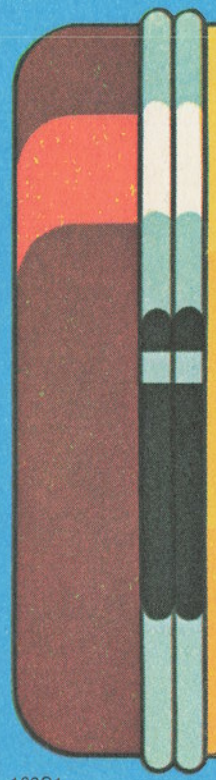

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